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FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE
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"THE PASSING OF COLORADO."

As timely and appropriate comment upon the communication of Mr. H. G. Dulog, respecting the passing of the game of Colorado, may be cited the report of State Game Warden Gordon Land, who has recently returned to Denver from a trip into the White River country to investigate the reported wanton slaughter of elk and deer in that region. This statement shows that there is yet a great supply of game in Colorado, but that it is "going," as Nessmuk used to say. In company with the sheriff of Rio Blanco county and three deputies, Warden Land went to the headwaters of the White River, where he found numerous camps of Indians, who, he says, were off from their reservation without a permit; and all were prepared to stay in the mountains through the winter to hunt deer and elk for the skins. In some of the camps were found great stacks of hides, many of them already tanned. No arrests were attempted, the warden's party being insufficient to compel the Indians to accompany them. Three of the Indian police, who had been sent out from Fort Duchesne to bring back the Indians, were themselves detected violating the game law.

Warden Land found one hide hunter who had taken 2,000 hides across the line into Wyoming, and he reports having heard of "half a dozen traders who this season have purchased from 1,000 to 5,000 hides from Indians and hide hunters." The ranchmen, he asserts, respect the law, but there are other men in the county who own no land and make their living by slaughtering game. This is the conclusion of the whole matter as expressed by Mr. Land: "The law should be so changed as to make buying of hides, tanned or untanned, a felony. If the traffic in hides can be stopped the slaughter of the game would cease." In other words, put into operation the principle of our platform plank.

THE STUMP BEAR.

UNTIL Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chief of the Division of Ornithology and Mammalogy of the Department of Agriculture, began to collect the skulls of American bears and from them to determine the number of species on this Continent, all our bears were classed by naturalists as belonging to three species: the polar, the black and the grizzly. The result of Dr. Merriam's investigations was to add to this list seven others, making a total of ten, namely: the Kadiak bear, of Kadiak Island, Alaska; the Yakutat and the Sitka bears, also of Alaska; the grizzly, the Sonora grizzly, the barren ground, the common black, the Louisiana, the Everglade and the glacier bears. This was an astonishing addition to our bear supply, but there is reason to believe that the end is not yet, and that we shall have occasion to adopt still another classification considerably extending the species of North American bears.

It is certain that one important bear has been entirely overlooked by Dr. Merriam and all other scientific students of the subject. This is the stump bear, a well-established species, and the most widely distributed of all our bears.

The stump bear is known to science (or is now at least made known to science if science cares to know it) as *Ursus ligneus;* that is, *ursus*, bear, and *ligneus*, of wood. There are several varieties, among the best known being *Ursus ligneus quercus*, the oak stump bear; *Ursus ligneus pinus*, the pine stump bear; and a more or less familiar variety, *Ursus ligneus malus*, the apple stump bear.

The stump bear is found throughout the American Continent from the desolate wastes of Labrador to the Everglades of Florida. Its range includes mountain, valley and plain, and in all of these regions it is more common than any other species is now or ever has been. It is the last of all bears to abandon the country at man's approach; it lingers long upon the confines of civilization, and is at all times numerous in newly settled districts. Thus it is seen in hundreds of localities where those who report its presence have never seen a bear of any other kind, and where not even the oldest inhabitant can recollect the existence of a black or a grizzly or any of the others listed by Dr. Merriam.

Like its congener, the black bear, the stump bear is found in huckleberry patches, and on hillsides to which women and children resort for raspberries and blackberries. It is particularly common in old fields which have not long been cleared of their timber, through which fire has swept, and which have grown up to blackberries and raspberries. It haunts those pasture lots to which small boys go at dusk to drive home the cows; it has frequently presented itself to the vision of wayfarers by night in close proximity to lonely country roads; and it has even invaded apple orchards, though never until after sunset. This bear, too, is quite commonly seen in the purlieus of Sunday-school picnic groves, particularly when the lesson of the previous Sabbath has had to do with the story of the bears which came out of the woods and ate up the forty and two children who had mocked Elisha for his bald head. It is an interesting fact in physics and natural history that often the smallest child sees the largest stump bear. As the campaigns of Napoleon, by the sacrifice of so many of the stalwart men of France, are reported to have lessened the stature of the French race, so it may with reason be assumed that the stump bear, by scaring so many small boys "out of a year's growth," has exercised an appreciably unfavorable influence upon the American physique.

The variation in color and size is more marked in the stump bear than in any other species. Individuals range from silver gray and dead bark shades to jet black, the last predominating in burnt clearings. In size the differences are quite as marked; a small stump bear may be very, very small, but a really large one is tremendous. While we have no such carefully recorded data for the stump bear as Dr. Merriam has collected for the ten species he has catalogued, there is nevertheless abundant evidence to correct his statement that the Kadiak is the largest bear in the world. The stump bear is bigger.

We have said that the stump bear is not shy. It is also courageous. The black bear has been denounced as cowardly, but the stump bear never decamps. If it does not advance to the charge, as the grizzly, it at least holds its ground and never runs from man. The human being does the running. Thus the stump bear is a powerful promoter of sprint running. If the subject were to be studied into, we probably should find that the sprinters most famous in athletic annals came from the country, where at an early age they were given their first start by a stump bear experience.

Exciting stories have been told by frightened fugitives, who have averred that they have been chased by a bear, and since no bear of any other species was within a thousand miles, their pursuer must have been the stump bear; but no victim has ever yet actually been overtaken by a stump bear, or mangled by its fangs, or killed by it unless by fright.

The stump bear has been shot at repeatedly, from the days of the flintlock to the present, and by the most perfect modern weapons, held in the hands of men who do not miss their mark; but never yet has hunter brought home a scalp. No leaden bullet can harm it. It is more impregnable than the alligator was fabled to have been in the olden days. Whether any one has ever tried on it the charmed bullet of silver we cannot tell. Its invulnerability would appear to class it as among those wild animals which an Indian reckons as "medicine," beings which have a charmed life, and against which the wiles of man can avail nothing. Indeed there is, under certain circumstances, something positively uncanny about the creature, for the most highly trained bear dogs, which always attack the black bear with the utmost ferocity, will pay not the slightest attention to a stump bear, beyond perhaps going up and smelling of it. Moreover, there are legends which tell of certain bold men, who, armed only with a club, have advanced upon a stump bear in the dark, and who as they drew near were mystified at beholding the bear metamorphosed into a common black stump, as Apollo with arms outstretched to clasp Daphne saw her changed into a laurel. Probably we may here find the origin of the term "stumped."

The stump bear has done more than any other species to stimulate the written and unwritten literature which goes under the general head of bear stories. Many a back door has been entered with startling precipitation, and many a fireside has been enlivened by the narrative of what has taken place outside in the dark. It would be interesting to have the stump bear's side of such stories. Yet the thing to ask about a bear story is not "Is it true?" but "Is it a good bear story?" If the tale gives play to the imagination, establishes the superhuman prowess of the narrator, and sends the chills down the back of the listener, what boots it whether the bear was a bear or a stump?

There is no bounty on the stump bear, for it is not like its black brother, a hog thief; nor is there any market for the pelt. Long after all other bears shall have been obliterated from the land, the stump bear will remain as the last of the fearsome denizens of our woods and fields.

"AND BE."

A PRESS dispatch from Boston the other day stated that Mr. Philip Marquand, a civil engineer of that city, had been declared a fugitive from justice in the State of Maine, and that papers for his extradition had been signed by Acting Governor Wolcott on request of Governor Cleaves, of Maine. The charge was that the Boston man had killed a moose in close time of this year, the meat having been discovered by wardens in his camp on Eagle Lake on Sept. 29. Mr. Marquand had left $100 with the wardens as surety for his appearance at the hearing in Foxcroft. This hearing he failed to attend, and the Commissioners had to resort to extradition, a proceeding which has been used before under similar circumstances. Eventually Mr. Marquand did attend a secret court at Dover, with his counsel, and the affair was settled upon terms which we have not seen reported.

The case prompted some discussion respecting the penalty provided by the statute for the offense of moose killing in close time. The text of the law reads that one so offending "forfeits not less than $100 nor more than $300 * * * and be imprisoned thirty days." That may be good law, but it is certainly bad grammar, as we pointed out when the Legislature perpetrated it. Under the rule that a penal statute must be construed literally, is there any warrant here for imprisoning an offender against this law? The text does not say "and shall be imprisoned." We might assume, of course, that the framer of the law intended it to read, "and shall be imprisoned;" but can a man be put in jail on the strength of an assumption that the law was intended to provide something which it actually does not provide? We have already expressed an opinion that under the reading of this section an offender may not be both fined and imprisoned; that he may be fined, but that there is no warrant for the penalty of imprisonment thirty days nor thirty seconds.

At the same time we believe that at the first opportunity this flaw in the statute should be corrected to the end that the men from Boston and New York and Philadelphia and Chicago and St. Louis and New Orleans—not to count Worcester and Springfield and Hartford and New Haven—who go down into Maine in summer and engage guides and sneak off into the woods and kill moose and deer out of season, shall forfeit a good round sum "and shall be imprisoned" as well. And since the Supreme Court of the United States has declared in effect that a State may incorporate in its game laws a discrimination against non-residents, we would like to see a Maine law so framed that it would jail the visiting "sport" who kills moose out of season, while at the same time it could not be used by corrupt and vicious game wardens as an instrument of oppression of the backwoodsmen who kill game for their families in winter.

The fact is that we have in this country a growing class of those who assume, and act upon the assumption, that with their money they can buy anything they may fancy, among other things permission to break the laws by paying the money forfeit therefor. Fine they spell p-r-i c-e. If they fancy a moose in midsummer, they take it. If detected, they jauntily hand over the amount of the fine, and try for more at the same price. They may perhaps feel piqued at being detected in their illicit deeds, but their only chagrin is over being found out, not over having been lawbreakers and sneaks, violators of the rights and privileges of their law-abiding fellows, and corrupters of the guides they hire to aid and abet them.

Manifestly the only way in which we may secure to the law-respecting sportsman his rights is to find some punishment which will actually deter these close season killers from their selfish and defiant practices. If they laugh at fines, it is certain that they would not laugh at a term in jail. As the old man said to the boy in the apple tree, "If turf and sticks will not bring you down, I'll try stones."

The Sportsman Tourist.

STORIES OF AN HEROIC AGE.

II.—A TRAGEDY OF POWDER RIVER.

After Sandy had recovered from his wounds he became restless. One day he approached me with a proposition. There was such an important and mysterious look upon his face that I expected some valuable disclosure.

"The fact is," said he, "I am getting restless. Now, you have a couple of ponies; what do you say to going 'havers' on the wolves at my baits up Cow Creek way. Things are quiet now, we can slip up to the Bear's Paw and load down with pelts during this fine weather. Wolves were very thick when we were there, though; what do you say?"

I did not reply for a moment. The proposal seemed tempting enough, for I knew the nature of the country Sandy had been wolfing in. Finally I laughed and said jokingly: "How about the Indians, Sandy, ain't they pretty thick up there too?" "Well," he replied seriously, "I think we can take care of the Indians this time. You see we will be more careful, and we won't build any fires 'to see to shoot by.'" It was not hard to come to an understanding with Sandy. I was to furnish the stock, which consisted of two ponies, and we then became partners in the wolfing enterprise.

We packed our ponies one day and footed it up to Cow Creek. On the opposite side of the Missouri, on a small, open bottom, we unpacked with the intention of remaining a couple of days while we looked over the country near the mouth of Cow Creek. The little bottom spoken of was low and perfectly bare of timber.

We killed three buffalo bulls here, and with their skins and some driftwood erected a small but comfortable war house, which we used while stopping there and on our trips up and down the river. The very appearance of this war house was enough to intimidate a party of Indians. It was built in the shape of a bell, the lower part built up of slabs of driftwood, about 3ft. high, and the top rounded off with the hides. The lower part had concealed portholes for use in possible skirmishes, while above, out of range, imitation holes were made by cutting the hair off the hides in places and marking with charcoal to enhance the fraud. While at this camp we had an adventure which gave us a foretaste of what we might expect in that region.

We started up a ridge one morning to see what the country had in view for us. It was storming a little. Running across a band of antelope, I killed four of them, and we thought it a good place to put out a bait for wolves. We had just finished this business, when looking about me I saw what appeared to be about a dozen buffalo traveling along in single file.

Something odd about them caused me to look again. They were then about 150yds. away, coming along the far side of a ridge, so that I could only see the upper part of their bodies. When I looked the second time I saw that they were Indians in a stooping position, wrapped round with buffalo robes with the hair side out. The pony that we had brought with us was about 50yds. away and toward the Indians. We started on a quick walk in the direction of the pony, and at the same moment the Indians disappeared from view. When they came into view again they were only 50yds. away. I motioned to them to halt, whereupon they stopped, the partisan throwing down his robe and gun, raised his hands above his head and advanced toward us.

He was a short, compact-formed fellow, and gave his name as the Polecat's son. He said they had been up in the Crow country, had met the Crows in a skirmish, in which one Sioux received a shot in the leg, and he pointed out the fellow, who was a little in rear of the party, limping along as best he could.

Polecat wanted tobacco; Sandy had a plug, and I told him to break off a piece and hand it to him. But my lordly Sioux ignored the piece, preferring the plug. He evidently thought that superiority of numbers gave him the right to dictate. I quickly undeceived him by telling Sandy to put it back in his pocket.

About this time the rest of the party edged a little closer, which movement Sandy perceiving raised his rifle in a threatening manner and motioned them to halt. Polecat, turning to me, fiercely said, "Do you want to fight?" I replied, "No, not to-day, but your men must keep back." He cooled down somewhat, and after some more talk we started off with our pony, keeping a close watch on our red friends until well out of their neighborhood.

I knew the Polecat's son slightly, and while he was not a pronounced hostile he would bear watching on the prairie. I had an idea they were afraid of the Crows, and would lose no time in getting home.

The very next day we packed up our traps and started for the headwaters of Cow Creek. At the first bait we found ten wolves, a red fox and three coyotes. These we skinned, and pegged down on a side hill out of observation, intending to take up the hides on our return

When we reached the head of the creek we stopped for awhile while Sandy pointed out and explained the position of things at the time of the attack of the war party. It appears, from what was learned afterward, that after the Indians fired the volley they were so astonished by the white men picking themselves up and returning the fire that they fled precipitately, taking, however, the ponies with them. They thought they had missed the white men entirely; in fact, had overshot them.

We went out to the bait on the mountain, and on the way there we saw a band of cows among which was a calf barely a day old. It ran along in the band alongside of its mother through the snow with all the vigor of a month's calf. It was a dingy yellow little fellow, and had all the wild instinct of the buffalo.

We found our bait, and heard shooting in the distance about the same time, indicating the presence of Indians. Indeed, we thought it probable that the band of cows had been alarmed from the same source.

We pulled five wolves out of a heavy snowbank, and it was hard to judge how many more might be buried in the same place. We did not think it wise to investigate further, but hurriedly skinned those we found, and had packed up and started when three Indians put in an appearance.

They were very black-looking fellows, and I could not understand them in the least, but sized them up as "Stony Assinaboines." They showed us a dark line in the distance, which proved to be their camp on the travel. They did not appear to be unfriendly, but as they had watched us some time before showing themselves it was hard to say just what their intentions were.

Good luck had favored us thus far in regard to Indians. The same could not be said as to wolves. They were decidedly scarce, and by no means came up to our expectations. We barely obtained seventy-five wolf pelts in all, where we expected to skin up 200 or 300. As the last bait was nearly all devoured, it was possible that a number were buried under the snow, but there could not have been many.

This was our last venture in the wolfing business together. In the spring (1876) I went to the south of the Judith Basin with two companions—Jack Mail and John Lee—on a hunting expedition along Flat Willow and other creeks that run into the Musselshell, where we remained until early summer, when we were driven out by the Sioux, who were very active in that part of the country that season. It was the opinion of frontiersmen that they were congregated in unusually large numbers in the Yellowstone country.

I happened to be in the Judith Basin when the news of Custer's fight with the hostiles reached there. Later I joined the command operating under General N. A. Miles, and while with that energetic and skillful officer I saw all the Indian fighting I wanted, for he believed in hitting hard blows where they were most needed, and while he was most humane and generous to those who showed a disposition to come to terms, he never let up on the trail of Indians on the war path.

In consequence, the troops in the district of the Yellowstone were constantly drawing field rations and devoting their energies to promoting peace and quiet in the territory, a result that encouraged settlers to occupy and make fruitful a hitherto waste region.

I lost track of Sandy for a couple of years, but in February, 1880, he loomed up as the chief actor in a little tragedy that occurred on Powder River.

Sandy and a comrade of his were on a little hunting expedition when they discovered fresh moccasin tracks in the soft ground along the river. There were no friendly Indians in the country, and all of the hostiles were supposed to be north of the line. As soon as the hunters discovered these signs of Indians they packed up their traps and started down the river. They camped at night near some scattered cottonwoods and put up a low corral of slabs, poles and drift to protect their camp.

In the morning, while eating breakfast, six Indians suddenly appeared in the timber near their camp. Sandy leveled his gun and ordered them to halt. The leader of the party threw down his blanket, placed his gun and knife upon it and came toward them with uplifted hands. The Indian was allowed to come inside the corral, when he straightway engaged the two men in conversation. Meanwhile the other Indians were stealthily edging up a little closer. Sandy, perceiving this, drew his gun on them and waved them back. Though a brave man, he was excitable at times. His partner stood with gun in hand ready for any emergency.

Now, whether the Indian was rendered desperate by the evident excitement of the two white men and was afraid to turn his back to them, or thought that the time for the supreme coup of his life had come, will never be known. What he did was this: He suddenly stretched out his hands and grasped the rifles in the hands of the white men. If the rest of the Indians had been equal to the occasion and rushed in then it would have been very bad for Sandy and his partner, for these Indians were of the desperate material that composed Sitting Bull's followers; ambitious youngsters as well as ruffians and renegades from other tribes.

There was at once a desperate struggle for the mastery. The Indian, a sturdy, resolute fellow, hung on to the guns with the tenacity of despair. The white men, taken by surprise, realized like a flash their immediate peril and the necessity of overcoming it. Down they went on to the ground, the Indian uppermost. They were now out of sight of the other Indians, who were afraid to advance, as the side of the corral hid the combatants.

In the struggle Sandy's gun was discharged, the bullet grazing his arm. He succeeded finally in wrenching the gun loose, and putting the muzzle against the Indian's belly, pulled the trigger. The Indian struggled to his feet, jumped over the corral and before the hunters fired again was safe in the timber. In the skirmish that followed another Indian was shot, how badly they could not determine, but the Indians pulled out shortly after, and they saw no more of them. They shortly after packed up and started for the fort. Upon hearing their story the commanding officer at Fort Keogh directed that a party be sent in pursuit of the Indians. This party, of whom I was one, was under the command of Corp. Tom Glover, of the 2d Cavalry, and was composed of a detachment of cavalry, a few Cheyenne and Sioux scouts and the necessary packers, about fifteen in all, if memory is not treacherous. It was late at night when we reached the little corral, the scene of the conflict of the morning before. We made coffee, and after a hearty meal of hard tack and fried bacon spread our blankets before the blazing camp-fire and went to sleep. Not so the Indian scouts. They smoked and sang, joked and talked for half the night, after the fashion of Indians when in camp and not under the restraint of the prying curiosity of strangers.

In fact they were a little skeptical about the truth of Sandy's story; it seemed so improbable to them that two white men should be able to discomfit six of Sitting Bull's warriors. They questioned him again that night and listened to his story with rapt attention, interjecting many brisk "huhs" and deprecatory "ums" as he related the adventure.

In the morning one of the Cheyenne scouts, while poking around the camp, discovered a pile of brush with a dead Indian under it.

A general search was then instituted and a study made of the tracks leading away from the place, with the following result:

It appeared that the Indian shot in the corral had, accompanied by another Indian, started for home by way of the Yellowstone, as the tracks led north. One Indian was dead, shot between the eyes by Sandy, while fighting under cover of a tree. Three tracks led up Powder River, showing that the remaining Indians had gone on their way either to fulfill the quest or business that had brought them to that part of the country, or to draw attention from their wounded comrade, who was on his way home across the line, a journey involving travel of about 100 miles or more, through bad lands and prairie, before reaching a safe retreat. These facts were determined very quickly by those who could read the signs—by the Indians quickest of all. The Cheyennes and Sioux with us had been hostile to the Government only a couple of years back, now they were eager to follow the trail of the small war party.

By sunrise we were on the trail, it being easy to follow, as the February sun thawed the snow sufficiently to retain the clear impress of any track which the frosty nights froze into rigidity.

Powder River valley in February was a rather forlorn-looking country—gray and bare, except for the somber scrub cedar and pine along the foothills. Even the deer had deserted it at this season, and only a stray antelope and mountain sheep was occasionally seen darting for some safe retreat.

We had not traveled over ten miles when it became apparent that the hostile Sioux had strong suspicion of being followed, for they had taken advantage of every slope or ridge that was bare of snow, and twice they left their direct course to travel up the bed of gulches, down which trickled little streams of snow water, expecting that the water would increase in volume and wash out the tracks. In one place noted they had doubled on their tracks a short distance, and had camped in a little hollow forming a perfect ambush for any that might pass.

The Cheyennes pointed to this spot significantly and laughed as they rode by. After this we were deliberate in our movements, and took turns in going ahead.

There was no order in our march, some riding ahead; others, where the ground was favorable, deployed on either side.

We had left the Powder River valley and were traversing the broken ridges that border the Mizpah; the way became more difficult, broken cliffs appeared on either side covered with the stunted cedar and pine of that region, and on them frequently were the mountain sheep and black-tailed deer.

Late in the day we made camp in a grassy glade, the Cheyennes camping a little apart, as our party was too large to find comfort around one camp-fire. Indians do not usually overload themselves with blankets when on a trip, hence they always build some kind of shelter of brush or logs to break the force of the wind, or a protection from gathering frost or dew, which they regard as more to be avoided than rain or snow.

War parties usually build very substantial structures when camping for the night, the form being distinctive of the tribe or nation to which the party belongs; thus the Sioux and allied tribes build in tepee fashion, the loose, interlacing top forming a vent for the smoke from the fire in center of the lodge, round which the Indians sit in a circle, and at night, with the discarded war bonnets, shields and feathered cases for guns and bows in the background, forms a scene at once wild and picturesque.

The Crow Indians build a war house in flat, oblong shape, with a square hole in the top to let out the smoke.

We were in good spirits that evening, for there was some excitement in the chase, although the advantage was clearly on our side. After supper the Cheyennes sat in a circle around their little fire, and, passing the pipe from one to the other, sang in unison a song of love or war, which must have been of a humorous character, as it was frequently interrupted by laughter.

Interrogating one of the Cheyennes, Yellow Bull, as to the probability of our overtaking the Sioux, he expressed the opinion that we would come up with them about noon the next day. This he expressed in the graceful gesture of the sign language, and then added in the Yankton Sioux dialect (generally used in the region of the Upper Missouri by the different tribes in their intercourse with the whites), "*Kick-e-sapa e-ba-duxya*" ("they will fight"), which was certainly a foregone conclusion with most of us.

A moment's reflection convinced me that Yellow Bull was probably right in his calculations; in fact, it was a case of Greek against Greek.

Only a short time before these same Cheyenne scouts had been hostile Indians, and had doubtless been in the same predicament as the Sioux ahead of us.

With the instinct of a savage every detail of the chase was a revelation to Yellow Bull; every artifice used approved itself to his understanding, and he probably knew the very spot or point where the Sioux would watch or spy the pursuit.

By daylight we were on the trail again, the way became rougher as we advanced, and the raw February wind swept down from the gulches with chilling force. Troops of black-tailed deer sped away from our front into the cedar groves, but no one fired a shot for fear of giving alarm. About noon, as we were traversing a grassy glade, the wind, which swept through every hollow and apparently from no particular direction, wafted to us the odor of burning sagebrush.

At once all were on the alert. The Cheyennes scattered out to find the quarry; we followed suit, and some little time had elapsed, for we moved with caution, when my attention was attracted by the odd movements of one of the Cheyenne scouts, who stood behind one of the cavalrymen and was pointing eagerly ahead in a manner to encourage the soldier to advance while he followed in the rear. Just at that moment a shot was fired from the gulch ahead, killing the soldier instantly. The Cheyenne also dropped in the grass and remained under cover for half an hour before he dared move, and then his exertions to get away without exposing himself led to some odd contortions of the body and showed the cunning art of the savage when in straits.

There was some confusion for a little while, during which shots were exchanged between some of our party, who had crossed the ravine on the opposite rise of ground, and the Sioux, who it was discovered were concealed in a sort of cave under a large rock.

A short distance from the rock their camp-fire was visible, near which a blanket or two which had been hastily

flung down showed that the Indians had been taken by surprise, although the camp had probably been made near the rock as a place of refuge.

Fronting the ravine and facing the retreat of the Sioux, some 150yds. away, was the crest of a hill; thither the Cheyennes had betaken themselves, and in a short time the greater portion of our party had congregated at the same point for consultation.

One of the cavalrymen who had ventured too near the Sioux had received a shot in the breast, and as he was very weak it was deemed best to send in to the post for a surgeon.

A volunteer was called for to carry a dispatch; none of the Cheyennes responding, a young Sioux scout who was with the party stepped forward and offered to go. And here occurred an incident. As soon as the Cheyennes saw that the message was to be intrusted to a young man of the same nation as the fugitives we had surrounded, and who might be suspected of a fellow feeling for their unfortunate predicament, they came forward in a body and protested against his being employed in the service, offering eagerly to send one of their own party. But here again the young Sioux interposed, setting forth his good faith and claim as a volunteer, when the others in the first instance had declined to go.

In this dilemma the corporal appealed to my knowledge of Indian character to decide the matter. The result was the Sioux received the dispatch, and how well he acquitted himself of the lonely and disagreeable night ride may be seen later on.

After our courier had departed the rest of our party brought rocks, while I built a mound near the crest of the hill. At a sufficient height to overlook the spot where the three Sioux were concealed I made a port-hole with the rocks, with enough cover for protection for the observer.

The Sioux were very quiet while this work was progressing, but when Sandy elevated his hat on a ramrod and held it up at a proper height to attract their attention, they very promptly put a couple of bullets through it.

A survey through the port-hole with a field glass revealed nothing but the dark entrance under the rock. The position under ordinary circumstances was an impregnable one, but we knew that it was icy cold there, that the Indians were scantily clad, and would not dare to make a fire if they had the materials.

Night was approaching and I believed that, growing desperate, they would make a break in the dark to get away. Disposition was made for camp in the little hollow near the ravine, also for a guard over the Sioux for the night to prevent their escape. It was a cheerless camp, a chill night and dark, the moon showing itself but dimly through the drifting clouds, a raw wind making sleep impossible in that unsheltered spot even with such robes and blankets as were obtainable.

The first glimpse of daylight found the camp astir, and while discussing our hastily cooked breakfast we decided upon a scheme to rout the Sioux from their nest under the rock. Our plan was simply to rush in a body upon their retreat, to kill them if they made any resistance, otherwise to drag them out. This plan met the approval of our allies, the Cheyennes, who, it is safe to say, though brave enough, had no idea of forming the van of any such enterprise.

While making our preparations for this attack some one drew our attention to a body of Indians riding rapidly toward our camp from the nearest line of hills. While observing them we saw they were followed by a column or company of mounted soldiers, and we knew then that our Sioux scout had lost no time in conveying the dispatch to the fort. Captain S., of the Fifth U. S. Infantry, was in command, and learning how matters stood, sent White Bull, a Cheyenne scout, to talk with the Sioux and persuade them to surrender.

White Bull took position on a small eminence and harangued the hollow some little time without eliciting any reply. Finally a faint response came, then a short parley, and the way being made clear, our three "tetons" came forth. The foremost was a tall, sullen-looking fellow, wrapped in a white blanket coat with hood of the same material lined with white wolf fur; the other two were of the same type, but shorter, and with stolid, impassive faces. They were promptly taken charge of by the guard and escorted to the military post as prisoners.

One of them had received a shot in the leg while lying in the hole.

The wounded soldier was cared for by the surgeon. The dead soldier was wrapped in a canvas, lashed on to a pack mule, and so transported to the Yellowstone. On being questioned the prisoners stated that they came from Sitting Bull's camp near Woody Mountain, north of Milk River, and were bound on a horse-stealing expedition against their enemies, the Mountain Crows, and had no intention of molesting the whites until their leader came to grief at the hands of Sandy. They then continued their original course in a desperate hope to draw the pursuit from the wounded comrade.

Notwithstanding their assertion that they had no intention of molesting whites, they were sure enough desperate cutthroats. In the route they had marked out for themselves, settlers with their families were moving into the country to clear the waste places and cultivate the land. It was some satisfaction to know that the three savages—our prisoners—would not kill, maim or torture any more in this life.

From my knowledge of the Indian character, I can readily see how it was that the leader of the war party ventured to attack, single-handed and unarmed, two experienced white hunters; Sandy, though full of grit and "sand," was by nature nervous and excitable, and when the Indian found himself face to face with two resolute men, caged as it were in the corral, with the probability that if he turned back they would either kill him or hold him for their own safety, moved by the first impulse or by despair, grasped their rifles; then if his party had rushed on, his "coup" would have been complete, but he slipped and fell with the two white men, and out of sight behind the walls of the little corral, his friends were afraid to venture up.

This incident, fortunately for Sandy and his companion, led to the discomfiture of the hostiles.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. LUTHER SAGE KELLY.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest, by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING IN ITALY.

THE dark profile of the Apennini Mountains detached itself with cutting neatness from the pale hue of the eastern sky, when our carriage came to a standstill just at a point where the Flaminian road crossed the summit of a small eminence; it dawned and the solitude of the *Campagna Romana* extended far around us, hill after hill, in the gray and uncertain light of a first of November morning.

A fine sight and a fine morning indeed, and we were very much inclined to admire both, forgetful of anything else, when a man with a long double-barreled gun, followed by a small dog, came out from the shade of some bushes, welcoming us with a hearty good morning.

So he was not a brigand. Banditti are growing rather scarce in Italy. He was my man Fred, our guide for the trip. In a couple of minutes we alighted, and in a couple more were all ready with our shooting paraphernalia. Meanwhile he informed us of some bevies of gray partridges he had located in the neighborhood, extending his arm and covering with its sweep half the horizon. What an extraordinary idea he had of neighborhood we had yet to learn, but of that hereafter.

The carriage was sent away with orders to wait for us at Rignano Flaminio, a very little town of 1,000 inhabitants; and while it rattled away we left the road, taking our path across a grassy slope toward some stubble fields where we expected to find the first bevy; but, "Take care," said the guide, knowing a good old habit of mine, "you must be cautious and alert, and particularly nothing of your stop a little; the birds have been hunted hard by many, and are too much disposed for journeying across mountains and valleys before you can even see them. It is snap-shooting or nothing; don't forget it, sir."

And cautious we were indeed, but to no great purpose for that.

It was broad daylight when we reached the stubbles, which extended far enough upon undulated ground, broken now and then by deep, woody chasms and small thickets; so seeing that the neighborhood was quite a large one, in the wish of exploring it thoroughly we separated, Mr. H. taking to the left with the guide, and myself to the right, while Willy was keeping a middle course.

It fell to my lot to explore a little valley, and I had not yet gone 100yds. when Tell, my old pointer, began to show very clearly that something was at hand; but at the very same moment I perceived, almost a quarter of a mile away, some fifteen birds spring wild from the stubble and disappear beyond a small eminence. So I went ahead and Tip came across a couple of quail, both of which I brought down, the second perhaps at 40yds.

The double shot attracted the attention of Willy, who was exploring the next valley; and he appeared on the top of the hill when I told him of the partridges, and away he went for passing the welcome news to Mr. H. The result was that after ten minutes we found ourselves all together at the beginning of the valley, where I thought the birds would be.

Now we began in earnest, and the guide, pointing to a thicket, said: "There they are." But he was mistaken, for before we had covered half the distance Tell pointed right ahead of Willy, and immediately the bevy got up with a terrific whir of wings that almost scared the boy. But he winged his bird notwithstanding, and two more shots by Mr. H., quite out of range, had the happy result of scattering the remainder.

It was up hill and down hill all the time, but we were sure of some very good sport; so along we went till Willy started a partridge and scored a miss, but Mr. H. was near at hand, and with his left barrel shot the bird for him.

Just then the guide called our attention to Reno, the splendid setter of Mr. H., pointing beautifully some hundred yards on his left, but as we were going there Tip and Tell came to a point also—Tip through a thicket of bushes and Tell far beyond in the stubble. It was a fine sight, and sure enough we were enjoying it. But unhappily the guide started a hare, and away went his dog across the field yelping. The hare was promptly stopped by Mr. H. Yet it was too late, as half a dozen partridges had got up out of range, and Tell was coming very sulkily toward us.

We parted then, Mr. H. and Willy going for Reno, and myself for Tip. The good dog had never stirred, and I had the luck of starting three full-grown birds, but I stopped a little too much, so when I was ready with my first shot I had to content myself with killing one, using my choke-bore because they were too far away for any common barrel; indeed in trying it I got a bunch of feathers and nothing else. Willy and Mr. H. were more fortunate and cut down three out of four birds.

I had located pretty closely my two partridges and went alone for them. Meanwhile my friends, judging the stubble very promising, started for quail, and were lucky enough, as notwithstanding the late season they killed five in an hour. For my part I did find the partridges, but they got up wild some hundred yards away and made for a large and deep chasm, where I followed them, but found the place so thick with trees, bushes and thorns of every description that I judged better and left them alone.

The sun was now high and rather hot, so I came back to my friends and proposed a stop for breakfast, to which they readily assented.

At noon we started for Rignano, perhaps ten miles distant across a broken land, mostly stubbles, with oaks scattered all over it. We worked up hill and down hill a couple of hours or so, crossing some twelve or fifteen woody creeks, so deeply burrowed in the earth that it took our utmost exertions to go down safe and get up at all. Willy had the chance of shooting a good-sized hare, neatly pointed by Tell, Mr. H. a lone partridge and myself three more quail.

We were now quite near the town. The creeks swarmed with blackbirds and thrushes, but we were not hunting for them, although in Italy it is a common practice to shoot such birds, the latter particularly, as they are such delicious eating and so destructive of olives.

In fact, we were seeking for the second bevy located by Fred in the neighborhood, but had almost given up hunting and were walking leisurely toward the road, when from a vineyard Tip flushed our quarry. "Seven birds," said Willy, who had a chance of seeing them between two rows of vines; so we took a new start, although there was little hope of retracing them in the woody hills where they had sought refuge, with sunset near at hand and a very indifferent idea of the direction they had taken.

But never mind; in five minutes more we were exploring a thicket well nigh impenetrable, and after it an olive tree grove, then another vineyard, and were just emerging upon a prairie when the birds took to their wings in a hurry, yet not so quickly but that five shots were discharged and three more partridges went to our bag.

An hour later around the dinner table we made the inventory of our game and found two hares, ten gray partridges and ten quail. Not a bad catch, after all, so late in the season, eighty days after its opening, and what was better yet, we had enjoyed a day of real sport.

We were tired enough after more than ten hours' walking across a very hilly country, but that mattered not; so, having had a good and substantial dinner, we went to bed, and dreaming partridges again and again, prepared our limbs for greater exertions.

Unluckily our hopes were fated to end in nothing. During the night a thick fog set in, and when morning broke rain was pouring down in torrents, so we packed our traps and took to the carriage homeward bound, but quite satisfied with our trip. A. CAMURRI.

ROME, Italy, Nov. 3.

CAMP BLAIR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Leaves have their time to fall;" and the North Wakefield Trout Fishing Club gets itself together in September of each and every year at its comfortable club house in the Province of Quebec to catch the wily trout, shoot the foolish partridge, inhale the unpolluted air, drink from the crystal lakes, and, in short, have that real honest enjoyment that can only be measured by the lifetime of its members.

The 15th of September is the usual time for the congregation of the faithful, but this year three "old stagers," having an early attack of the fever, presented themselves at the Grand Central Depot on the evening of the 9th, armed and equipped as the law directs in such cases, and by the excellent arrangements of the N. Y. and Vermont Central Railroads we were landed in Ottawa the next day at 11 o'clock A. M. without a transfer. On inquiring for our old cook we found he had gone out with a surveying party, not expecting us to call before the usual time. We were not long in engaging the services of another cook, directing him to take the first train to North Wakefield, while we after lunch chartered a team, loaded our duffle, made a few purchases and started on a delightful twenty-seven mile ride, for the roads were in good condition, the weather fine, the foliage clothed in its autumn garb, and the team and driver just suited to the occasion. Comments are unnecessary to those who have taken such a drive. We arrived at Camp Blair about 6 o'clock hungry as bears, only to find the cook had not put in an appearance, and Pat had gone to the depot six miles away expecting to meet us there. Did we go hungry long? Not much. We could all do a little cooking ourselves. A fire was soon made—tea, fried ham, sliced peaches and a fresh loaf of bread we had taken from Ottawa gave us a comfortable supper, and by the time we had finished it Pat and the cook arrived, so we did not have to wash the dishes and clean up the table.

While smoking before the big fireplace after supper we jointed and strung our rods, and having repeatedly read in FOREST AND STREAM of trout having been caught after dark, I went down to the large pine that had fallen into the lake, where I had repeatedly taken trout in the daytime, and cast until I got tired with never a rise, and here I may say that myself and others tried several evenings from the shore and from boats with the same result, never getting a single trout, and we tried a variety of flies. The next morning, by the time the cook had his arrangements for breakfast started, I was down to the fallen tree, and the third cast made I hooked and landed a trout, and, taking it up to the cook in my landing net, he served it for our breakfast, and it would be superfluous to say it was very good, and that we enjoyed our first trout in camp better, I ween, than epicures could have done at Delmonico's.

For four or five days we three were lords of the manor, with trout and partridge enough to supply the table, prospecting from lake to lake to see where the big ones dwelt in their crystal solitudes, and taking quiet yet very solid comfort. On the fifth day of our sojourn other members and their guests began to arrive, and soon we numbered a party of ten just such men as an increase of numbers only adds to the enjoyment of all. With three doctors in the party, of course no one would *dare* to get sick, lest he be done for in short order; with an ex-congressman to occasionally put on a dignity that did not fit him at all, and a sort of a politician who had sometimes laid plans whereby his friends had found office, but who never shot his mouth off on politics in camp unless some one would extend an open palm, saying, "Five dollars, please, or dry up;" and he always dried. It was an unwritten law of the club that no politics was to be ventilated in camp; and it required little trouble to enforce it. Some of the party were expert fishermen, and all could cast a fly fairly well, except one of the medical fraternity, and he persisted in telling about going out and "swatting" the water to catch a fish; but he being a guest we had to deal kindly with him, but having since become a member of the club he will find the wax in his ears warmed at his next visit to Camp Blair. It has been the blessed privilege of your scribe to mingle with many an outing party, both in fishing and shooting, and he has no hesitation in saying this was the most congenial party with whom he ever gathered. One we missed, and our hearts ached with his for the sorrow that prevented his joining our annual outing.

We caught abundance of fish for the table, and no one left camp without a well-filled basket; in fact we caught a greater number than in any previous year, the largest weighing a trifle over 3lbs., and we turned loose all under ½lb. We found trout in the various lakes in localities we had never tried before. If there be any country for a "fish hog" (I don't like the term) that is not the place for him; but a reasonable man can always find fish enough to make it interesting and truly sport. Although partridges were not as plenty as in previous years, yet there were few days when they were not served for dinner. One day two of us were casting from either end of the boat while the guide quietly paddled the boat along shore, when I heard my friend

say to the guide, "What's that?" and both seemed intently listening in the direction of the shore. As my hearing is impaired, I paid little attention, but kept on casting. Presently the guide touched me on the leg, whispering: "There he is, shoot him." Supposing it was a partridge, I quietly laid down my rod and picked up my shotgun, taking from my pocket a No. 8 shell, and as I put it in the gun looked for the first time in the direction the guide had indicated, when I beheld a beautiful black bear within 100ft. of us, and looking as intently and surprised at us as we did at him. I quietly returned the shell to my pocket, closed my gun and took a good look at bruin, till he made a pivot of his hindfeet, and without any haste turned himself around and went off into the timber. I have said he was beautiful, and he seemed so to me. I could see his ears, eyes and lips distinctly as he stood breast toward me, and his coat was jet black and fairly glistened in the sun. My companions said "Shoot," but I told them I was not wasting any No. 8 shot on bear. After he was gone it occurred to me that this might have been Brother Hough's bear; certainly the graphic recitals of his bear hunts in the Southern canebrakes flashed through my mind, and I wished Captain Bobo horses and hounds could have been there to have bagged the handsomest bear I ever saw. Now, Mr. Editor, please excuse this seeming digression, for, in fact, it is interwoven in the day's fishing, and will never fade till the lamp burns out.

Having in previous years encroached on your space to describe our camp, lakes, possessions and a general description of the country, I beg only to say that each year I am more strongly confirmed in what I have said in past years—namely, if one delights in testing his skill with the instinct of the wily trout, and delights in a quiet retreat in the country that God made and still governs, where he can enjoy living and a recreation which can not be found in crowded towns, then he must secure by lease or purchase a section, small or large, that he can call his own, having these advantages, and such places are becoming rapidly less every year. Some one has said: "It is not all of life to live;" and everybody has used the paraphrase: It is not all of fishing to fish, and in this all speak the truth. If there is no sentiment attached to the rod and gun in these later days, then are we still behind the red man, and should try to make his bow and arrow and his barbed hook and spear from a bone, and try to use them simply as he did to procure food; and in view of the depletion of game and fish I fear many of us would go hungry. While the trout seem to hold their own in our lakes, both in size and number, the club has decided not to run any risk in the matter, and hence has made arrangements for several thousand fingerling trout to be put in the lakes next spring, and has also ordered black bass for stocking Wright's Lake, the only lake we control whose waters do not flow into the other lakes. We do not believe it is good policy to take all we can get, giving nothing in return. But I must close this imperfect and disconnected sketch of one of the pleasantest outings of my life. Do we prize such things more as the number we can reasonably claim grows less? I think so. And is not this the best evidence that such sports are very dear to our hearts? A.

Haddam, Conn., Sept., 1896.

HOSPITALITY AMONG SPORTSMEN.

The hospitality among sportsmen is proverbial. This virtue is not confined to one race or country; it is universal, international, as two of my American friends here, students of medicine, will readily testify. Both of them are fairly good shots and stanch admirers of the rod and gun. They concluded last summer to spend a portion of their vacation time in shooting partridges, and I assisted them in procuring hunting permits, guns and ammunition. Upon my suggestion they put an advertisement in one of the leading sportsmen's papers of this country to the effect that two young Americans were in search of an opportunity to enjoy a few weeks' shooting sport on partridges. My advice was followed, and within a week after their advertisement had appeared in print my friends had received twenty-three offers from different parties, mostly large estate owners, all over the country. They concluded to accept an invitation from a gentleman residing in Posen, near the Russian frontier, and in due time boarded a train for their destination. After a ride by rail of about seven hours they arrived at the station nearest to the place they were bound for. A light carriage with a coachman in spotless uniform awaited them at the station and a second wagon had been sent for their baggage.

"How far is it to X.?" they asked the coachman, after they had seated themselves in the carriage, in German. The answer came promptly, but it proved a conundrum to my friends, because it was given by the coachman in his mother tongue—in Polish. All their further attempts to secure the desired information proved fruitless. But they were not kept in suspense very long. After a ride of thirty minutes the final destination was reached, and they entered the gates of a castle-like building, surrounded on the three rear sides by substantially built barns, stables, etc. Inside the gate they were received and cordially welcomed by the proprietor, a pleasant gentleman, whose figure gave signs of good living. He escorted his guests to their rooms, which proved exceptionally clean and richly furnished. A small chamber adjoining the rooms was assigned for the dogs.

Fifteen minutes later they heard a gentle sound at their door, and in response to their "*Herein*"—come in—a fair maid entered and informed the newcomers that "*Die gnädigste Frau*"—the most gracious lady—was ready to see her guests.

Fortunately my friends were equipped with dress suits. These were pressed into service, and this done they made their initial call on the lady of the house. She first addressed her guests in German, but after ascertaining that they were Americans she conversed with them freely in good English.

The conversation was interrupted by a servant who came to report that supper was ready. And what a supper had been served! The table was covered with the choicest meats, warm and cold; fishes, pastry and fruits; and last, but not least, the finest liquors, still and sparkling wines. After supper a game of poker was played. At 9 o'clock the following morning, and after a first-class breakfast, the landlord asked his guests to mount the wagons ready for the occasion. Each gunner had his wagon assigned to him and each gunner had a servant at his disposal. The eatables were prepared by the lady, the refreshments by the landlord. The former were more than what my friends expected, the latter simply fit for a Lucullus. Partridges were plenty. Four guns and 189 birds bagged the first day. Enough. My friends had a royal time, and stayed ten days. And what did all this pleasure cost them? Apart from the railroad fare, not a single penny; even the servants had been strictly forbidden to accept any tips. It was simply a case of sportsmen's hospitality, nothing more. Armin Tenner.

Berlin-Schöneberg.

THE PASSING OF COLORADO.

Some of us whose heads are getting gray a good deal earlier than they ought to can call up a picture of the Colorado mountains in autumn something like this:

A buck stands in the edge of the yellowing aspens; groves of spruce break in on the background, with their somber green. The buck glances back over his shoulder, his great ears spread out, searching the broad park of bunch grass, which stretches downward, while at the side, amid the brown riband of fringing willows, a growling brook rumbles off to join its river. Sometimes in place of the buck one could get a glimpse of the spreading antlers of a six-point elk, and in the summer among the berry patches you could hear the soft crushing of the bushes and the gratified snuffle of the browsing bear.

In the days when the Little Pittsburg was a name to conjure by; when Aspen and its Molly Gibson were unborn; when Castle Fork had neither been built nor deserted, nor changed its name to Ashcroft; when Carbonate (which was soon to be the county seat of the future county of Garfield) had not been founded, nor left, as it now is, to the sole possession of the mountain rats; in those days, I say, two modest prospectors camped where the slender springs of the North Fork of the White gather to trickle down into Trapper Lake, whence the stream bursts with power. These men saw the banded elk pour bugling and bawling over the rim rock. They saw bucks spring regardant by the dozen at the approach of their scanty train. They even saw bears, glistening with a reflection of darkened steel, turn and twist on the slide rock whence they tried to dislodge some badger or gopher who had sought refuge in the crevices. One of these prospectors, now searching rather health than wealth, has revisited these scenes.

Starting from Glenwood Springs, the party of which I write took its way in the last days of September up the grade in a snowstorm to Bennett's Mills, certain deserted buildings standing now in an extensive timber reserve of the Government. For fifty miles each way stretches this tract. Beginning at the west of Glenwood, some ten miles distant, it reaches far enough to include the head of Williams Fork of the Bear, and runs from Trapper Lake on the north down to near the junction of the forks of the White.

From Bennett's Mills our party in two camps came to Big Fish Lake, lying between the Marvine lakes and Trapper Lake, and shortly after crossed the North Fork of the White and struck for Williams Fork of the Bear.

This destination we did not immediately reach, but owing to the fantasies of our guide we got "balled up" in down timber and precipices near Pagoda Peak. This served just as well. We camped a day, got a small deer, and then by devious routes got over the divide and sought the headwaters of Williams Fork. Here we found a considerable number of ranches.

Up to a certain elevation there was some plowing done on these ranches. It appeared that oats were the only crop that could be trusted to ripen at the altitude, and in one place we saw a farmer cutting his oats green in October to save the crop. Higher still there were "horse ranches," where stacks of marsh hay had been cut for winter feeding, though I am credibly informed that neither cattle nor horses will prosper standing belly to shoulder deep in snow day and night all winter for the sake of a ration of marsh hay.

From our camp on Williams Fork we hunted west over the flat-topped mountains to the head of Ladd's Creek on the north and far southward. We saw does and fawns in numbers, but no elk, and but one buck quite distant and going like a locomotive. We did, however, see horse tracks and men's tracks and men and horses all over, and shortly pulled out down Williams Fork and over the country to Hayden.

We crossed the Bear River at Hayden and in two days came to a region known as California Park.

This district, lying between the Bear's Ears and Sand Mountains, contains the headwaters of Elkhead Creek, which flows into the Bear below Hayden.

We were disappointed to find that a wagon road, though a dim one, led clear through the park, but we made camp on the site chosen by some former party and found room, by clearing away cans and bottles, for our unassuming settlement. We hunted the Bear's Ears, we hunted the Sand Mountains and stalked antelope on the flat between. Here occurred the greatest feat of the trip. My packer and I started out one morning to hunt the Sand Mountains for elk. On the way we noticed two horsemen cross the wash a mile above us on the left. Shortly afterward we sighted antelope—I began stalking a sentinel buck. He finally walked away down the back of the ridge and I started to run forward. Almost immediately the sentinel turned back to his post; so I crouched again, but something on the other side startled the band and they swept by me at 40yds.

I fired at a fat antelope, but the band sped on solidly at that swift, graceful gait which puts an express train to the blush. I fired again and an antelope fell, sliding along the smooth, sloping grass for nearly 40yds. before it came to a final rest. I signaled to my companion to bring the horses, but he showed me that a dead antelope lay near him and I learned that I had made a double on running antelope—a feat that I shall hardly hope to repeat.

We climbed the Sand Mountains after dressing our game, and found elk pastures and elk sign, but no elk. We did, however, discover two hunters in a distant gulch and a copy of the *Rocky Mountain News*, which had wrapped some one's lunch. We also heard twenty shots fired in less than a minute by antelope shooters, and at all times heard an interrupted fusillade of people shooting does and fawns in the woods. I say does and fawns because there were plenty of them and no bucks in that part of the country.

We felt crowded out from California Park, and returned by a somewhat different route to the North Fork of the White. Near here we discovered a fresh bear track in the snow. The bear was small because his tracks were small. He was lean because he did not touch his heel to the ground, as fat bears do, and he was hungry because he turned aside to snuff at every dry bone in his path in the hope of getting fat enough to "hole up" comfortably, also he was speedy. We followed the track fast as long as the snow lasted and for half a mile further. Then the track played out, and afterward we played out and returned to camp satiated rather with sport than game.

It was curious to see that squirrels and a coyote had followed the bear for a long distance. The squirrels were possibly looking for pine nuts that the bear might dig up.

This was our last hunt. We soon reached the North Fork again, and from there in to Glenwood there was no chance for game.

Yet this tract of country is just the part most vividly pictured in the memory of the old-timer. The region is an ideal one for game. It lies in the Government timber reserve, where no settlement is allowed. It has grassy pastures, thickets of aspen, forests of spruce, brooks, lakes, crags, parks and ravines, that once swarmed with game. And now not a hoof! Not a footprint broke the fair carpet of the new-fallen snow.

To the westward, toward Pagoda Peak, one finds a few does and fawns. Then on Williams Fork more does and fawns. In California Park and the country adjoining we saw about 200 antelope, while there were many does and fawns along the slopes of the mountains about. We saw probably over 100 of them. Altogether we saw fresh tracks of fifteen or twenty straggling elk and of one bear, besides seeing two small elk in the flesh. But even thus late the game did not bunch up. There seemed to be practically no bucks.

My men gave me the usual explanations for this seeming lack. The bucks had not yet come down. The bucks had gone down before the does. The bucks were back along the range.

Some of these explanations have caused amusement for many years, particularly the last one with its grand indefiniteness.

In this especial case we had traveled with our pack train some 250 miles, besides making hunting excursions to the highest ground and well down in the bottoms; and it became my opinion that theories of temporary hiding would not account for the lack of elk and deer. I think that, in spite of its ridiculous apparatus of game laws and wardens and deputy wardens, the State of Colorado is losing its game as fast as the independent voters can butcher it.

There are not enough elk now left in the State to raise a bugle or gather a band. Of course the rural citizens of Colorado are not the only ones who kill the game.

The great tourist hotels at Glenwood and Colorado Springs send out gentlemen from New York, Manchester, Birmingham and Cincinnati.

These gentlemen are, many of them, good hunters. They take their wives, servants, families, crockery and other luxuries, making a moving village.

There are also sportsmen's resorts at Trapper Lake and the Mawine Club, the latter reached by a wagon road from Newcastle. These resorts are managed by competent guides and hunters, who take the best of care of their patrons. But in all these cases a certain respect is shown for the law, and some of the guides have been appointed deputy wardens in order to act with the more authority.

The statute of Colorado allows each hunter to kill and consume one adult deer, elk and antelope each season.

All the population of the game districts violate the statute in season and out of season, or sympathize with its violators.

The ranchers are the worst sinners. They get good chances to slaughter when the snow is deep, and kill at every chance.

I saw a cabin on the Williams Fork on the roof and around the walls of which hung thirty bucks' heads not apparently a year old. I am told of another rancher who killed 100 deer in a season; of another who used venison to feed his hogs, and so on.

Besides the ranchers, there are the "boys" who go out for their "fall meat" or their "winter meat," as the case may be. Four-horse teams start from Leadville, Aspen, Newcastle and Glenwood, and come back loaded with carcasses. Sometimes the wardens catch these men and convict them. It is then held a point of honor for the "poor fellow" immediately on his release or on payment of his fine to kill and waste enough game to soothe his wounded feelings. The taxidermists, who, by the way, seem to do wretched work, are also responsible for a small amount of illegal killing.

Thus we have ranch butchers, meat hunters, spite hunters and head hunters, all working with the sympathy of their fellows to destroy the game.

The game is no longer back along the range. It is dead. The Williams Fork this year was lined with hunting outfits all the autumn. They were killing does and fawns. There was nothing else to kill. The fusillade in California Park sounded like a Gatling battery at times. They were killing does and fawns. There was nothing else to kill except a few wary antelope. We saw a doe and fawn lying by the roadside bloating and left to waste by some man who wished to show that he was big enough to break the law and avoid detection.

We passed sleepless nights and lived laborious days trying to avoid our fellow creatures and find camping grounds that were not littered with cans, whisky bottles, rags, withering carcasses, and all the unsightly refuse of a half-civilized outing.

We were, however, bound to find the elk pastures carpeted in spots with the *Rocky Mountain News* and the Wahsatch *Screamer*.

Colorado in its mountain portions is a beautiful State, and in the reservations exempt from settlement it affords an ideal home for game; but owing to the butcher-like and law-breaking tendencies of its rural population the game is doomed.

It does not need the mystical lore of life's sunset to prophecy that in two years one may hunt as profitably for elk and bear in Kansas and Illinois as in Colorado.

In five years deer will be as scarce here as wolves in the Adirondacks.

The cause of civilization will, however, have gained a great advance.

The game wardens will then be changed to health inspectors to prevent camp refuse from breeding a typhoid pestilence.

At that time merry bands of tourists will sally from Glenwood and Colorado Springs to hunt the cap like the sportsmen of Tarascon.

Enterprising citizens can then cut crops of oats green in October near the highest peaks if the snow be not too deep, and a railroad will run up every considerable gulch into the hands of a receiver. H. G. DULOG.

MUCK-A-MUCKS.

DENVER, Colo., Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Oct. 24 I find a letter from Mr. John Mowat showing some temper because a certain Boston gentleman had referred to certain Canadians as "high muck-a-mucks." You confess inability to explain the title or the origin of the offensive word.

Fifty or seventy-five years ago there was constructed on the Northern Pacific coast a common language known as the "Chinook jargon," for convenience in trading with the many Indian tribes of that region. Exactly who was the inventor of it I cannot tell, but it was made up of words, more or less exact, from many languages, civilized and savage, in which the language of the Chinook Indians doubtless predominated. The Chinooks occupied the coast immediately north of the mouth of the Columbia River and were the first native people with whom traders who arrived in ships came in contact—hence, probably, the foundation of the new language that was built up. It was a curious fact that, while there were a great many tribes or remnants of tribes living in close proximity, they seemed to have no knowledge of each other's language. For instance, when I first knew them, there were seven Indian villages clustered around the great falls of the Willamette River, living mainly upon the salmon they caught at the foot of the falls, each having a distinct language which was not understood by any of the others; but all could speak the Chinook jargon, and it was so all through the country. The white people had also to learn the language in order to converse with their Indian neighbors, and it was, in fact, largely used by all people and at all times, in business and otherwise. I think it comprised only 546 words and was not difficult to learn.

One of its words in most common use was "muck-a-muck," and it meant food, or anything that could be converted into food, except salmon. Salmon was so emphatically the staff of life with those people that it was not included in the common term "muck-a-muck," but was always distinguished by its proper name. "Hi-yu" meant plenty. "Ha-lo" meant scarcity or nothing. "Hi-yu muck-a-muck" signified plenty to eat of common food. "Hi-yu muck-a-muck, ha-lo salmon" meant a sufficiency of ordinary supplies, but no salmon, and consequently a rather restricted banquet. "Ha-lo muck-a-muck, ha-lo salmon" meant utter destitution at the time and a strong presumption of famine near at hand.

In later years I have heard the term "high muck-a-muck" used occasionally, generally as a sneer, or a term of derision, applied to some one who was blessed with a superabundance of self-esteem—a presumptuous, "stuck-up" personage. I presume it was in this sense Mr. Mowat understood the term to be used. Whether or not it has come from the Chinook jargon to the people I have heard use it in recent years I cannot tell, but presume it did not. Your suggestion that it may have grown from the Algonquin word *mogquomp* may be correct. The first invasion of the Oregon country by white men, in sufficient numbers to be sensibly felt, was by Hudson Bay Fur Company employees, who went from the Canadas and so on west to the Columbia, and down that river to its mouth. The company's supplies were received direct from England by ships that entered the Columbia, and their people probably had much to do with framing the "Chinook jargon." Its term of distinction was "Ty-ee," and a very great man was "Hy-as Ty-ee," or "Hy-as Bos-ton Ty-ee." In fact, in the earlier years all United States men were "Boston Ty-ees." So you will see that Boston attained fame among the Chinooks and their neighbors at a very early day. This does not tell where the word "muck-a-muck" came from, but I believe it will do no great harm to allow Mr. Mowat's charge to rest where he has placed it—upon Boston. W. N. BYERS.

Natural History.

ADIRONDACK BEAVER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in this week's issue of your paper an article on Adirondack beaver, and I am pleased to be able to contribute a few facts which came under my own observation this year, thinking they may be of interest to others.

Early in June I spent a day or two at Lake Madawaska, which is in Franklin county, between Brandon and St. Regis Falls. This lake is fed by a small stream known as the Quebec Brook, and I was paddled up it several miles by Jimmy Eccles, a guide at Joe Alfred's little hotel at Madawaska. On the way down from a very successful day's fishing, Eccles asked me if I would like to see where beaver had been working, and on receiving an emphatic reply in the affirmative he put me ashore, and I saw where a considerable number of small silver poplars had been gnawed off about 2ft. from the ground. The workings were not fresh, having been made last year, I should say, and there was no sign of any dam. Eccles said, however, that there were similar workings on the other side of the brook, which was quite wide at this point. While there we saw a hedgehog in the brush, and killed him with a club, which proved to be, upon examination, a piece of one of the poplars the beaver had cut, the chisel-like marks of his teeth plainly showing upon it. I regretted afterward that I had not brought a sample of this work out with me, but later in the season I found more of it.

The last of August, while fishing on the middle branch of the St. Regis River, my guide Martin called my attention to some stubs from 1 to 6in. in diameter which the beaver had left standing, after having dragged the tops to the water, presumably, as they were nowhere to be seen. The signs were old, but in following up a small stream which came into the river near by I came across some comparatively fresh workings, the stumps being still green and the cuts or tooth-marks almost new—probably having been made late in the spring. Martin thought there must be a small family of beaver in the immediate vicinity—probably further up the little stream we were on. He cut off one of the stumps, which I brought home with me.

From these evidences and reports I got from several guides who do more or less trapping in the winter, I am convinced that there are a good many beaver in the Adirondacks, and that under the present protective law they will "increase and multiply and replenish the earth." I am told, however, that many of them are solitary in their habits and are called "bachelor" beaver, living like muskrats in the river banks instead of building houses, and showing no disposition to build dams.

Let us hope that this interesting animal will not become extinct in our State, and that the law looking to his preservation was passed in time to save the scattered remnants of his tribe. ARTHUR F. RICE.

DO BIRDS HIBERNATE?

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the rich table of contents furnished us in FOREST AND STREAM for the 7th inst. I noticed particularly a brief article entitled "Queer Ways of Birddom." I noticed this article particularly because it mooted one or two points in birddom that I thought had been set at rest. As to one of these points I wish to speak. I did not imagine that it was the belief of any one in these days that any species of birds hibernated by burying themselves in the mud. I know it was an ancient belief in regard to swallows. Gilbert White, of Selborne, observed that myriads of birds of the swallow kind in the autumn forsook the chimneys and houses and roosted at night in the osier beds along the Thames. "This resorting toward that element," says he, "at that season of the year seems to give some countenance to the northern opinion (strange as it is) of their retiring under water. A Swedish naturalist is so much persuaded of that fact that he talks, in his 'Calendar of Flora,' as familiarly of the swallows going under water in the beginning of September as he would of his poultry going to roost a little before sunset." It is evident from his language here that White did not entertain this opinion. On the other hand, the celebrated Dr. Johnson believed that they did so hibernate. His biographer, Boswell, reports him as saying: "Swallows certainly sleep all the winter. A number of them conglobulate together by flying round and round, and then all in a heap throw themselves under water and lie in the bed of a river." Here we have the very *modus operandi*. Johnson, however, was not a naturalist, and his view was no doubt only what Sir Thomas Browne would have termed one of the "vulgar errors" of his time. What are the facts in the case? Who has sufficient data to speak definitely upon this matter and settle this important point in natural history? T. J. CHAPMAN.

[There is a wide literature of the swallow hibernation belief, but it is hardly worth while to discuss the subject. The swallow goes south for the winter with other migrating species; its migration is as fully observed, understood and recorded in the ornithologies as that of other birds.]

NEW EDITION OF COUES'S KEY.

ORNITHOLOGISTS will be glad to learn that a new edition of Coues's "Key to North American Birds," largely rewritten, and brought up to date, is to be issued before long. The volume has a history dating back more than twenty years, and has done much toward the making of the younger generation of North American ornithologists.

The "Key" was originally published at Salem, Mass., in 1872, under copyright of F. W. Putnam and Elliott Coues. This was purchased a few years later by Estes & Lauriat, of Boston, who brought out the second edition in 1884, entirely rewritten, and in fact a different book, retaining the old name, but having incorporated with it Coues's "Field Ornithology of 1874."

This second edition of 1884 has been repeatedly reissued, and the third edition (1887) contained a new appendix, and the fourth edition (1890) another new appendix. Otherwise all the editions since 1884, inclusive, have been printed from the same plates, and are identical in everything but the appendixes.

Since the founding of the A. O. U. in 1883 the advance in American ornithology has been unprecedented, and the 'Key" is no longer adequate to the proper presentation of the case. That it may resume the honorable place it long held Dr. Coues has undertaken a thorough revision of the whole work, which will now be reset and very largely rewritten. The substance of the two appendixes will of course be incorporated in the main text, and many other additions are to be made of the species and subspecies described since 1890. The nomenclature will be closely conformed to that of the latest edition of the A. O. U. "Check List," 1895.

Dr. Coues writes: "I have been since 1883 chairman of the committee on classification and nomenclature which produced both the 'Check Lists,' 1886 and 1895, and must now take my own dose of the medicine we have so long been brewing. One reason I had for not sooner revising the names in the 'Key' was the incessant changes they were undergoing; but now that we have reached a tolerably settled state of affairs, from which there will probably be little departure for the next ten years, I feel that the time has come for the long contemplated revision of the 'Key' in accordance with the new nomenclature we have adopted. I am diligently at work now, the publisher is ready to take copy as soon as I can furnish it, and we hope to be out in a few months. Besides the changes of names, and a very thorough scrutiny of the text for all requisite additions or corrections, the new edition will be embellished with a large number of new cuts, and some of the old ones will be retired from duty after long and faithful service."

Notwithstanding the large amount of new matter which will be introduced, Dr. Coues hopes to keep the bulk of the volume down, so that it will not much exceed that of the former editions; and it will no doubt be sold at the former price, $7.50.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

"Game Birds of North America."

THE "Game Birds of North America, a Descriptive Check List," is the title of a small book published by Bradlee Whidden, and prepared by Mr. Frank E. Bates. The book is in many respects a useful one, for its size makes it handy to carry in the pocket, and its descriptions, while wholly free from technicality, should be sufficient to enable the sportsman in most cases to determine to what species the bird he shoots may belong. Something of this sort has long been needed, a volume giving little more than the name, description and range of our game birds, and which is so small and light that the gunner may carry it about with him.

In his introductory note Mr. Bates acknowledges the difficulty of satisfactorily defining the term game bird. The conclusion which he reaches is that a game bird is "One suitable for food, and which is habitually pursued by man for sport, demanding skill and dexterity for its capture." Notwithstanding this definition, he includes among his game birds the loon and the mergansers, but explains that these birds are not commonly accepted as game, and he marks them and others with a star to indicate this doubt as to their position. He puts the same mark before the emperor goose, about which we know nothing, and before the crane, the gallinules and the coot, but leaves the remainder of the 134 species included in the volume without this mark.

The book is divided into three sections: "Water Birds," including loons, ducks, geese and swans; "Waders," including cranes, rails and the group commonly known as "shore birds;" and "Land Birds," including the partridges, grouse, wild turkey and the passenger pigeon.

The book is sparsely illustrated with outline cuts of heads, feet and bills of some species, and is preceded by two pages devoted to a key to identification of game birds, the Water and Marsh Birds being placed in one section and the Land Birds in another. Various characters are given by which the different genera and species may be determined.

While the book makes no pretense to scientific standing, and while some of its descriptions leave much to be desired, yet because of its handiness, and because it gives the names, descriptions and, very roughly, the range of some of our game birds, the volume is likely to prove useful to a large class of men who use the gun.

Miss Merriam's California Bird Notes.

THE charm of Miss Florence A. Merriam's writings is well known to all those who have read her "Birds Through an Opera Glass" and her "Summer in a Mormon Village," as well as her shorter papers, which never appeared in more permanent form. Her last volume, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., she calls "A-Birding on a Bronco."

It contains notes taken in Southern California from March to May, 1889, and from March to July, 1894; the particular locality being at the foot of the mountains thirty-five miles north of San Diego, and twelve miles from the Pacific Ocean. These notes were made altogether from observations conducted through an opera glass. They are extremely interesting, and are told in a very happy style. Miss Merriam is always fully in sympathy with nature, and her training as an observer has been so thorough that little goes on about her that escapes her eyes and ears.

From her ranch home Miss Merriam made excursions on an old and steady bronco, with the special purpose of observing the birds; and the result is this volume of 296 pages, charmingly illustrated by spirited pen drawings made by Louis Agassiz Fuertes, as well as by many half-tone illustrations from Miss Merriam's camera. Mr. Fuertes's drawings are extremely good. He seems to catch the spirit of the birds, and there is life in all his work. Even the heads of the birds have about them the true bird expression.

Miss Merriam is doing a most excellent work in thus introducing to people, who themselves have no opportunity for observation, the feathered friends that she loves so well; and she seems to be equally at home whether she deals with the lighter and more attractive work of the student of ornithology, or marshals facts or figures to support her statements as to the economic value of birds.

Melanotic Rattlesnakes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Noticing the inquiry of Dr. A. S. Packard for information as to the existence of the melanotic variety of our rattlers in different localities induces me to say that in the mountains of Virginia, my native State, black rattlers are very common, so much so in some localities that the mountain people believe the black ones to be the female sex. The color of these dark snakes is as glossy black as that of the blacksnake, and while the variety may have originated in individual melanism, there is no doubt that the peculiarity has become fixed by heredity and breeds true. The common banded rattler of the mountains is the only species I have ever seen showing melanotic coloring. In the common blowing viper melanism is rather common as an individual peculiarity, but I have never seen a melanotic specimen of any other species of snake. In the mountain rattlers it is certainly not an individual peculiarity, but a true varietal distinction.

Something of the same sort is to be observed among squirrels. I never saw a black specimen in Virginia or Maryland, whereas in central Louisiana the gray squirrel is almost replaced by a black variety not specifically distinct from the common gray. I have often wondered that phenomena so striking appear to have been passed unnoticed by our writers on natural history, as noted by Dr. Packard in reference to the melanism so common in the mountain rattlesnakes. I think I can hardly be mistaken in supposing that in some localities the peculiarity has been fixed by heredity and become a true varietal distinction. M. G. ELLZEY, M.D.

CUMBERSTONE, Md.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Concerning black rattlesnakes, about which Dr. Packard asks, I will say: Perhaps all the rattlers in the Catskill Mountains are not black, but all that I have seen there were quite a bright, glossy black. I have also seen black rattlers in the mountains of Pike county, Pa., which are the northern end of the Blue Ridge. FRED MATHER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Game Bag and Gun.

WHERE TO GO.

One important, useful and considerable part of the Forest and Stream's service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsman for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

DUCKS IN THE SOUTHWEST.

Little Rock, Ark., Nov. 25.—Up to the present writing it has been a very unsatisfactory season in more than one respect, and there is little prospect now that it will prove otherwise.

The extreme drought that prevailed almost generally all over the South has dried up many of our finest duck marshes and lakes, while of the few remaining ones that yet contain water not a few form inaccessible retreats for the ducks, for the reason that the water is so shallow that it is impossible to push a boat through the moss, flags and buckbrush, and the bottom is so treacherous that they cannot be waded. These lakes or marshes are invariably fine feeding grounds, and in former seasons furnished excellent shooting. The above conditions prevail over nearly all of Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana and some parts of Texas.

There are a few places, however, where the shooting is reported good. On Big Lake, a body of water bordering the northeastern part of Arkansas and the southern part of Missouri, the shooting has been very fine for the past month, and will continue so until the lake freezes. Here there must be something like fifty market-hunters engaged in the work of slaughter. Some idea of the ducks that are killed here daily can be gleamed from the fact that recently the express company at Kennett, Mo., made one shipment of thirty-six barrels of ducks, and the following night carried out thirty two barrels and twenty-six sacks of ducks. Such shipments are made daily to St. Louis and Chicago commission firms. The famous Paw Paw Flats in southern Missouri have not been up to their usual high standard. Kennett is situated on the Kennett, St Louis & Southern road. The way from the North is via the St. Louis & Southwestern to Campbell, and from there to Kennett; then eighteen miles to the lake, and which can only be reached by private conveyance.

Last week I received word that the ducks were coming in at Grassy Lake, near Fulton, Ark., and good shooting should be found there. Fulton is situated on the main line of the Iron Mountain road, about 100 miles from here. The lake is about four miles from the town, and all the equipments that are necessary for a trip are a pair of waders, and gun and shells. No boat is necessary, as the lake can be waded at all points.

Ducks are also reported plentiful at Swan Lake, Ark. Go to Pine Bluff, and from there take the Pine Bluff & Eastern road seventeen miles to the lake. Here the shooting is from a light-running boat that sets well up on the water, as the lake is very low and covered with moss that very much impedes navigation. The ducks feed on the moss, and the shooter who is well on to his game should find it no great feat to bag fifty ducks, which is more than sufficient by half.

There are a number of shooting preserves in eastern Arkansas whose chief sport is duck shooting, but of all these at only one is the shooting good. This favored one is the Wapanoca, and here for the past two weeks the sport has been fine. The club has a rule that limits the bag to fifty, and of all those who have shot there during this time none, not even the poorest shot, have failed to bag that number in a day's shooting. Capt. L. G. Billings, of the U. S. Navy, and Mr. Morgan Brown, of Nashville, Tenn., were there as guests of Mr. W. A. Wheatley, the secretary of the club; they shot there several days last week, and each of these reached the limit on more days than one. Capt. Billings also made two doubles on geese one day.

Capt. R. P. Bonner, of Louisville, Ky., was also a guest of the club; he was shooting one of those destructive cornshellers—this time a Spencer—and one time managed to knock down six ducks from a flock that came in to his decoys. The Captain experienced no difficulty in bagging the limit.

Messrs. Galloway, J. C. Neely and Geo. Gallhan went over while the flight was on, and in addition to bagging their allotted number of ducks, Neely and Gallhan killed a deer between them.

The other prominent clubs in this part of the State are the Blackfish, St. Francis, Swan Lake and Hatchie Coon. At none of them, however, is there any shooting worth mentioning.

At Beaver Dam, another good shooting preserve located in Mississippi, and owned principally by Memphis sportsmen, the ducks are quite numerous; but owing to the extremely low water it is impossible to get to them; so while there are plenty of ducks, there is virtually no shooting. On the 5th Tom O'Sullivan went there, and by pushing his boat a mile through the mud succeeded in bagging twenty-two mallards, two geese and two turkeys. The exertion necessary to push his boat proved almost too much for the old man, and he is now under the care of a doctor.

There are no ducks to mention in the vicinity of Vicksburg and Natchez, Miss., owing to there not being any water. The same condition prevails in the northern part of Louisiana. At Monroe there are none, while at Shreveport there has been something of a spasmodic flight. A party of four, consisting of Messrs. Sam. Enders, Walter Jackson and S. J. Jenkins, of Shreveport, and C. L. Dammann, of Memphis, bagged 307 in less than a day's shooting at Cross Lake, about four miles from that city. This, however, is also a protected preserve, Mr. Du Bray was there shortly after, but there were no ducks then to speak of.

Mr. Oscar Guessaz writes me from San Antonio, Tex., that the shooting is fine down on the Texas coast. The fresh-water ponds are all full of water, and everybody who has ever visited this part of the country knows that this means an abundance of ducks to the Texas shooter.

The shooting in this immediate vicinity has also been of an uncertain quality; from the 5th to the 15th the shooting was fair in those few places that contained food and water, though at present the ducks are scarce again, for yesterday a hard day's wading and some good, lucky shooting resulted only in a bag of ten mallards where two years ago I could invariably bag the limit, twenty-five.

Paul R. Litzke.

IN MASSACHUSETTS COVERS.

About the middle of September I gave the readers of the Forest and Stream a small account of my hard luck on the opening day on partridge and woodcock (Sept. 15) in covers about fifteen miles from Boston, where friend John and myself used to tramp through nearly every Sunday to get some fresh air, being "chained" throughout the week, and incidentally watch the birds grow and keep track of their whereabouts.

The hard luck was to go there on the first train on the opening day and find that a native hunter had discovered our broods and broken them up so badly that we were unable to start a feather.

Yesterday, Nov. 23, we "unchained" ourselves again and started for our old stamping grounds. I remarked to John that we must keep up our reputation (we generally have good luck) and have game with our turkey next Thursday (Thanksgiving). The day was a glorious one, cold and crisp, just such weather that makes one feel like moving around right smart, in fact, an ideal hunting day.

We hunted perhaps an hour before either of us secured a point. At last my dog Rusty made game, but before he could locate the bird away she went, but nevertheless offering me a fine shot, and I did my best to frighten her, drop her with both barrels, but she didn't drop worth a cent.

A few minutes later I heard John's Colt speak out twice and was about to call: "Did you get her?" when I heard a birch switch swish through the air and a yelp quickly followed, which told the story without asking.

Within a short time from this I had secured the first bird and John was busily engaged in trying to locate a bird that he had feathered badly and had marked down, but we both had to give it up, and struck out in another direction. Presently John's dog came to a stand, but John failed to score.

In going through a piece of scrub oak I secured another partridge that got up wild ahead of the dog. All the forenoon I could hear John letting go two barrels at short intervals, and other times hear his dog yelp. His dog was working so rank it completely upset his shooting.

We concluded to eat our lunch and have a smoke, talk with ourselves, size up the situation, and discuss the best remedy to prevent any more misses in the afternoon. Then we sallied forth again, with blood in our eyes. No more misses this afternoon. In a few minutes we struck a very likely looking cover; my dog was working hard on a trail. "Watch out now, John, she is liable to jump us." Sure enough, before either dog could locate her away she went, offering a beautiful shot for us both, and we let go two barrels each. That bird's life would not have been worth gambling on at the moment she jumped, but if she hasn't stopped she must be going now. John looked at me, I looked at John. Words were unnecessary. We simply started again to look for more birds that needed a little frightening to help their education along.

A few hundred yards further along I came to a great hole in the ground under some pines. I called to John to come over and look at it, and then whistled to Rusty, who was ranging off too far. With a roar up jumped a bird almost under my feet and went across an open. Ah! Miss, you are my bird. I swung on to her and tugged at both triggers; no report, safety catch up. "Why didn't you let her have it?" came from John across the open. "Oh, I saw she was only going into that corner down there, which will give you a sure thing." Wasn't that good of me? Whi-r-r-r! There goes another out of a pine tree right over my head. The safety was all right this time. This made my score three birds.

"Now, John, we'll get the bird that went into that corner."

I sent my dog in while John stationed himself in the open on the opposite side. The dog made no sign of game, so I followed.

There she goes! She jumped out of a pine tree on the other side of the road, but neither of us could get a shot. We marked her down and followed. On the way I bagged a rabbit and put him in my pocket with the birds for company. We failed to raise the bird we had marked down, so we retreated in the direction of the depot, as it was getting near train time. Coming to a likely looking place I started my dog into it, then engaged myself picking up frostbitten apples under a tree. I was hungry enough to eat almost anything about this stage of the game. Glancing over the stone wall, I spotted my dog stiff as a stake. I called John's attention to Rusty and asked him to go and get that bird up. I was so hungry I would not leave those apples for a dozen birds then.

John started to do as I asked. When he was about halfway up to the dog, out rushed his own dog from behind some bushes, and bounding by my dog, put up the bird. I had just time to see this, for the next minute the air was so blue and thick my power of vision was not strong enough to penetrate the atmosphere in that direction, but out from the haze I could hear the swish of a switch and the yelp of a dog.

Further on John's dog Antonio realized it was better for his health to point his birds than to flush them, so John succeeded in grassing one.

Everything seemed to go my way on this trip; the dog worked well, and I got more game than I ever expected to get so near Boston. The reverse seemed to follow John; dog worked bad—something unusual—which upset his whole day's shooting. But he is sportsman enough to admit that he was glad he had ventured out, for the fresh air was worth a great deal. Although neither of us were overburdened with game, we got what we started for, and the turkey had company on both of our tables Thanksgiving Day.

Kirk.

Boston, Mass.

Game Laws in Brief.

The *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

DEER AND HOUNDING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An item relative to deer hunting in the vicinity of Lake George, recently published in a New York paper and reproduced in several papers in Central New York, makes the following statement: "Most of the hunting is done in the vicinity of Tongue Mountain. Warren county hunters never go across the lake into Washington county for deer; not if they value their dogs. In the towns of Fort Ann and Dresden local hunters have established a law peculiar to the locality that no matter whether in season or not all dogs found trailing deer are shot. In consequence of this arbitrary law, not down on the statute books of the State, hunters give the eastern shore of the lake a wide berth. The reason given for the promiscuous slaying of dogs in Washington county is said to be that Dresden and Fort Ann hunters wish to preserve the deer until winter and then kill them crust hunting or on snowshoes."

The reason given why the Dresden and Fort Ann hunters are so anxious to prevent the deer dogger getting the game is to my mind wholly erroneous. It was my good fortune in the early 80s to be so located that I was enabled to devote considerable time to roaming over the hills and mountains of the strip of land lying between lakes George and Champlain in Washington county, and I do not know of a class of citizens anywhere more devoted to the interests of game preservation than the residents of that territory. Fifteen years ago, when the deer had practically disappeared from all other localities on the outskirts of the Adirondack forests, thanks to the efforts of the deer dogger and the market hunter, the deer held their own in the towns of Fort Ann and Dresden owing to the fact that hounding was absolutely prohibited through an enactment of the Washington county board of supervisors, supported by the determined efforts of the residents of the towns named. When the State game law was amended so as to abolish all county enactments (a good change on general principles) the good people of Washington were left for a brief period each year without this protection, and perhaps have been forced to adopt rather harsh methods to save the deer on this territory from extermination. If, as alleged, the hunters of Fort Ann and Dresden have ceased to be law-abiding citizens, it is a pleasure to learn that their law-breaking propensity has taken the mild form of an earnest endeavor to prevent a most cruel and destructive practice. When I first visited this locality I was informed by a resident of Dresden that that town was not a healthy one for deer-chasing dogs, and I am delighted to learn that it has not since improved as a sanitarium for that animal, but the statement that the deer are preserved from the hounder in order that they may be slaughtered later on by the crust hunter may be set down as wholly false.

My knowledge of the Dresden deer hunter convinces me that still-hunting, and that only in the open season, is the only method practiced by him, and it would take undoubted evidence to change that conviction. No finer object lesson in deer protection has ever been afforded in this State than that in the county of Washington during the past fifteen years.

Deer were by no means an uncommon sight during the period from 1880 to 1890 within four miles of the village of Whitehall, at which time they had practically become extinct in all other portions of the State, through the combined efforts of the deer dogger and the jack hunter and a want of wholesome laws to prevent unlimited shipping of venison out of the woods. In conclusion, permit me to say that if the perverse hunter of Fort Ann or Dresden will persist in enforcing the unwritten law of that locality which prohibits a most cruel practice, may his shadow never grow less and may the biggest buck with the finest set of antlers await him when he shall go forth to slay his deer in a humane and sportsmanlike manner.

M. Schenck.

A LONG ISLAND DEER HUNT.

Brooklyn, Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Now that the season of deer shooting on Long Island is over the experiences of the hunters have become memories, and many are the tales that will be told, both fact and fiction, of the wonderful shots that brought down deer of fabulous weight. If I can gain the attention of an audience I would like to tell the story of a hunt that was a reality.

On Tuesday, Nov. 10, Mr. E. B. Remington, Mr. L. D. Martens and I arrived at the station of Central Islip. As we had made no previous arrangements, we found some difficulty in securing a place to remain at over night, but at length, through the kindness of a Mr. Wolfarth, the proprietor of one of the hotels, we were taken in at a private house, where we passed a comfortable night.

In the meantime, after we had eaten supper, we went down to Mr. Wolfarth's place again. He kindly showed us the head of a fine buck he had killed two years ago, and gave us some points about the country and best shooting localities, which proved to be very valuable indeed.

An hour before daybreak we were on the grounds where we expected to watch, and even at this time we found two others ahead of us; so we were obliged to go a trifle further east than we intended. Mr. Martens and I were armed with Marlin repeaters, while Mr. Remington used a shotgun loaded with buckshot.

Mr. Remington stationed himself on the railroad track near the eastern limit of the South Side Sportsmen's Club's preserve, while Mr. Martens and I watched along the track on opposite sides of a few acres of swamp land which lay just north of the railroad.

There were several advantages in our position; we were in a good locality for game, and all possible shots would be at a range of from 100 to 400yds. As most of the hunters used shotguns, we were alone on these watches, with the exception of the two men before mentioned; then the open nature of the country made it possible for us to use our heavy rifles without danger of shooting any one.

Accounts do not exaggerate the number of gunners that turn out for Long Island deer shooting, and from our stands we could see them strung along the railroad as far as the eye could reach, less than 50yds. apart.

No dogs were started on the north side of the track as far as we could tell from the sense of hearing, but there were many to the southeast, and soon there was repeated firing in that direction.

Shortly before 8 A. M., just as I was beginning to give up hope of seeing anything from my position, and thinking

of moving off to the southeast, where the shooting was going on. I heard a crash in the bushes to the northeast of me and saw a doe dash out of the woods and start across the open. It did not take many weeks for my rifle to reach my shoulder, but before I could fire a fine buck sprung out of the woods after the doe, running easily, but with long graceful bounds, which were making short work of the distance to be covered. The instant I saw him I shifted my rifle from the doe without firing at her and let go at the buck. Changing my aim made a poor shot, for it did not take effect. It steadied me, however, and when the lever of my repeater had thrown a fresh cartridge into the breech my finger confidently pressed the trigger and down came the buck. I ran forward, but seeing the deer struggling to regain its feet I fired twice more, the first piercing its neck and the last crashing through the poor beast's brain.

Then I had time to look about me. The doe had made good her escape, for the stranger behind me had fired only one shot at her, which missed. Mr. Martens had been unable to shoot on account of the other stranger being in line of his aim. Had this not been the case the doe would have fallen to Mr. Martens's rifle and we should have had two deer to bring home.

We waited half an hour, and, as no dogs appeared, we concluded that the deer had been "walked up" by somebody, thus giving us a clear title to our game.

Little time was lost in carrying our prize to the station, but hurry as we would, the morning train to the city had left, and I had to drive to Islip with the game, where I took a train for home, the others returning to the hunting grounds. They did not shoot any more, however, though Mr. Martens heroically held his fire from a buck that loped along just inside the preserve fence.

As we had to carry our deer nearly two miles, we thought it must weigh at least 300lbs., but the scales brought our expectations down to a trifle over 200. The buck had a very pretty pair of antlers, however, and I am having the head mounted as a souvenir of my first Long Island deer hunt. B. F. ELLSWORTH, JR.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Thanksgiving in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 28.—The weather was a dismal failure in Chicago on Thanksgiving Day, and the plans of a great many hunting parties were changed by the drizzling downpour which prevailed over a good part of this section. Thanksgiving Day is the occasion of the annual hunt of a great many persons—elevator boys, newspaper men and the like—who go afield then to lay in their winter's supply of meat. Reports have not yet come in from many of the parties who went out into Wisconsin, Indiana and Illinois; but among them all there must have been some who enjoyed the season's abundance of small game. There are more quail, squirrels and rabbits in this part of the world this fall than for many years past. For instance, I hear of two gentlemen, Mr. F. Teipel, of Grand Crossing, and Mr. L. Paul, of Chicago, who bagged 180 quail within the week at Effingham, Ill., or rather at a point a few miles below there. They shot over a pointer belonging to Mr. William Werner, of this city, and not considering it outside of the ethics to shoot rabbits ahead of a good dog, killed a few sacks of rabbits incidentally. As earlier mentioned in these columns, that part of the State of Illinois is blessed with abundance of quail this year.

So far as I can learn every shooter in Chicago had a good Thanksgiving dinner except myself, and my escape from one rested upon circumstances which seem somewhat singular. A friend had, a week or so ago, sent me up a fine, fat wild turkey for my Thanksgiving dinner, and I felt sure that the presence of my turkey, at least, would make me welcome in almost any home of the city. Yet in this I was mistaken, for though I earnestly requested a number of my friends to ask me to dinner, they all firmly declined, saying that they had other turkeys and other guests of their own. I felt quite sure that I could get Rolf Organ to ask me to dinner with him, and I even allowed him to look at my turkey so that he might be sure of the *bona fide* character of my representations. Mr. Organ wavered for a moment, but finally declared that there were going to be eighteen or twenty of his own people at his house for Thanksgiving dinner, and that the high class character of the attendance would bar me out. He suggested, however, that I might send the turkey with my regrets. Thinking that I might need the turkey in my business, I did not comply with his suggestion, but hung on to the bird as a sort of forlorn hope. At last, on Thanksgiving eve, not having been able to obtain any dinner invitation for the following day, I gave the bird away to another friend who offered to take it off my hands as an accommodation, and wandered forth into the streets of Chicago friendless, turkeyless and alone.

As all men know, Thanksgiving time is harvest season for the shooting gallery people, who at that season set in operation a base imitation of the good old turkey shooting contests of our forefathers. As I wandered down the street with my hat pulled down over my eyes and my hands thrust deep into my pockets, in the manner of him who has despaired, I heard the tinkling of a little bell, a summons which oftentimes I have found myself unable to resist. In a few moments I was one of the spectators at a Chicago Thanksgiving turkey shoot. The dingy and smoky little gallery, redolent with the odor of kerosene, beer and tobacco, was packed with a noisy and more or less drunken crowd of men and boys, most of whom were engaged in the Grand Prix de Turkey. The shooting was not at the turkeys themselves, and hence was less cruel if less skillful than the sports of our ancestors. The range was 30 or 40ft. in length, although through the smoke and flicker it seemed more than twice as long. The conditions were that in order to win a turkey one must pay something like 2 cents a shot, and must hit a 4in. bullseye at least two shots out of five or six, the handicapping varying as the fancy of the gallery people dictated. A very drunken man had more liberties allowed him than one who was comparatively sober, etc., all of which shows the fair-mindedness which prevails in this city. As I was entirely sober, the keeper of the *salle aux armes* imposed a rather severe handicap on me. I found that it was no slight feat to hit the bullseye half the time with rifles sighted as these were, and in a light so utterly abominable, and I soon came to understand why so few turkeys were taken from the numbers which flapped and strutted in the windows as an advertisement for the gallery. My eyes were watery, my face perspiring and my pocketbook less by some 60 cents coin of the realm when the keeper reluctantly conceded that I had won a turkey. Under the code I was allowed to select my turkey, which of course was a live one, and accordingly I opened the slats back of the window and hauled out what seemed to me to be the largest and fattest fowl of the lot, one which was strutting and puffing himself out in all the glory of conscious vigor. Alas! I found that to be the worst bluff of a turkey that ever was, and when I got him in my arms and smoothed his feathers down it seemed to me that he was not much bigger than a nightingale. Whereby I learned yet more of the sapience of the shooting gallery man. Carrying my live turkey, I again wandered forth into the street, but not alone. The turkey proved of habits alternately social and rebellious, and although it was now well past midnight, so that the streets held few passers-by, I found that I attracted a great deal of interest and attention. Finding it difficult to carry the turkey, I put him down and tried to herd him along the street in the direction of my home. A rapid calculation showed me that I would get him there in about two years at that rate, so I chased him into a doorway, corralled him again, and paused for thought. I did not really want the turkey, as I had no place to eat him any more than I had for the wild turkey, and moreover I reasoned that I had no place in my apartments where I could keep him comfortably, since he was probably not accustomed to steam heat and portieres. Just at this juncture there came along a little old woman who was probably a Pole or an Italian—all these sawed-off foreigners look alike to me. I told her she could have the turkey if she could get away with it, and she fell upon it gladly with many croakings. The two passed from sight down under the flaring line of gas lights, the woman so lean of body, so strident of voice, so loose of fluttering coverings that I scarce could tell which was she and which the turkey. And so farewell turkey No. 2.

It might be thought that the experiences of the day would have given me sufficient of turkey, but not so. On Thanksgiving morn, as I wandered down town, I heard yet again the irresistible summons of the little tinkling bell, and turning I saw, in the dingy window of another gallery, still a few bedraggled specimens of turkeys which had survived the contests of the night previous. Much against my will I walked into this gallery also and sadly asked for a rifle and inquired for the rules and conditions governing the *tire aux turkeys* at this place. This time the light was better, the crowd absent and the rifle sights not quite so difficult. My turkey cost me 15 cents and again was delivered to me alive. I begged the gallery keeper to kill it, and he having done this I put it in my pocket and went on down town. There may be those who think that one cannot put a turkey in his pocket, but these have never seen a Chicago Thanksgiving shooting gallery turkey. At my office I rapidly went through my mail, hoping that I should find even yet an invitation out to dinner, but fate was against me, and despairingly I gave away this turkey also to a friend, and went and bought my dinner in a restaurant. With regret I state that probably I was the only man in Chicago who, having three turkeys up his sleeve, yet failed to have a Thanksgiving dinner. But I had learned much of natural history. Also I had learned something of shooting galleries. At one of these galleries I discovered that the proprietor kept house back of the targets, where his wife had a cook stove and a few other culinary paraphernalia. It seems that the man and his wife lived and slept there, their customers having a habit of coming at all sorts of hours. Through the heavy partition which acted as back stop for the bullets there was cut a hole about a foot square, through which shooters could shoot at the "long range target." The long range target hung over the cook stove, and the bed was back of the short range. I thought there might be danger in having part of the household under fire during the long range operations, but the gallery man said: "Oh, she don't work over on this side of the room when they are shooting on the long range target." The lady herself further assured me by saying: "I ain't afraid at all. The bullets don't come through very often." And I noticed that she was cooking turkey on the stove under the long range target. Always turkey!

The Close of the Duck Season.

Nearly all the ducks—except a few lingering mallards—have left the country by this time. A few birds were on Thanksgiving Day seen along the Desplaines River near Willow Springs, and of course there will be scattering bunches of mallards along the open water of the timbered rivers for some time yet.

Really, the closing of the duck season occurred during the first week of November, and that week showed the heaviest shooting of the season for this neighborhood. At Fox Lake, during two days' shooting, over 400 ducks were killed by Willard Champion, of Chicago; F. M. Lasher and Frank Fisk, of Elgin; G. L. Tilden, Fred Tilden and A. B. Winne, of Fox Lake. Other heavy bags were made in lower Wisconsin at about the same time, as the last of the northern flight paused for a short time on these waters.

A Trip to Koshkonong.

On Nov. 7 and 8 the wildfowl began to leave their feeding grounds on Lake Koshkonong. There had been a heavy snowstorm in that vicinity, and the snow lay 16in. deep, though the lake still remained open. It being reported that the shooting would be good, Messrs. R. B. Organ, B. Dicks and myself availed ourselves then of the invitation of Eddie Bingham to go up to the old Bingham homestead on Lake Koshkonong, to properly and efficiently finish up the canvasback season. We had a most charming and delightful experience in this little trip—not in the number of birds killed, but in the novelty of experiences enjoyed. The Bingham homestead is a famous place, well known to all shooters of Chicago. The land was entered more than fifty years ago by the father of the present generation of Bingham boys, at a time when deer and Indians were common in all that country. The farm lies right along the shores of the lake, and has several points noted as shooting grounds. The best of these, known as the "Stone Blind Point," has probably had more canvasbacks killed from it than any other point on the lake, and many and many are the thousands of fat canvasbacks which have there turned up their toes within the past thirty or forty years. Ira Bingham now conducts the old homestead farm, and his mother, Mrs. Bingham, a very old lady, still lives there to tell the modern duck shooters stories of the old days on the lake, back in the Indian times when the family had just moved in. It is not altogether an enviable position to be head of the Bingham homestead in these days, for all sorts of claims are made on the hospitality of the family by shooters eager to break into the coveted shooting of Lake Koshkonong, which is the most celebrated ground in this part of the world for redheads and canvasbacks, it being the last of the wild celery waters of the North touched by the south-bound flight of these fowl. Here the birds feed all the fall in the shallow lake, well protected in these days by State laws and private preserves, and when the weather conditions are right the shooting on Lake Koshkonong is something which nowadays is news of national interest.

At the time of our visit we found several gentlemen, among these Mr. Southerland and Mr. McKinney, of Janesville, also at the Bingham homestead for a little shooting. Mr. McKinney is an ardent pursuer of the canvasback, and has this fall killed about 150 canvasbacks, besides redheads and other birds. There were four or five of us in the Stone Blind most of the time. In front of this point a large fleet of decoys is permanently anchored. All we had to do was to pass the night in good beds, get up early and enjoy a splendid breakfast, and then walk a quarter of a mile or so over the hill to the blind, where abundant hay and horse blankets did all possible to alleviate the chill of the severe winter weather. We sat in the blind and visited much more than we shot; for though we could see countless thousands of birds feeding or working out over the lake, their education had been such as to render them very shy of the Bingham point. At times a distant gun would be heard, and across the lake we could see a black mass of birds arise, hover and pass on to other grounds, perhaps returning in a few minutes and settling in a great broken swarm. The great bulk of these birds were canvasbacks and redheads, and rarely would one see a finer gathering of these choice birds. In addition, there were many bluebills and also numbers of marsh ducks. All the fowl were uneasy, but would not work inshore, so we got no shooting. At times we could see a flock come high over the water and drop down, and these we took to be travelers coming down from the North. The weather was now very cold, and the men about the lake said that either on that day or the next the birds would nearly all leave the lake for their Southern migration. They usually begin their Southern flight just before sundown, going straight up high into the air and then striking off on no man knows how long a course to the Southern waters. It was a pleasure merely to sit and watch the habits of the wildfowl on these favored grounds, and all in all we got quite enough birds to repay us for our freezing. My friends Organ and Dicks had been lucky enough to get a pair of canvasbacks before my arrival, and Mr. Dicks killed another during the afternoon. From time to time, at long intervals, a flock of bluebills or a scattering bunch of redheads would come by, and from these we took an occasional tribute at long range; so that gradually the little pile of ducks, each frozen stiff as a wedge, grew behind the Stone Blind until we had twenty or so between us, including half a dozen redheads.

Tricks of Shooting.

The wind was not in the right direction to float our ducks ashore when we killed them, and Mr. McKinney, who is an old Koshkonong hunter and as much at home in a "sneak boat" (the sort that is now forbidden by law on these waters) as a duck is in the water, kindly acted as retriever in general for the party. The waves were running pretty stiff, but he handled the little paddling boat so skillfully as not to ship any water, and picked up all our dead birds before they were lost in the hazy line which marked the mingling of the sky and water on our brief horizon. After a time Mr. McKinney left the blind, and Messrs. Dicks, Organ and myself were left alone. One of us killed a duck, and it became a grave question how we were going to get it, both my friends vowing they hadn't lost any duck under the circumstances. In this I am inclined to doubt their sincerity, as the sequel will show, but at any rate they persuaded me that I was the man to go out in the boat after the duck, and this I did. They overwhelmed me with compliments of a very suspicious sort when I came back in, and I noticed they seemed very much pleased over something, though I did not know what it was. We lay around in the blind quite a while after that, nothing occurring to break the monotony, until finally, as it happened, there came swimming up for a sociable interview with our decoys a solitary bluebill, which passed at about 50yds. from the blind and took a look at us. Organ suggested that I sit up in the blind and kill the bluebill on the water, and as the shooting was poor, and the chance a tempting one, I readily agreed to this. "I won't do a single thing to that duck," said I, as I slowly got upon my knees and covered the bobbing form. I did not mean to take any chances about it, so I allowed for the wind, and waited for several moments for the duck to show on the top of a wave before I fired. Meantime I heard something like a suppressed giggle behind me, but was too much interested to pay any attention to that. At length I pulled trigger. This I say advisedly, and do not say that I fired at all. The fact is I did not fire, but only got a snap. Thinking the gun had misfired, I tried the other barrel, and it too snapped. Excited at this, I broke open the gun, finding two empty shells in the chambers. "Well, I thought she was loaded," said I, and hastily slipped in two good shells and then took my chance at the duck, which by this time was too far out to kill. I never suspected I had been victimized till my two friends broke into a shout of laughter. It seems they had sent me out in the boat so that they could fix up my gun on me, counting upon much pleasure when I should snap both barrels at the next flock that came in. They calmly told me that they considered the solitary bluebill as a providential matter, and both assured me that they had all they could do to keep from shouting when I sat up and announced that I wouldn't do anything to the duck. They both said too that the long wait for the shot was almost more than they could stand. "I thought you never were going to shoot," chuckled Dicks, "and it looked as though the joke was on us."

A Bag of Buckwheat Cakes.

I have said that the position of head of the Bingham family is a trying one because of the number of guests who are always bothering about in the shooting season. The family does not lease any shooting, and does not accept pay for board, so that the place in no way is a public

one, though it could hardly be called more than semi-private. I think there were about a dozen guests at table while we were there, and Ira Bingham good-naturedly guyed them about eating the family out of house and home. What quantities of fresh country sausages, of ham and eggs, of buckwheat cakes and syrup, it took to appease all those hungry hunters I dare not state, lest the story have no credence. The buckwheat cakes were especially irresistible, and of these Roll Organ regularly ate between two and three dozen at each meal, always having a special plate of his own running between the kitchen and table. We kept a rough sort of tab on Organ during the visit, and found that his cake average per meal, morning and night, was twenty-eight cakes. This for twelve meals made the handsome total of 336 buckwheat cakes. It is no wonder Ira Bingham at length told him that he had better go home, after a while, so that the other boarders could get a chance. In all we must have eaten several thousand buckwheat cakes at the old Bingham homestead that trip, and Ira thought that next year he would have to put the whole farm down to buckwheat, especially if Organ insisted on coming up again. I am advised that after his final departure for the city Roll Organ found a neat package of cold cakes in his pocket, no doubt put there for his use as a lunch, to sort of keep him going till he got home. And it is further said that when he got home and opened up his carryall bag to take out his shooting clothes further packages of buckwheat cakes were found there, it being evident that he knew there was a hard winter coming on. He was the worst I ever saw, and if he gets the Bingham homestead sore on us we will all get turned away next year. So we feel moved to caution him about further excesses. Anyhow, he can't say he didn't get three square meals a day.

The Breeding Grounds of the Canvasback.

There has apparently been considerable divergence of opinion among scientific men and hunters alike as to the breeding grounds of the canvasback duck. A great many think that this bird is an Arctic breeder, and believe that its chief nesting grounds are in Siberia. Others think that it breeds in Manitoba, and some claim to have found its nest in Minnesota, Dakota and Iowa. I am satisfied that all these opinions are wrong, and in this I am backed by the knowledge of no less an authority than Ira Bingham, who has been raised on the shore of Koshkonong, and has been familiar with the canvasback all his life, having killed thousands of them in his time. Mr. Bingham claims that the canvasbacks breed exclusively on Koshkonong waters, and that that is the reason these birds are found there in such numbers, while they are so scarce elsewhere. Even to Mr. Bingham the habits of these birds were long a mystery, and he was puzzled to account for their numbers; for he admits, even to-day, that he has never seen the nest of a canvasback, which it is often asserted no American shooter ever has really done. At length he hit by mere accident upon the solution of what has long been one of the mysteries of natural history. It seems that the habits of the canvasback have never been but half understood. It has always been a weird, uncanny bird. It is unnatural that any bird should be able to live standing on its head most of the time, the way a canvasback does, nor does it appear possible that a duck of ordinary attributes would disappear from view beneath the waters under the earth for hours at a time. It has always been a question in my own mind whether the bird was really feeding all the time it was under water. Scientific men say it is feeding then, but they do not prove this at all, they only assert it, which is really an unscientific thing to do. No one has ever seen what a canvasback does when it is under water. Moreover, all canvasbacks have a strong facial resemblance to each other, so that one is easily mistaken for another. In a flock of canvasbacks on the water we see birds going down and birds coming up, but how can we tell which bird is which? Indeed, we cannot do this at all, and we cannot scientifically prove that the bird we see coming up cheerfully from the lower regions has not been down there for an hour, or a day, or for several days. We do not know what is going down under the water at all. We only assert that we do. It is surprising, when we stop to think of this, how widespread has been the erroneous opinion on these matters, how gullible indeed the populace has been in accepting as settled something which was not really settled at all. It was for Ira Bingham to bring forth the first really scientific evidence upon this matter, and to prove beyond any reasonable doubt the inaccuracy of the old beliefs.

Mr. Bingham was sinking a well last summer—an artesian well—to supply the milk house which sits down near the lake front, and at the depth of about 300ft. below the surface he encountered water, and got a fine, clear stream of about 3in. which from that time to this has never failed, and which has kept the quality of the fresh milk on the Bingham homestead something exceeding good. I mean only that the milk is good and cold, nothing more. The inside of the milk house has a vast tank or shallow vat, in which the deep cans of milk are set, and the water continually flows from the artesian well into the tank and around the milk cans, keeping the temperature the same summer and winter, the water being conveyed into the milk house from the artesian well by a large iron pipe.

Ira Bingham says that the well gave him no trouble for the first few days, but at length seemed to be suffering from some sort of clogging up, which determined him to sink it a trifle deeper—down to the hard-pan which underlies all that country, and which I believe is called the Sklavonian slatestone, or something of that sort. Within the next 50ft., at any rate, he learned what had been the trouble with his well, and at the same time solved the mystery about the nesting grounds of the canvasback duck. To make the story short, he struck a flow of canvasback eggs which lasted for three days and nights. These eggs passed out of the pipe and through the milk house, most of them uninjured, though Mr. Bingham broke a few of them to satisfy himself as to their real character. He assures me that the Semitic cast of countenance is clearly apparent even before the young canvasback has left the shell. Mr. Bingham, being a game protector, did not use any of these eggs for frying purposes, and indeed made no announcement of his discovery, for he said he was afraid it would bring the place into too much notoriety, and he did not want persons to be trampling over the flower beds. He is convinced in his own mind, however, that the canvasback does not breed in Siberia or in Manitoba, but that it rears its young right at Lake Koshkonong, where it has so long been found in abundance. He knows now that it is a subterranean or subaqueous breeder, and thinks that there is no doubt a passage far under the Bingham farm which has communication with the waters of the lake at some unknown point, and that thus the eggs pass out into the open water and are hatched by the sun later in the season. This seems very likely, for it is well known that the great majority of the canvasbacks are always seen far out in the open water of the lake.

The hypothesis seems to cover all points of the known phenomena very perfectly, for thus the protracted diving habits are fully explained, as well as the presence of the bird in such numbers at this point. They have been known here ever since the country first settled up, and the Indians say that they were always there so long as they can remember. In proof of this, one may see numbers of Indian mounds all over the hills in that country, and great quantities of arrow heads, stone hatchets, etc., are found there every year. Moreover, the well is still at the same place and it is still flowing. Not only myself but several of my friends saw it, and can attest that the stream is large enough to carry a canvasback egg safely through the pipes without crushing it. Of course, at the time of our visit no eggs were actually passing through; for, as I have stated, it was in the winter and the birds were about leaving for the South. Asked if he thought the flow of eggs through the pipe would lessen the supply of canvasback upon the lake, Ira Bingham said he hoped not, and believed that such would not be the case, as every precaution was taken to let the eggs float on through the milk house out into the lake without being broken or disturbed in any way.

The low, brown little milk house on the Bingham homestead has something the look of a fish hatchery in its outline, but it is not this. Few, to look at its unassuming structure, would guess that it covered one of the most singular of discoveries, and that it was, in effect, as one might almost say, a canvasback hatchery instead. I venture that the like of it is not known in the whole of this great country. Mr. Ira Bingham is a plain, unassuming man, as may be seen, a man with the soul of hospitality. He has not given much time to idle theorizing, but is a close observer of nature and above all a practical man. It seems to have been left to him to blunder, as it were, but to blunder none the less in a most convincing manner, upon the real solution of the long-mooted question as to the breeding grounds of the canvasback duck. I will certify, and all my friends can certify, that these Koshkonong canvasback ducks are no counterfeits, but up to the highest standard of canvasback excellence. Mr. Bingham knows that he has something of a curiosity in his artesian well, and he is seeking to keep both the well and the discovery covered up. He will, I am sure, however, forgive me for making known these interesting facts, which it seems to me belong to the public as well as to Mr. Bingham and his personal friends.

The Call of the Pintail.

Mr. B. Smith, of Woo Sung, Ill., writes me as below in regard to the call of the pintail duck. Duck hunters of this region are familiar with the grating, chuckling note of the pintail, and are aware that it can be decoyed, or rather partially decoyed—which is about as much as can be said for the pintail at any time—by imitating the note. I have often heard this note of the pintail in the fall, but always when the birds were on the wing, and usually when they were passing straight on in a traveling flight. Not all the flocks would thus answer the call or notice the decoys, but once in a while one would, though it seemed to be a way they had of stating that they were aware of the real condition of affairs, and declined to come down. I have rarely known them to call when they intended to draw in close to the decoys. Mr. Smith says:

"Mr. Mather asks about the call of the pintail. I have heard them call in the spring when a large flight would be coming in to open, shallow ponds. With a duck call, by placing your tongue against the top of the mouth and blowing a sharp breath, it will produce a clattering sound of about ten notes. I think it can be heard further than the call of the mallard; though not so loud and coarse, it is sharp and penetrating. Cannot say if they call in the fall, as we seldom see them here."

Pink Tea at Memphis.

As is well known in sportsmen's circles, Mr. Irby Bennett, of Memphis, late Southern salesman for the Winchester Company, has been promoted and stationed at Hartford, Conn., and last week departed from his home in Memphis to his new home in Connecticut. This was made the occasion of a farewell supper, or, more properly speaking, a pink tea in Mr. Bennett's honor, the entertainment being held at the residence of Messrs. Paul and Harry Dammon, their friend Mr. Divine assisting. There were present further Mr. Thos. Callender, of Nashville; Mr. Jas. Grundy and Judge L. B. Suggs. An elegant and dainty menu was prepared and the affair would have been most pleasant had it not been for the thought of the event it commemorated. The festivities were prolonged until a late hour, and formal leave was then taken of Mr. Bennett by his friends. Mr. Divine, as spokesman for the party, made (from a chair) a very affecting speech, and told Mr. Bennett that Memphis was about to lose a good citizen, and begrudged him to New Haven very much. Mr. Bennett made proper response, thanked his friends for their many acts of kindness to him, and promised to keep them supplied with nutmegs and maple sugar from his new home in the far, cold North. And now there hangs on the door at 39 South Court street a card with the inscription "Wanted, a partner."

Man's Love for the Dog.

Mr. Jos. Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., writes me that he has lost by death his favorite pointer Nancy, over which we both shot during a visit to Little Rock, and a dog of high character as a field performer. He states that Nancy died of inflammation of the lungs after only twenty-four hours' sickness, and in spite of all that he could do to save her. He speaks of the loss with that genuine regret which a sportsman feels at losing a good dog, and adds that he believes that few dogs ever lived that had had more birds killed over them than Nancy. It will be long before he finds another dog for which he will feel more affection.

The Dog's Love for Man.

From Shelbyville, Ind., there comes the news of the sad fate of a shooter by the name of James Hull, who, a week ago Thursday, accidentally shot himself while out quail hunting. The load of shot struck him in the chest, and he saw that he was fatally hurt, but manfully tried to do what he could for himself. He threw off his game coat, which contained several quail and rabbits, and tried to get out of the woods to obtain help. He walked about a quarter of a mile and then fell, and was later found and taken to his home.

When Hull left his coat in the woods where he was shot, his dog, a pointer which he called Doc, and which was his only companion at the time, seemed to misunderstand his master's wishes. He lay down beside the coat, and here, two days afterward, he was found by searchers who had gone to the scene of the accident. The dog had been for nearly three days without any food, and the weather was very cold; but no persuasion could induce him to leave what he considered to be his post of duty. He charged savagely and repeatedly on the men who sought to take him away, and these, for some reason not clear to one, finally thought it best to kill him. He was shot and given a good burial. Faithful to the last moment of his life, he surely deserves good fortune in the happy hunting grounds, if any such thing may come to dogs.

Ghosts.

There is a haunted camp near Iron Mountain, Mich., up in the pine woods, where the dishes rattle on the table and all sorts of noises prevail without apparent cause. Any party of deer hunters wishing to have the place rent free, and also to earn $25, can do so by sleeping there one night. So says the owner, R. W. G., who has moved out of the camp and is afraid to stay there. E. Hough.

1206 Boyce Building, Chicago.

Water Killing Deer.

Chicago, Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In one respect Deerslayer has thus far the advantage of his critics. He has kept his temper and indulged in no personal abuse, which, as he justly remarks, is not argument. I have been one of the worst offenders in this respect, and although my opinion of the act he defends is in no respect changed, a calm consideration of the case convinces me that the language I used was unjustifiable, and I desire through your columns to beg his pardon in all humility for the terms in which I spoke of him.

Now for the argument. He cannot deny the truth of what I said in regard to the extermination of deer, buffalo or Indians. That disposes of his claim that game laws are needless. Next comes the query, Why is it unsportsmanlike to kill a deer in the way he describes?

First, the running of deer with dogs drives them out of any given section sooner than any other method of hunting. In all thinly-settled portions of the country where the settlers depend largely on game as a means of support, they oppose the use of dogs for the above reason.

Twice in my life I have shot dogs, once in Maine and once in West Virginia, when in full cry on the track of a deer, and both times by the earnest request of the man with whom I lodged, who had posted me at a runway while he ranged the hills above. I felt almost like a murderer when I did it, for I love a good dog, and it was the owner rather than the dog that should have been shot.

Secondly, when deer has been captured as Deerslayer describes the sport is at an end. Of course, any boy can kill him when thus tied; but such killing is butchery, not sport. Now, I don't find fault with a man for earning his living as a butcher—I have known many very worthy men of that trade—but nothing short of starvation would induce me to practice it, and no money would tempt me to kill a deer after I had got him tied and hopeless of escape.

I never shot at a deer at a longer range than 200yds. and never failed to kill when I shot, and I don't think any man ought to shoot at game without reasonable certainty of killing. If I should find myself in the situation described by Deerslayer my first impulse would be to caress the poor, timid beast, and try to calm its fears.

No animal is so easily tamed or becomes more fond of its master, as I have proved repeatedly. Catch a little fawn and hold it in your arms a few minutes, caressing it kindly, and when you put it down it will follow you like a dog.

Hoping my logic is sound, though Deerslayer may not agree with it, I will say no more.

H. W. S. Cleveland.

A Massachusetts Grouse Snarer Convicted.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Rod and Gun Club, of Massachusetts, reports the conviction of Harvey Hunter at Orange, Mass., for snaring. For several years the game has suffered so much from snaring that sportsmen frequenting that section have complained greatly, and the Rod and Gun Club sent its special warden with instructions to stop the business, no matter how long it might take.

For over four weeks daily patrol of the country was continued, taking in the towns of Orange, Wendell, Warwick and Northfield, over 2,000 snares being found and watched. When birds or rabbits were found in snares special watch on those also was continued till at last sufficient evidence was secured to warrant an arrest, which was made, and on Nov. 23 he was convicted at Orange on four counts: Of setting snares, of taking by snares two ruffed grouse, of taking by snares three ruffed grouse, and taking by snares two rabbits. On his pledging in the future not to snare again he was sentenced to pay a fine of $20 and costs, the three other cases being placed on file.

It is especially gratifying that the prosecution was successful, as it is supposed that over 1,000 partridges had been taken the present season alone. During the early portion of the season as high as fifty and seventy-five birds in a single day were reported to have been snared, the covers having been almost cleared of game.

The Rod and Gun Club is well satisfied with its season's work thus far, and has received full and welcome support in its policy of looking out for Massachusetts sportsmen's interests, and letting the results speak for the club.

As has been before stated in the Forest and Stream, the Rod and Gun Club is composed of sportsmen who subscribe yearly for the purpose of having work done, and no money is spent save for that work.

One thousand dollars has been raised this year, and they hope to double that sum in 1897, in which case additional game wardens will be employed. Business.

Maine Deer.

RUMFORD FALLS, Me., Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice that Deerslayer remarks that most of the deer killed in Maine are hounded. This statement is far from the facts. I have lived in Maine all my life excepting five or six years. I have owned a gun since I was ten years old, and have roamed the woods days and weeks, and have never known a case in the northern or western part of the State where deer were hounded. In fact I never knew of a case in the State, yet I am told that it has been done some in the southeastern section. In the greater part of the State public sentiment would not allow business of this kind for a minute.

A large number of deer have been shot in this vicinity within a few days, one of which was shot within the village corporation limits and not more than one-half mile from the post-office. Wednesday night 3in. of snow fell, and early Thursday morning our hillsides were covered with hunters, but a cold sleet commenced falling, which froze and made a crust that was uncomfortable and very noisy walking, so that few deer were shot, although many were followed all day.

A friend and I were out and followed a deer four hours, and as we entered a piece of evergreen woods where there was not any crust, and were fast creeping upon him, a greenhorn came thrashing through the woods at an angle to us and a short distance ahead. When he struck the trail he started in hot pursuit. We never said a bad word, but turned around and started for home, where we arrived too late to enjoy the Thanksgiving dinner with the family. When we parted at the corner of the street the friend who was with me intimated that he hoped that pesky greenhorn was still running, and personally I hoped he would run his head against a tree. W. W. SMALL.

Too Warm Weather in Texas.

PETTY, Tex., Nov. 25.—The weather is warm and no prospect for a change soon. We have not yet had enough cold to kill the foliage sufficiently to make quail shooting successful, although some ordinary bags have been made. Mr. Jim McWright told me that he on one evening bagged fifteen quail. He says there are plenty of the birds and shooting will be good after the weeds and cover are killed by cold.

An old darky who lives north of here on Red River told me a day or two ago that he had never seen such an abundance of squirrels as there are this year. He said when asked if there was much game in his neighborhood: "Why, boss, I never seed so many squirils in all my born days. You don't hab to hunt 'em; you can stay in de house and kill all you wants, but Ise done quit foolin' wid dem no 'count things, I is. I goes out and catches me some big fat possums; cost too much to buy ammunition to kill dem trifiin' squirils; den possum is gud nuff fer me, boss. I ain't eat a piece o' hog in two months." The old darky said it was a mighty good deer that was equal to possum.

A party of hunters who returned last week from a hunt in the Kiamichi Mountains, Choctaw Nation, report deer, bears, and turkeys plentiful, and plenty of bass in the streams. They killed enough deer and turkeys for their wants while in the Nation, but they dared not bring any out with them, as the laws of the Nation make it a penalty by confiscation of arms, ammunition and game, also a fine, for taking game outside of the Nation. PROVO.

A Texas Game Center.

VELASCO, Tex., Nov. 23.—W. C. Bryant's melancholy days have come again, but they are not the saddest of the year with me. I always look forward to the fall of the year with pleasant anticipations, it brings to mind so many things connected with my boyhood days, such as long chains of ducks and geese passing over, hauling big ox wagons, loads of corn, gathering pecans, trapping quail and a thousand things I cannot put in writing.

I am killing ducks now, this being the best time of the year for them—they are in the marsh lakes near the Gulf by the thousands. I killed a snow-white swan yesterday which measured 7ft. from tip to tip, and a prettier fowl I have never seen.

While visiting my old friend, Frank Hawkins (the owner of 20,000 head of cattle and 50,000 acres of land under fence), in Matagorda county, a few weeks since I killed three deer and one bear. I had some David Crockett fun with the bear; I shot him at about 50yds. while crossing a road in the canebrakes with my .44 and thought I had him dead, but on going up he started for me with mouth wide open and hair turned the wrong way. I guess I shoot best when I am scared, for I hit him square between the eyes, better than I could have done had I been standing still and not excited.

Parties coming South this winter, looking for a good game and fishing country, I would advise to come to Velasco, where they have a good livery stable and hotel. O. S.

A Wild Gander which Left his Mark.

A GENTLEMAN near this city winged a wild goose as it rose from a small pond, and has the honker minus the first joint of one wing. The bird of migratory proclivities seems contented to reside in a coop with some native geese, and takes to the new order of things without much complaint.

About thirty years ago a gander became separated from his fellows and alighted on this same small artificial pool, where it was attracted by some native geese, and allowed itself to be driven with them into an inclosure. It became tame, and gradually the native flock by pruning took on the markings and watchful, alert appearance of the Canada wild goose. G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Nova Scotia Moose Law.

NOVA SCOTIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We tried hard to get ruffed grouse shooting prohibited for two or three years, but could not get it through. M. P. P.'s from rural districts would not "deprive the country lads from earning money by killing them for market." We will succeed in time.

The section of law prohibiting killing of cow moose was repealed, much against my wish, as well as that of many others, but the majority of reports on the subject ruled. Cows after third year generally have twins, and very few are barren, so you can see how destructive such killing is. C. W. BLISS.

Naphtha Launches and Long Island Ducks.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your last issue that the Game Protective Association meets in January. Cannot something be done at this meeting to take up the question of prohibiting shooting of sea fowl in Long Island Sound and bays adjacent, either from naphtha launches or from sail boats? Of course, the majority of these birds are not of the best quality of ducks, but the sport of shooting them is just as great, and in the last few years shooting has become worse, due to this practice. As it is now, naphtha launches are allowed to sail on the ducks when on their feeding ground, and many thousands of these birds are frightened and disturbed and only a very few are killed, whereas point shooting or shooting from duck boats with decoys few of the birds are shot at compared with those that are killed. As I understand it a law was passed last winter intended to stop the shooting from launches, but could not be enforced. Cannot this be changed at the meeting this winter? This shooting, with proper restrictions, can be made very good near New York, and it is a great pity to have it interfered with in this way. L.

A North Carolina Quail Country.

HICKORY, N. C., Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Nov. 14 my father and I were at loss as to where we could have a few days' quail and rabbit shooting, and sought your estimable paper for information. We found advertised the Hickory Inn, Hickory, N. C., and without waiting for correspondence with the proprietor informed him that we would reach there Nov. 18. Since arriving we have gunned two days and obtained a bag of fifty-six quail and four rabbits, and this with the thermometer ranging in the eighties at midday, allowing us to gun only between 8 and 11 o'clock in the forenoon and between 3 o'clock and sundown in the afternoon. We used no hounds for the rabbits, these being kicked up while walking through the fields. We without difficulty can find from eight to fifteen coveys of birds every day. For lovers of quail shooting this place is a paradise.

HARRY WOOTTON.

Educational.

SOME hunters do not know that it is not good form to ask an owner of good covers, who is also a hunter, for permission to kill or scatter the game. So, instead of the usual very unpleasant "Trespas Notic—No Huntin Here," I applied a suggestion which was and may yet be in the Philadelphia & Morristown cars about putting feet on the seats. My notice read:

"The owner of this land himself hunts and shoots. Sportsmen will and others must be courteous."

A friend who read it said that the "others" would not understand what I meant. I replied that they would inquire and find out the meaning, and so learn something. He was pleased with the idea, and put up the same, to wit:

"The owner of this land hunts and shoots himself," etc. I think his will create more inquiry than mine.

JUNIATA.

Wild Pigeons Then and Now.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I saw an item in a newspaper recently that a wild pigeon had been shot on the easterly end of Long Island, and that it was on exhibition as a rarity, many people going to see it. I found in my scrap book the inclosed clipping, which shows how plenty they were in 1870. The item is from a paper of Sept. 14, 1870:

"Immense numbers of wild pigeons passed over Portsmouth, N. H., last week. On Wednesday forty-three flocks were counted passing over the North Mill Pond in one hour. One person in Elliott killed sixty at one shot, and several others killed during the day from 100 to 200 dozen each. Dr. G. A. Cooper, of Brooklyn, shot 200 wild pigeons in one day last week at Montauk."

I saw myself thousands of them crossing the Palisades in the neighborhood of Guttenburg, opposite New York city, in 1874. E. S.

Shooting on the Eastern Shore.

KELLER, Va., Nov. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Shooting on the eastern shore of Virginia is panning out well this autumn. Rabbit hunting is fine, the crop being abundant; twenty-five to fifty to a man is not unusual.

Quail are plenty, but under a two years' prohibitory law none are being killed.

The coast bays are swarming with ducks. Never so many before: black, broadbill, redheads; and as for brant, they fairly darken the sun. A gentleman just from Hog Island Bay to-day reported the quantity as being unprecedented, of all sorts. The mild weather, however, is operating against first-class shooting. Still, December will be good, as we may expect for that month the weather more unsettled. T. G. E.

Maryland Ducks, Quail and Rabbits.

PENNSYLVANIA, Nov. 25.—Have just returned from a four days' trip to O. D. Foulk's place at Stockton, Md. When our party got there we found two gentlemen from Philadelphia, who had come down ahead of us; they were good shots and jolly fellows, and there was game enough for all. The morning we left we all walked up to the station, with a one-horse wagon full of game and baggage—geese, ducks, rabbits, quail and woodcock. Every one of us had all the game we could carry, and Mr. Strickland and his brother, who had ducked more than the rest of us, had more than two men could get along with. We had a grand time, and hope to go later on for ducks when the weather gets colder.

CHAS. H. CLARKE.

Game in Orland, Me.

WILLIAM and Foster Soper have trapped about 100 red foxes this fall, and a short time ago a large black bear got his toes into a fox trap. Of course he walked off with the trap without much trouble. He was seen with the trap on his foot, but made his escape. Mr. Branard, of East Orland, returned from Moosehead Lake with two large caribou. W. O. BLAISDELL.

Unlawful Game Shipment on Long Island.

WE reported the other day the unlawful shipment of game from East Hampton, Long Island. A resident of that town who complained of the illicit traffic to the game protector received a reply from Game Protector Selah T. Clark, of Bay Shore, in which the protector says: "I cannot see anything in the law prohibiting these people from shipping game in the months of November and December." An individual who "cannot see anything" in the New York game law to forbid the shipment of quail, partridges and woodcock to market is not fit to be a game protector.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XXIII.—Sergeant William Patterson.

THERE is some reason for believing that his name was William, although I do not know it. The reason is entirely from analogy; he was always known as "Bill" Patterson, and I had known other men to be called "Bill" whose real name was William. Further than this I find upon the rolls of Co. H, 25th Wisconsin Infantry, the name of William Patterson, of Potosi; and my old friend, Judge Seaton, who has kindly posted me on affairs in the village since I left it, says: "Bill Patterson went out with the 25th Wisconsin Infantry." Therefore, as I have said, there is reason for believing his name to be William. If living, he is near Portland, Ore.; but letters to him have been returned to me after being opened by another William Patterson.

On that New Year eve when our surveying party returned to Potosi from northern Minnesota there was quite a little visiting done by neighbors who were anxious to learn of adventures among the Indians; and as I lived in the middle one of three cottages, all under one roof, owned by a Mr. Knight, who lived on one side, and Bill Patterson on the other, both neighbors called. Bill was then I think about thirty-three years old, I was twenty-three, and "Old Poppy Knight," the only name that memory recalls him by, was probably sixty; but little, weazened and dried up, and "meaner 'an pusley," as farmers say. Bill was a strapping, broad-shouldered fellow who had been on the West Coast in that early day, perhaps with the "Argonauts" who went to the gold fields of California in 1849; a rough, swaggering fellow, just the opposite of Old Poppy Knight, whom he seemed to dislike in a superlative degree.

Mrs. Patterson and Miss Rowena Knight, daughter of O. P. K., were in the family circle. The conversation had been general, and I had tried to reply to three or four questions at once, when Pop asked: "Are them Injun girls good lookin'?"

"See here, Pop," said Bill, who had been where the evening had been more bibulously observed, "what does an old duffer like you want to talk about Injun girls for? I've been all through Sonora, New Mexico and the whole West Coast, and I never see a squaw that was worth a second look. I want to find out what them Injuns live on up in that cold country, where Fred says there's no game. I've sat that half a dozen times, and you don't give him a chance to answer. Now you let up for a little 'til we get at this problem of eating." Then to me: "What can they get to eat up there?"

"Mainly fish," I answered; "they dry it for winter and eat it without anything except salt, of which they are fond; but where they got salt before the white man came is a question. The Indians on the sea coast got it in their fish and oysters, and those about the interior salt springs had it to trade with other tribes; but when you look at it you will see that the dwellers in some parts must have eaten their meat without it."

"Bill says he never saw a good-looking squaw," said Pop. "Now there's lots o' half-breeds up there, and are the half-breed girls better looking than the squaws?"

"Pop," said Bill, "you had better go up there and see for yourself; this thing of beauty is a personal matter. Some o' them squaws might take a fancy to you, for they ain't got the first bit of taste. I've seen men that has married squaws, but I don't think I ever saw an ugly old squaw that would marry you. I'll be obliged if you will shut up"

Put yourself in my place! As the host, I did not fancy this sort of talk; but what could I do? Although Mr. Knight was Bill's landlord as well as mine, I knew that it would only need a word more for Bill—in violation of all rules of hospitality, in which he was not well read—to take the old man by the collar and trousers and set him outside. I turned the tide by telling of Henry Neaville's frozen feet, and we got along harmoniously until the clock said it was time for congratulations on the new year. As the good nights were said Bill whispered that we should have a deer hunt on the first day of the new year, and after the rest were gone we sat down over our pipes and arranged for it.

A couple of inches of snow fell early in the night on top of the old snow, which was about the same depth, but not hard. The new year of 1857 opened still and mild, without being bright; as perfect a day for a hunt as it was possible to have. Every rabbit that had ventured out since midnight left evidence of its wanderings, and we saw where the quail had huddled on the ground and had risen in the morning. The partridge left a broad trail until it tired of wading and took to a tree. All these things were noted as we went off to the northwest to strike the Grant River. Bill wanted to talk about "Old Poppy Knight" and I tried to keep him still. Two winters in the woods had the usual effect of making a fellow think more than he talks. We were on a ridge and were about 100ft. apart.

Bill said: "Old Pop made me mad last night, bustin' in the talk to know if squaws was good-lookin'. What 'n thunder is that to him?" and then he launched out in his rough way and "swore like our army in Flanders." There was a crackling of brush, followed by several thuds, and Bill's rifle spoke. I saw nothing; the deer had been lying down on Bill's side of the ridge listening to what Bill thought of the propriety of O. P. Knight's inquiry into the physical attractions of the Ojibwa maidens, and no doubt feared that Bill's indignation might take a wrong direction, and so considered it best to leave him to settle it with Mr. Knight without being a party to the row. We went to the place where the deer jumped, but found no

blood. Going back to the ridge, about 50yds., I looked the range over and then found where the bullet had cut a twig and then raked up the snow half way to the spot where the deer jumped, no doubt when it was several rods on its journey.

"Who'd think there was a deer lyin' down in that thicket?" asked Bill. "Why, I s'posed we'd have to track 'em after we found where they'd been."

"If they're not afoot you never know when you may jump one along a ridge," said I, "for they seldom lie in the hollows, and you can look for 'em on the sheltered side of a ridge 'most anywhere. Now let Old Poppy Knight rest and keep still for a while. Your shot has been heard by every deer within three miles, and it may have put some of them afoot, but you will have to tramp before you see one. We're nearing the river now; the ridge forks here; you take the left hand one and we'll come together at the river."

After going about half a mile and seeing no track I heard Bill's shot from the western ridge, stopped and cocked my rifle. A buck came dashing down the hill and I slipped behind a tree. Great bounds he took and up the hill on my side he came, panting with the effort. Gaining the ridge, he stopped, turned to look back, and presented a full broadside view to me at not over 100ft. As I fired he leaped into the brush, but the great spurt of blood on the snow told the tale. I gave a whoop and got an answer, then called, "Come over here!" and sat down on a log. It seemed hours before Bill made the journey across the valley that the buck had made in a very few minutes, if he really consumed any time at all. We took the track and down by the river we found the deer, dead. Bill's bullet, shot on the jump, had grazed just back of the shoulder, cutting the hair and marking the skin, an excellent shot at a jumping deer, for no doubt it jumped before Bill saw it.

The buck was a fair-sized four-pronged one. We dressed it and then went to a spring, washed, and ate our luncheon, for it was far past the noon hour. As we lighted our pipes Bill remarked: "We'll divide that deer when we get up and it's about all we will want to carry home. Under the rule that the first bullet hole takes the hide it's mine, but you can have the head if you want it."

"All right, Bill, show up the hole and take the hide, that's the rule."

"Didn't I make a hole in his belly just behind the shoulder? Do you mean to say I didn't hit him?"

"There's a scratch there that a jury might decide was made by your bullet or might have been made by a pine knot when the deer stepped over a log. I don't want the hide; Charley Mallett wouldn't give over $1 for it anyway. I am sure your bullet made the mark, for there was fresh blood there and the cut was across the breast, not lengthwise, as it would have been done when the deer was on the run. Take it, I only spoke in that way because of your claiming the hide so promptly."

"Now, see here," said Bill, "I don't want that hide. I ain't no hog! All I thought of was that I didn't miss that deer slick and clean as I did the other one, and I wanted you to know it. I'll tell you what we'll do; let's give a quarter of the deer and the hide to old John Jamison, who has been sick all winter and hasn't earned a dollar; send a quarter to that widow up there on the British Hollow road, I forget her name, but her husband died before you got back from the North. Then we'll keep the rest, and if Old Poppy Knight would like a steak—no, I'll feed it to Charley Guyon's coon dog first. Say! I wouldn't let that old pelican have a smell of it. No, sir, not by a mill privilege." I put my friend's remarks in quotations, as though they were just what he said, but have taken the liberty of twisting his two last words into more refined language. His charitable proposition was carried out; we had our hunt and all the meat we needed. It's not hard to give away what you don't need, the difficulty often occurs in deciding what it is that you don't need when your neighbor is destitute and is in desperate need of things which you don't—here I get off the track and go to moralizing over what struck me as a good streak in the nature of Bill Patterson, who took good care that no one should discover that he had what he would have considered a weak spot. He would have fought me for that deer skin, but you see how it went.

February had come and Henry Neaville's feet had got over their October freeze. He drifted into my house one day on a south wind when Bill was profanely reciting his adventures in Sonora and New Mexico, and said: "There's a lot of fish in a pond hole down by the river and they're all a-crowding up to a little spring that keeps an open place and gives 'em air. There's a lot o' bass, pike, dogfish and all the other kinds, an' you can just dip 'em up by the scoop full; what do you say about going down and getting some?"

"All right!" said Bill, "we'll go in the morning. I've got a dip net that only wants a handle, and I'll put one on in the morning. Come down after breakfast and we'll go. I haven't had a fresh fish this winter and have forgotten just how they taste."

Our outfit consisted of a dip net, or a landing net of coarse mesh strung on a 14in. ring with a rake handle attached; an axe, a spear or "gig," and some mosquito netting which Henry brought. What the latter was for I had no idea, but then I had not seen the place. It was snowing a little, with hardly any wind. The pool, or pond hole, as Henry called it, might have covered two acres and had been washed out of the soft soil by the great river some time when it overflowed its banks, and in summer it was dry. A spring came in its eastern edge and kept the ice from making up to the shore. Thousands of large fish crowded to this opening for air and I never saw such a sight before nor since. There must have been many thousands of the different fishes which inhabit the Mississippi River crowded into a small space, those in the rear pushing up to the open place and forcing the others to the shore and around to the rear, as if they said: "You have had your chance to breathe, now make way for us."

I stood in amazement at the scene. Bill took the axe and cut the opening larger until the thin ice at the margin was gone and we could stand at the edge. I took the net and dipped up a few fish, trying to select my favorite crappies and small catfish.

"Let me take that net," said Bill, and he proceeded to lift the fish by the netful. The spear was of no use, it would only mar the fish and we could take all we wanted with the net.

After a while, when there was about 100lbs. of fish on the ice, I thought it time to quit, and mentioned the fact that we had all we could carry and enough for ourselves and friends. There seemed no use to kill more.

"I don't intend to stop short of a ton," said Bill. "Henry, you go back to the village and get a team from Jo Hall and a bob-sled and we'll take a load of the best of these to Dubuque, and if they take well we'll give 'em another load this week. Keep it still, or there'll be a big gang down here to take a share in the fish."

This was taking a commercial view of the fishing, and I said to Bill, after Henry had gone: "I never liked to see men rob the woods of game and the waters of fish to send to market, and I only thought to come down and get a few for our own use. It's this wholesale slaughter for market that has made the East barren of fish and game, and I've talked against it there and I don't want to engage in it here. Fur is a different thing from game, and I could trap for a living easy enough, but somehow it doesn't seem right to take advantage of those fish and market them, when if we take what we want and leave the rest to breed there will always be plenty for us."

Bill's remarks, carefully expurgated, were something like this, but contained more adjectives, for in his ordinary conversation he "swore like our army in Flanders:" "Look a-here! What ar' you chinnin' about anyhow? I've been all over Sonora, New Mexico and Californy, and fished in more rivers than you ever see, but these Mississippi bottoms are different. It's this way: In the spring and fall there's a heap o' water comes down this valley, an' it overflows all these bottom lands and the fish come up close to the bluffs to keep from being swept down in the current. When the water falls they get trapped in these holes and there they are."

"Yes, but when the spring freshet comes don't they swim out and go to their breeding grounds, and so keep the river stocked?"

"Not by," and he referred to a place where a mill might be placed. "These ponds freeze over tight and the fish die. They die in thousands of just such holes all along the river, and they have died in this hole year after year. This spring water coming in here is a new thing, it wasn't here last winter, and it may stop or cold weather may close it; I don't care whether it does or not, there's a chance to send a sleigh load of fish to Dubuque, and that's all there is of it."

I saw it was as he said. I cut into some of these pond holes later in the winter and found a stench of decaying fish. Within the past few years the U. S. Fish Commission, through the urgent requests of Col. S. P. Bartlett, of the Illinois Commission, has sent a car up the river and seined the imprisoned fish from these holes and returned them to the river; as good a work as hatching millions of fish eggs; perhaps better, for it saves the parents and allows them to breed next spring.

Henry came with the team and found us on the shore cooking fish and frying sausages for dinner. Bill thought he was as good a camp cook as I, but we differed on that point. Without discussing the question, I feel impelled to go off the track to say: Our open-air appetites, whether in the woods or on the waters, make camp cooking seem superlative. Benedick says in "Much Ado about Nothing":

"—But doth not the appetite alter?
A man loves the meat in his age that he cannot endure in his youth."

This leads me to say that after many years' experience in all kinds of dining, strike me if you will, it is now my mature judgment that taking a dinner in the abstract, without any of the poetical surroundings of the chase and the sentiment which hovers about game killed and cooked by yourself, a grand dinner served by a competent *chef* to gentlemen in evening dress has a charm for me that increases with age. Not that I have lost all taste for an *al fresco* feast in camp style; but there are pleasures of many kinds and they are not always comparable. I only draw the line at those messes called clam chowders, fish chowders and the nightmare provoking clam bake. These may be classed as coarse feeding, but I have had as delicious trout, venison and other game served in camp as ever tickled a tongue. Yet a service in courses, the varied products of the vineyards, the fruits and desserts—I like all good things, but the best of all is good company, whether in evening dress or flannel shirt; yet I can't admit that camp cookery excels the best hotel cookery, taking each on its merits outside of sentiment. We deceive ourselves in this: we come in hungry enough to eat a bear before his skin is off, and "hunger is the best of sauce."

You have often come into camp with a string of trout and had to clean and cook them before you could eat supper. You stuck a stick in the gills with a bit of pork in the mouth and stood them up before the fire and turned them when necessary. When you thought they were done you sat down and ate them half raw and half burned, and your hunger prompted you to say that you never ate such trout before in your life. If trout cooked in that same way were set before you in a restaurant you would reject them as unfit to eat. But the memory of a camp dinner with an appetite only six hours old, but very large for its age, has a halo around it that should properly encircle the appetite. Though not a taxidermist, I have stuffed several thousand first-class appetites, but never could preserve one.

Henry sat down and helped us out on the dinner, and told how he had thrown the villagers off the track by saying that we had killed two deer and a bear, and needed a sleigh to bring them in. A mink trotted down along the shore to the hole where he usually fished, stopped short of it, looked over at us and took the back track. Henry said: "That mink made a mistake and thought it was Friday. When he saw us eating sausage the fact that it was Thursday dawned on him, and he left for the landing and Chapman's chicken house."

We sorted the fish, throwing all gars, dogfish, redhorse and other poor kinds aside, and loaded the sleigh box with bass, pike and crappie, and my two companions started down the river on the ice for Dubuque, Ia., some dozen miles below, and after waiting a while I got a team which had brought pig lead to the landing to take up a good lot of fish and our traps to the village. Besides these things there was a bag with about a bushel of young fish of many kinds, which had been seined out of the spring by the mosquito netting which Henry had brought. None of these were over 2in. long, and I was in doubt what they were intended for until Bill said: "You spread these little fish out so that they don't heat nor freeze, and when we get back I'll have 'em cooked as the Mexicans used to cook 'em down in Sonora. I've seen lots of things out there that you fellows never dreamed of, and here I am wasting my time in these old lead mines. What's lead worth? Thirty dollars a thousand!—! I mined for gold worth $30 an ounce. Say, when you get them fish to Potosi and go to dividin' 'em just lay out some o' the best for old John Jamison and the widow on the British Hollow road. We'll be back to-night or to-morrow, and if this trip pays we'll do her again. Good-bye."

The team I found at the landing was from British Hollow, and the driver gladly went over to the fishing place. I told him to pick out all the fish he wanted and put them in front so that they couldn't be given away. I had the fish assorted for the different people, and delivered them all except the last two lots. We stopped at Jamison's, and at my call a man came out to know what I wanted.

"I've a lot of fish for John that Bill Patterson has sent up to him; Bill knows John well, and here they are; I s'pose you're John, and you will remember that we sent you up some venison about the New Year."

The man took the fish and said: "John died early this morning, but his children may use them, and no doubt will be glad of them, for John left nothing, he's been an invalid so long. As a friend of the family, I thank Mr. Patterson and you—" but I had started the horses on, saying to the driver: "Get out of this quick! We can't do any good and—let the horses go."

A few rods brought us to the cabin of the widow. She came to the door in response to a knock, and I stepped in and explained my errand. Something in her manner made me lower my voice, and she began to cry. By the light of a tallow candle I saw that she was a poor, thin, careworn woman, and I fumbled the cap in my hands awkwardly, hardly knowing how to get out of the house without indecent haste. She was prematurely old, and it was doubtful if she had ever been even passably good-looking. Poverty and care were stamped in every line of her face. She might have been thirty, but looked to be twice as old. Her little girl, an only child, was very ill. Would I look at it?

I followed her to a back room and found a child of about six years lying on a bed and apparently asleep, but twitching violently. Then came a muscular spasm which doubled the little sufferer up, and I was alarmed.

"Has a doctor seen the child?"

"No, I thought she'd get over it without the expense of a doctor, for I am very poor. My husband was hurt a year ago by a fall down a shaft, and died last October. I've worked when I could get work, but have not been strong enough to do much. It's a hard world for the poor and weak, and if my little girl goes from me I want to go too."

I don't know that it did any good, but I took the girl in my arms and walked the floor with her, trying to help her unconscious struggles. When the spasm passed I laid her on the bed and went out to find some one to go for a doctor. I found a man going to Potosi on foot, and told him to send Dr. Gibson out at the earliest moment, and returned to the house. If the doctor would only come, and let me get out. The time passed so slowly. I was not fitted by nature to be either a doctor or an undertaker, and suffering which I could not relieve was a thing to be left to itself, but I could not leave it. The child had several spasms, and the night passed over a little cabin with sorrowing mother and a dying child in the arms of a rough, untrained fellow, who would help both if he only knew how to do it, but who wished himself 1,000 miles away.

It had never occurred to me that I would be missed, so busy was my mind with the misery in the cabin, and when a jangle of sleighbells stopped in front of the cabin long after midnight I mentally said: "There comes the doctor."

I was walking the floor with the child in my arms when the door opened and the doctor came in, followed by Bill Patterson, Henry Neaville, Mrs. Patterson, and a dozen other men and women.

"What had kept me so long?" "Why didn't you come home?" Bill said: "When we sold them fish in Dubuque for less than we've got to pay Jo Hall for the team, I said: 'I'll be blessed* if I ever take another load of fish to Dubuque.' If you've got them little fish all in good order we'll have 'em fried at Johnny Nicholas's restaurant to-morrow night, and I tell you they'll be fine. Hello! What's the matter?"

While he was talking to me the mother of the child dropped fainting to the floor, for she had seen the women take the child from my arms—dead! FRED MATHER.

* It's hard to recall the exact expression after the passage of nearly forty years, still it may have been "blessed" that Bill said. I can't, for the life of me, think of any other word that would fit in here.

THE RANGELEY FISH SUPPLY.

SENATOR FRYE writes to the *Rangeley Lakes* concerning the trout supply:

My attention has just been called to certain criticisms by our guides and others touching an alleged statement attributed to me, to the effect that ten years would be the end of fishing in the lakes, etc. Of course I never said anything of the kind, for my interest in that locality is too profound to permit me to decry its merits, and I know that in some of the lakes the game fish are increasing rather than diminishing, notably in Rangeley, from two causes other than propagation: first, an open pathway from Mooselucmeguntic, coupled with the temptation of its clear spring water, wonderfully alluring especially to the salmon; secondly, because the difference between high and low water is slight. So that the favorite haunts of the fish continue the same from year to year.

The only talk I ever had with anyone relative to this subject was with Miss Crosby last fall at my camp, and that conversation was confined to the effect of summer bait fishing in the Big Lake. From time to time my attention has been called to the fact that in the heat of the summer, when the trout had sought the spring holes for cool water, they were captured by deep fishing with worms and minnows, in enormous quantities, all of them killed, many wasted. That this murderous slaughter, in which, I am happy to say, no sportsman participates, has had a serious effect, I have no hesitation in affirming, and my knowledge of those waters is certainly equal to that of any other person.

This lake has some advantages: the limitless quantity of food for the trout; the great extent and comparative security of the feeding grounds; but it has also serious disadvantages: the open pathway up the stream to Oquossoc waters; no means of access whatever from the lower lakes through upper dam. It is a generous contributor, but no receiver.

The constant changes in the height of the water, making to-day a bar on which to drop the fly, and in a month water over it deep enough to float a gunboat, are a disturbing element. These things only illustrate the necessity of creative and preservative agencies if the fishing in this lake is to continue to be attractive to sportsmen.

The guides in our Rangeley Lake region are a splendid body of trusty men and I wish them well.

The hotels are as good as can be found anywhere and I hope will overflow with guests. Neither, however, for present gain, should be willing to kill "the goose with the golden egg." I have as much interest in the splendid lake country as any man living, having enjoyed a longer experience than any other. It has been for many years my paradise, my escape from worry and trouble, my only place for perfect rest and unalloyed recreation. This very fact impels me, in closing, to seriously and emphatically assert that if summer "plug fishing" in Mooselucmeguntic Lake is not prohibited by law, in time serious results will follow.

WM. P. FRYE.

ANGLING NOTES.

Salmon Spawning in the Hudson.

SINCE the first salmon were planted in the Hudson River in 1883 a grand total of 3,894,911 salmon fry and 12,380 yearling salmon have been planted in the upper waters of the river. For several years after the first plant was made, and after the salmon had been to sea and returned to the river, their ascent was in a measure barred by the dam at Troy. Then fishways were built at Troy, Mechanicsville and Thompson's Mills; and one season, when the dam was taken out at Fort Edward to be replaced by a new one, the salmon moved upstream as far as Baker's Falls, at Sandy Hill, the point to which the shad ran before there were dams in the river. During all the fifteen years that salmon have been planted in the Hudson nothing has been positively known about their spawning in the river. That they got through the Mechanicsville fishway and wandered into the Hoosick River was known; it was also known that they were evidently forced to spawn in the main river below Mechanicsville before the fishway was built, for salmon smolts were taken in bait nets above Troy, and once a large number of yearling salmon were found dead in the river between Troy and Mechanicsville. That was the only evidence forthcoming during the fifteen years that the salmon had spawned in the river or its tributaries. It was well known that they could not get up to their natural spawning grounds above the mills and factories where the fry and yearlings were planted, for the dams and natural falls without fishways checked their ascent, and it was equally well known that they must have spawned somewhere, for they returned to the river each season from the sea, but where did they spawn?

The shad fishermen who knew of this salmon in the river, for some of them caught salmon in their nets, told of spawning beds here and there, but when the story of a salmon spawning bed was investigated it proved to be without foundation in fact. Last summer I heard a very straight story of a large number of salmon being seen on a spawning bed in the main river the previous fall, but the location did not seem to me to be right for the purpose. It is true that the fish might not have a choice when the time came to deposit their eggs, and they would make a bed in what would ordinarily be considered a most unlikely place; so all the reports were investigated and nothing came of them until Mr. W. H. Hart, agent of the New York Central & Hudson River R. R., with whom I had talked on the subject during the summer, wrote me that he had heard of salmon being seen in a creek some distance below Catskill. That was what I wished to hear, "salmon in a creek," and I began to think I might be on the right track. Armed with a letter from Mr. Hart to a resident merchant near the creek, I made a visit to the place and met the merchant. He never had heard of salmon in the creek or in the river either, but referred me to a fisherman at the mouth of the creek. Had he gone with me to vouch for me that I was not an officer of the law with a warrant for fishermen who had been netting salmon contrary to law, it would have saved me some time. The fisherman knew nothing of salmon in the river or the creek, had never heard of or seen one, and furthermore he would not be likely to take salmon in his nets, for he did not use the kind of nets that would take salmon. It was an hour before the man would admit that salmon had been taken in some other man's nets, and some big salmon had been seen up the creek and one had been speared with a pitchfork. That was the only salmon I knew positively about before I went there, and if some boys had not speared that salmon with a pitchfork I might not have known of the fish in the creek for another year or longer.

It was a good day for a walk up the creek among the hills—and a fine creek it was too, of clear, cold water, with gravel bottom, such as salmon would delight in if they should happen to find it in their search for spawning beds. I had been referred to a man living a couple of miles up the stream who is an all-round sportsman, and when I reached his house found him at home. At first he was not inclined to be very communicative upon the subject of salmon, and I assumed that he was not quite sure that I was the man I represented myself to be, and of whose coming he had received notice. Finally the ice was broken, I established my identity, and the information I sought began to flow. Without knowing positively that such is the case, I imagine that quite a number of salmon have been killed in the creek contrary to law during the past four years, as it is admitted in a general way that a few have been. The people killed them as a novel fish and then found out that they were protected by law, with a heavy penalty for taking them other than with hook and line, and they kept very quiet about the fish being in the creek, but ceased to break the law for fear of the consequences. The first thing to establish was that the fish seen were actually salmon and not something else. My informant first saw a captured fish, which he described so accurately that it could be nothing but a salmon. This he judged to be a stray fish, but one evening in June he saw salmon jumping in a pool in the creek, and thereafter watched the pool.

When he saw them first, in June, they were bright and silvery, but as weeks passed they grew dark in color and some had ugly-looking heads and jaws. Sometimes twenty-five or thirty could be seen in one pool, and at other times more, depending upon the light and the water. They could be seen up to September, but he did not visit the pool from September to November, and then he saw no fish; but the gravel in the rapids above the pool had been torn up, and there were ridges in the gravel across the current which he "could not account for." There were probably fifty or more fish in the pool, weighing from 10 lbs. to perhaps 30 or more pounds each. The fish had been there four years in succession. Formerly there was a pulp mill at the stream, but it had burned down, and soon after the salmon were first seen. Since that time he heard of the salmon further up the creek, as there was a break in the dam where the pulp mill had been.

The only break he made from beginning to end was when he asked me what gave the salmon such red-colored flesh, and I answered him without asking how he found out that they had red flesh.

When he showed me where "something had disturbed the gravel above the pool and made ridges in it across the current," I walked back down the valley to the railroad well satisfied, promising to come again on another occasion.

The Pike as a Poacher.

Mr. Frederic M. Halford, author of "Floating Flies and How to Dress Them," and other works valuable to the angler, has written a book recently upon "Making a Fishery," which I will have more to say about at another time, but now will refer only to one paragraph in it. Making a fishery is not building a fish hatchery, but relates to the care of a river or portion of a river, or to a pond, to produce the best fishing. To make a fishery requires considerable thought and an expenditure of time and money, as Mr. Halford shows conclusively, although we in America are inclined to take for granted that if fish are planted in the water nature will do the rest. The destructiveness of pike, which we commonly call pickerel, is a fruitful topic in a general way, but Mr. Halford has given some figures on this subject which are of interest because they are not speculative. He says: "It may possibly be imagined that the various estimates of a pike's capacity have been exaggerated, and I would therefore give the following examples of the undigested contents of pikes' stomachs as revealed by autopsy: On the 18th of April, 1893, wired a pike 9in. long; found tail of a partially digested trout quite 4in. long protruding from its jaws. On the 27th of September, 1893, a pike 7½lbs. was taken in the nets; the contents of its stomach were as follows: Two small pike about 9in. long, nine lamperns, five bullheads, and a trout about 1½lbs., with only head partially digested and tail protruding from its mouth. March 26, 1894, a pike 11in. long, wired in a hatch hole, had three lamperns, two bullheads and two yearly trout in its stomach. On Oct. 3, 1894, a pike 2½lbs., taken in net with tail of trout quite ¼ lb. in its mouth. The trout was scarcely dead when taken from the pike's jaws. Take these four examples, multiply them by the thousands of pike in a neglected trout stream, consider the rapid rate at which they increase, and no further argument can be needed to demonstrate the paramount necessity of declaring war to the knife against *Esox lucius*."

In New York State we are not troubled to any great extent with pike in trout streams, but pike have made their way into trout ponds and lakes where nature never intended they should find habitat, and where they can be kept down only by vigorous warfare waged against them. A neighboring State is not so fortunate, so the Fish Commissioners of the State told me recently, for many of their streams, trout streams, are infested with small pike. One of the Commissioners wrote me about a plant of trout. He was on the train with the shipment of trout when it arrived at its destination and concluded to go and see where the fish were going to be planted. He found that the messenger had been directed to plant the fish in a pool that was full of "pickerel," and he would not allow the trout to be planted there. In one lake in this State there are lake trout in abundance, and also pike, but during an investigation extending over a number of years I have found but one case where pike were caught with lake trout in their stomachs. On the other hand, one lake trout was caught in another lake with eleven young pike in its stomach.

A. N. CHENEY.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
To FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 8 to 11.—Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

1897.

Feb. 2 to 5.—New England Kennel Club's annual show, Boston.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

1897.

Jan. 11.—Tupelo, Miss.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 3.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trials Club second annual trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

METROPOLITAN KENNEL CLUB'S SHOW

THE Metropolitan Kennel Club's experience at its show, held in Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 24-27, has been such that the club has decided to make this an annual affair. At first—that is, on the first day of the show—the attendance was very light, and it began to look as if Brooklyn people didn't care much about dogs, and as if nobody wanted to go to Brooklyn even if they were likely to find a few good dogs at the end of the trip. On Wednesday the accounts of the show in that morning's papers had evidently aroused people to a sense of what was going on; from Wednesday evening until the close of the show the attendance proved so thoroughly satisfactory that, as stated above, the Metropolitan Kennel Club will hold a show annually in Brooklyn.

The place chosen for the exhibition of dogs was the old Thirteenth Regiment armory, corner of Hanson place and Flatbush avenue. Beyond the fact that the light was poor, particularly on those parts of the floor outside the circle of light thrown from the skylights in the roof, the selection of the place for holding the show was a good one. Of course the appointments did not compare with those at Madison Square; there was something dilapidated and forlorn-looking about the hall where once one of the crack regiments in New York State paraded and maneuvered. The show ring was ample, and being immediately under the skylight the light was excellent. The dogs were benched and all arrangements made for that purpose by Spratts. The aisles between the benches were wide enough to permit of free passage, except where some more favored dog attracted more than its share of attention.

The class of dogs was unquestionably high, while the entry list reached somewhere in the neighborhood of 700. The winners in the different classes, in the vast majority of cases, came to Brooklyn with reputations already made on other benches; but many of the judges expressed their opinion that the quality of the "young blood" was rather more than up to the average.

The judges in the sporting classes were: Pointers, Mr. Charles Heath; American foxhounds and beagles, Mr. Herman F. Schellhass; English foxhounds, English, Irish and Gordon setters, Mr. John Brett; spaniels, Mr. A. Clinton Wilmerding; greyhounds, Mr. H. W. Huntington. The other classes were placed in charge of gentlemen equally capable of settling the questions as to who should have the blue ribbon and who should wear the red. The awards were as follows:

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Warwick Kennels' Albert Ranger.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. L. McK. Garrison's Freckled Monk; 2d, D. J. Peters's Robin Goch; 3d, Oak Grove Kennels' Count Dick. Reserve, H. Pape, Jr.'s, Critic *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, D. J. Peters's Robin's Juno and Robin Cora; 2d, Oak Grove Kennels' Monk's Nun. Reserve, J. Dumas's Nellie Noble Gladstone.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' champion Kildare. Reserve, J. M. Bullock's Pride of Patsy. *Bitches:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Queen Vic. Reserve, J. B. Blossom's Delphine.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Woodbury Kennels' Rockwood; 2d and 3d, J. B. Blossom's Bronx II and Londonderry. Reserve, E. J. Whitlock's Mayor Wurster. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Oak Grove Kennels' Duchess and Kildare Doris; 3d, J. B. Blossom's Roosevelt.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Miss B. A. Nickerson's Count Noble. Reserve, O. Schaefer's Wanz Ivanhoe. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Graham's Lady Gordon. Reserve, J. B. Blossom's Heather Bee.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. B. Blossom's Heather Bruce and Dog; 3d, J. Meyer's Sport. Reserve, B. F. Lewis's Dick. *Bitches:* 1st and reserve, J. B. Blossom's Venus and Sally Beaumont; 2d, E. H. Morris's Gleamount; 3d, Miss A. Lewis's Leola.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, G. W. Lovell's Shotaway; 2d, Westminster Kennel Club's Sandford Druid.—OPEN—*Dogs* (55lbs. and over): 1st, L. A. Van Zandt's Hanck's Lad; 2d, F. A. Hodgman's Ridgeview Regent; 3d, J. C. Bergen's Princess Lad. Reserve, Dr. H. B. Anderson's Master Rush *Bitches* (50lbs. and over): 1st, G. Ferguson's Beggie; 2d, F. A. Hodgman's Daisy Bell; 3d and reserve, L. C. Smith's Lady Reveller and Guelph *Dogs* (under 55lbs.): 1st, G. S. Mott's Sir George; 2d, A. M. Harper's Jack Kent; 3d, G. Muss-Arnolt's Bracken Bob. Reserve, B. F. Lewis, Jr.'s, Captain *Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st, Mrs. R. K. Armstrong's Brighton Floesie; 2d, R. A. Fairbairn's Lass o' Yoka; 3d, G. S. Mott's Belle of East Chester. Reserve, G. W. Lovell's Cyrene.

SPANIELS.—USED FOR FIELD PURPOSES—CHALLENGE (over 40lbs.)—1st, Dr. J. S. Bradbury's Drayton Warwick.—IRISH WATER—OPEN—1st, B. F. Lewis's Doctor.—CLUMBER—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, H. Jarrett's Major Gilfeather and MacGregor *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, H. Jarrett's Glenwood Greeting and Susie.—FIELD—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and 3d, Miss Anabel Green's Wardie of the Sweep Fashion and Darkest Africa. Reserve, B. P. Keasby's Black Knight. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Miss Anabel Green's Zulu and Mec; 2d, J. Ogden's Princess Rolus. Reserve, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Myrtle.

COCKERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Goldie S. *Bitches:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Gabrielle.—OPEN—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Josephus; 2d, J. B. Riggs's Jake W.; 3d F. Croker's Terry; reserve, Mrs. F. F. Dole's Rosedale Royal. *Bitches:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Dart; 2d, G. Greer's Woodland Belle; 3d, C. & D. Priest's Trilby II; reserve, Mepal Kennels' Mepal Beetle.—OTHER THAN BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Greer's Brookside King; 2d, W. T. Payne's Tansy; 3d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Derby S; reserve, T. McK. Robertson's Robertson Rufus. *Bitches:* 1st, T. McK. Robertson's Red Dolly; 2d, W. T. Payne's Tansy; 3d, Mrs. F. F. Dole's Edgewood Beauty; reserve, G. Greer's Brookside Queen.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Woodhaven Kennels' champion Spinaway; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Southern Belle. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Woodhaven Kennels' Woodhaven Surprise; 2d, Weeks & Turner's Springhill Electric; 3d Penn Square Kennels' Shamrock. *Bitches:* 1st, Woodhaven Kennels' Dolly Dollar; 2d, Miss Ada L. Seeley's Grace; 3d, Woodhaven Kennels' Princetonia; reserve, Woodbury Kennels' Belle. *Puppies:* 1st, 2d and 3d, Charles M. Higgins's Viva, Leo and Vega.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.—OPEN—1st, B. F. Lewis, Jr.'s, Friendly.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—1st, B. F. Lewis, Jr.'s, Commodore.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, J. Lewis's Rambler. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Hempstead Florist; 2d, Hempstead Furrier; 3d, Hempstead Truman; reserve, Protection Kennels' Laick's Boy. *Bitches:* 1st, G. Laick's Gypsy; 2d, W. E. Deane's Lady Glenwood; 3d, Hempstead Purity.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

MESSRS. C. Tucker and J. M. Avent made a match at Newton, N.C., for $100 a side, Count Gloster against Peconic, the race to be run at Newton; but as fifteen days were allowed from the time the match was made to determine whether the dogs would be in fit condition, all the conditions are favorable for a no race.

Mr. C. E. Buckle sold Daisy Croft (Antonio—Daisy F.) to Mr. H. T. Payne. He also purchased Gleam's Ruth, and will take both bitches with him to California on his return.

Tony Boy, running in the Subscription Stake of the Eastern Field Trials, is by Antonio out of Laundress.

Mr. Mortimer writes of the loss of Hope Noble: "Miss Nickerson's Gordon setter Hope Noble, which made his escape from the Brooklyn Dog Show on the morning of Tuesday last, has not been recovered. The dog got away by the breaking of his collar and therefore had no collar or stall number on when he escaped, but he had on a black cloth cover, trimmed with black braid. Any information which will lead to his recovery will be thankfully received by me. JAS. MORTIMER, Hempstead, L. I."

U. S. F. T. CLUB'S TRIALS.

THE field trials of the United States Field Trials Club egan on Nov. 23, following the trials of the Eastern ub, and they were run on the same grounds. A second week on the same grounds adds greatly to the difficulties the competition, the birds being much wilder, more difficult to find, and the dogs which run in the first week have an advantage over those they run against in the second week, since they learn the grounds and haunts of the birds.

The judges were Mr. W. S. Bell, Pittsburg, and Capt. Joseph H. Dew, Nashville, Tenn. Mr. S. C. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn., was the third judge in the Derby; and Mr. H. T. Payne, editor of *Field Sports*, San Francisco, was the third judge in the All-Age Stake. There were but few visitors following the trials.

Nothing has proved of more constant annoyance to judges, and more hampering to the competitors, than the obstructive time limit imposed by this club on the heats in both the first and second series of the Derby and All-Age stakes: thirty minutes in the first series and forty-five in the second series of the Derby; thirty minutes in the first series and one hour in the second series of the All-Age Stake. There was the same old useless running recurring frequently to meet the requirements of a stupid rule, for it is stupid as it applies to a competition, and in purpose is but a sop to absent owners; an implication that dogs get a thorough trial—as if the test was a matter of time rather than a matter of performance. But it defeats the very essence of fairness, since it forces the judges to run a dog three-quarters of an hour or an hour, whether the running be in the hot midday hours or the cool hours of morning or evening, or a late heat carried into the night, as they were forced to do once; and often, when there is a palpable inferiority of one dog or superiority of another, or a poor brace, the judges merely run the dogs here and there to kill time, so that from any point of view it is fallacious. So much time is consumed by dogs which have no chance to win that the judges needs must trim the second series down to the smallest possible number, thereby cutting off some dogs which might have another opportunity to mend what seemed to be hard luck in a first heat. In short, by attempting to substitute crude theories for intelligent action, the rules waste a lot of time, make the competition much narrower, destroy equality of conditions, since the judges cannot intelligently offset the work of the midday hours against the work of the evening hours, and besides it gives some braces too long an opportunity in the best hours and others too long in the worst, so that there is no equity in the allotment. One hour at midday is much more trying than two hours in the morning and evening. If the judges were left free to act, they would have time to give all the dogs a more thorough trial, would establish a better equity, would come more rapidly and accurately to the best dogs, and their trained intelligence would be far better to rely upon than the theoretical formulas which make judges come to correct conclusions by rule.

The Setter Derby.

The quality of the competition, save the performance of three or four dogs, was decidedly inferior. Several of the dogs, which had made a good competition in the Eastern trials, appeared to be out of form in these, and made a low grade of competition.

Pinmoney won first and ran in improved form, ranging wide and fast, and her finding was excellent. Her pointing, though showing some lack of finish, was of a high order, and her work generally denoted admirable natural ability. She worked nicely to the gun.

Count Gloster, second, was sound in his point work, exhibited good judgment in ranging and pointing, though his range was but middling as a whole.

Tory Rustic, winner of third, ran an ordinary race, and was inferior to Hurstbourne Zip, though the latter was running badly out of form. His knowledge of work was better, and he showed far more bird sense.

This stake was for setters whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1893. First, $250; second, $150; third, $100; $10 first forfeit, $10 second, $10 to start.

They ran in the following order:

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' b. b. bitch Pinmoney (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft), C. E. Buckle, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. bitch Luta L. (Eugene T.—Beryl), C. Tucker, handler.

Avent & Thayer's b., w. and t. dog Peconic (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Phryne), J. M. Avent, handler, with S. L. James's b., w. and t. dog Tartar (Count Gladstone IV.—Sylph), J. H. Johnson, handler.

S. P. Jones's b., w. and t. dog Hurstbourne Zip (Tony Boy—Dimple), D. E. Rose, handler, with F. R. Hitchcock's b., w. and t. dog Tory Rustic (Count Gladstone IV.—Rhoda Rod), J. M. Avent, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog Count Gloster (Eugene T.—Gloster's Girl), C. Tucker, handler, with P. M. Essig's b., w. and t. bitch Saragossa Belle (Gleam's Pink—Maud E.), J. H. Johnson, handler.

H. Ames's b., w. and t. bitch Christina (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.), D. E. Rose, handler, with Theodore Goodman's b., w. and t. dog Albert Lang (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady), J. H. Johnson, handler.

Monday.

The weather was cloudy and raw, with a moderate east wind. The work of the day was inferior to what it should have been considering the opportunities. The low grade of the competition resulted in less finding and less point work.

First Round.

PINMONEY AND LUTA L. were cast off at 8:30. The former soon found and pointed a bevy nicely. Pin made two points on singles and one flush. In a cornfield she next pointed a bevy, and in the pine woods she made two points on singles. Luta made one, also refused to back. Up at 9:16.

PECONIC AND TARTAR began at 9:36. The range of Tartar was moderate. Peconic pointed, then roaded to a point on a bevy. Tartar refused to back. Down 53 minutes. Peconic was disobedient and difficult to hold to the course.

HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND TORY RUSTIC were cast off at 10:33, and ran till 11:50. As the heat progressed it was plain that the former was running in bad form, far under that displayed the week previous. Both made game. Zip pointed, at the same time Tory roaded to a point; nothing found. On some marked birds, Zip pointed at the same time the bird flushed, after which he flushed twice. Zip pointed; nothing found. Sent on, Zip pointed a bevy, and Tory, swinging in ahead without seen Zip, pointed the same bevy.

This heat ended the forenoon's work, and a few minutes were devoted to lunch.

COUNT GLOSTER AND SARAGOSSA BELLE were started at 12:28. Count stopped to a flush, the bird going but a few feet, then made a point on the bevy. Sent on, he next pointed a bevy by the side of a ditch, and on the scattered birds he made four points, and, being pressed forward too hard, he flushed one. He made two other flushes. Belle flushed a single. She ranged well, but showed inexperience on birds. Count ran quite a good heat.

CHRISTINA AND ALBERT LANG started at 1:18. Christina in weed field pointed bevy, and afterward pointed the single birds. Albert pointed a bevy by the edge of a ditch in a cornfield, Christina backed; Albert moved forward to locate the birds better or to get closer to them; Christina shot forward, and between them the bevy was flushed. Christina flushed a single. Up at 2. Albert showed lack of finish. Christina ran a moderately good heat.

Second Round.

Four were kept in, and two more dogs were called for later, the competition for the third place being weak and unsatisfactory. Peconic had shown poor merit in his first heat, and he showed less in his second, being disposed to self-hunt and was very disobedient, and hardly deserved a second trial.

HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND PECONIC started at 2:32. On some marked birds Zip made four points in woods on dry leaves, marking his points by drawing on a step or two. Peconic pointed a single. Zip pointed a bevy in weeds, and held point stanchly some time. Peconic was unmanageable, ignored voice and whistle, and bolted several times. Zip made a hesitating point on a single, and a good point on another. Up at 3:18. Zip slowed down a good deal during the heat.

PINMONEY AND COUNT GLOSTER were cast off at 3:29. Pinmoney backed Count's point in open; nothing found. In open weeds Pinmoney pointed a bevy; Count, about 30yds. behind, pointed footscent of the same bevy. Count made two points on singles, and each made a barren point. Up at 4:15.

TORY RUSTIC AND CHRISTINA began at 4:35. Down 46 minutes. Christina stopped to a flush on a single, then pointed the bevy. Tory pointed a bevy in corn, and then a single. Tory found and pointed another bevy, on part of which Christina got a point. Christina made two points on singles, and one at the same moment that the bird flushed.

The Pointer Derby.

The prizes in this stake were the same as those of the Setter Derby.

The competition was weak and the performance poor, the winners not carrying away the honors by meritorious performance. Their work was something less bad than was that of the losers. The judges seemed to be feeling their way helplessly after the first series, and did not succeed in determining anything very definite after much trying of dogs braced up in many ways. On Tuesday night or Wednesday morning, after the first heat, it could have been decided more accurately than at any other time.

Tick's Kid, the winner of first, made an ordinary competition, save a few brief periods on birds. He loafed some of the time, worked fairly well at other times, and at all times that he ran he had the choicest parts of the two days, morning and evening. His work in the first series was hardly sufficient to warrant taking him further, and though he won it was in very weak competition and on very weak work.

Young Rip Rap, second, was much the better ranger, but marred his work by flushing wilfully. He also showed good pointing capabilities. Still he seemed to loaf at times, or at least he did not maintain his range.

Redskin and Ripple divided third, the former running the stronger race up to Tuesday night and seemed to be the winner. Ripple made but an ordinary showing.

The judges did not observe an equity in running the dogs in the cool and warm hours, alternating such with the series, as Tick's Kid's four heats were all in morning and evening, while all the others had to show their capabilities in a hot sun.

The dogs were run in the following order and numbered:

Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. dog Tick's Kid (Tick Boy—Lula K.), C. Barker, handler, with C. I. Shoup's l. and w. bitch Aloysia (Rip Rap—Dolly D.), George E. Gray, handler.

H. S. Smith's l. and w. bitch Ripple (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot), J. H. Johnson, handler, with F. W. O'Byrne's b. and w. dog Moerlein (Rip Rap—Belle of Ossian), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

F. W. O'Byrne's l. and w. dog Redskin (Love's Kent—Fritz's Fan), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with Del Monte Kennels' Tony Works (Tick Boy—Lulu K.), C. Barker, handler.

W. J. Love's l. and w. bitch La Dolle (Love's Kent—Fritz's Fan), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' l. and w. bitch Rupee (Delhi—Selah), C. E. Buckle, handler.

George E. Gray's (agent) b., w. and t. dog Young Rip Rap (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot), G. E. Gray, handler, with T. T. Ashford's liv. and w. bitch Elgene (Kent Elgin—Julia Paine), J. M. Avent, handler.

J. S. Crane's l. and w. bitch Firefly (Rip Rap—Clipaway II.), G. E. Gray, handler, a bye.

Tuesday.

A cloudy morning soon changed to a clear, warm day—too warm for good work, and decidedly unfavorable to the weak competition made by the dogs in the stake. It classed less than ordinary, and there was not a single display of good finding or sharp, sustained pointing during the day. The number of birds found was relatively small, as was to be expected from narrow, haphazard searching or low class work in general. It rated in the class of work very much below the setter Derby.

First Round.

TICK'S KID AND ALOYSIA started at 8:41. Down 45 minutes. Both showed poor range and made a commonplace performance. Kid flushed an outlying bird of a bevy, then pointed the bevy. Aloysia flushed and caught a single. Kid pointed; nothing found. Aloysia made two points on singles in woods. Poor rangers both, and work commonplace.

RIPPLE AND MOERLEIN ran from 9:34 to 10:26. Ripple stopped to a flush of a single, then pointed the bevy, and afterward made two points on scattered birds. Moerlein made a point on a bevy, the find being more by accident, as at the time he was not ranging, and pottered a great deal. Neither dog showed any judgment in beating out the ground.

REDSKIN AND TONY WORKS began at 10:39. Down 41 minutes. Tony made a sloppy exhibition throughout, both in ranging and on birds. Redskin wheeled to a good point on a single. His range was but moderate.

LA DOLLE AND RUPEE ran 48 minutes, beginning at 11:37. Dolly pointed a single, then moved forward and flushed it, and was unsteady. Rupee ranged fairly well.

A short intermission was taken for lunch.

YOUNG RIP RAP AND ELGENE started at 1:13. Rip pointed a bevy, Elgene refused to back, ran in, both flushed the bevy and chased, Rip stopping soon to order. Elgene was near a bevy which flushed in woods. Rip pointed a single, then drew on and flushed it. Neither worked independently, and both were going narrow at the close of the heat. Rip showed experience; Elgene showed but little training. Down 55 minutes.

FIREFLY, the bye, ran 34 minutes without finding. She had a moderately fair range, but pottered frequently.

Second Round.

REDSKIN AND RUPEE began at 3:18. Some ragged point work was done on birds. Rupee roaded to a flush on a single and the rest of the bevy flushed wild. On some scattered birds, Redskin made two points at the same time the birds flushed and made another good point on scattered birds. Rupee pointed a single nicely and flushed once. Redskin was the better ranger, though both were loafing toward the end of the heat. Up at 4. The work was far from equaling the opportunities.

YOUNG RIP RAP AND LA DOLLE ran 59 minutes without finding. Range poor.

TICK'S KID AND RIPPLE started at 5:12, and as the rules arbitrarily required that the judges run the dogs 5 minutes in the second series of the Derby they ran till after dark. Kid made a sloppy point on a bevy. Ripple pointed a single at the edge of ditch in switch cane; was uncertain and moved on, came back and pointed it nicely. Sent on, Tick pointed a bevy. On the scattered birds, Tick pointed twice and flushed once. Ripple made three points on singles, but marred her work by not holding her point steadily, sometimes moving up closer than was desirable. This brace ran under far more favorable conditions than did the dogs which ran in the earlier hours.

Wednesday.

The weather was clear, calm and sultry, more like a day of the summer time than of the late fall. The continuation of the Pointer Derby was noticable for its distinctly inferior work, and the scarcity of it.

TICK'S KID AND REDSKIN began at 8:27, Tick being in the middle of good luck, having run in the early morning and late evening the previous day, with similar good luck on this day. Tick pointed a bevy and Redskin backed reluctantly to order. On the singles, Tick nicely pointed two, Redskin one. On a marked bevy, Tick made three points on singles. Up at 9:06. Both loafed at the start, but after birds were found they were much more industrious, Tick the better.

RIPPLE AND YOUNG RIP RAP started at 9:21. Rap pointed a bevy, Ripple stopping to order in poor imitation of a back. Rap in pines pointed a single. Ripple pointed a single, was not stanch, pressed forward; Rap backed or pointed at same time. Rap flushed and chased a bevy. Up at 10:32. Ripple ranged close. Rap took long casts at times, but his range was mostly moderate.

REDSKIN AND YOUNG RIP RAP ran 20 minutes without finding.

The pointers were next permitted to rest while the first series of the All-Age Setter Stake was running.

TICK'S KID AND YOUNG RIP RAP were cast off at 4:31. Down 39 minutes. Tick was again fortunate in having the best hour of the day, and in the two days' competition he did not have a single moment in the really hot hours of the two days. Kid pointed a bevy, Rap working about on footscent. On the scattered birds some sloppy work was done.

The All-Age Setter Stake.

This stake was for setters which had never won the Champion stake, or more than one first prize in an All-Age stake in any public field trial in the United States. There were eight starters, run as follows:

H. R. Edwards's liv. and w. dog Harvard (Dan Burges—Gay), G. E. Gray, handler, with Fox & Blyth's b., w. and t. dog Tony's Gale (Antonio—Nellie G.), J. H. Johnson, handler.

W. H. Beazell's b., w. and t. dog Harold Skimpole (Whyte B.—Nettie Bevan), G. E. Gray, handler, with Del Monte Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Sam T. (Luke Roy—Betty B.), C. Barker, handler.

H. R. Edwards's b., w. and t. dog Harwick (Topsy's Rod—Opal), Geo. E. Gray, handler, with E. A. Burdett's dog Cincinnatus Pride (Cincinnatus—Albert's Nellie), Frank Richards, handler.

H. B. Ledbetter's b., w. and t. dog Marie's Sport (Gleam's Sport—Marie Avent), Geo. E. Gray, handler, with N. T. Harris's b., w. and t. dog Tony Boy (Antonio—Laundress), D. E. Rose, handler.

In this stake Mr. H. T. Payne, of *Field Sports*, as judge, took the place of Mr. S. C. Bradley, who only accepted the office of judge during the running of the Derby.

Marie's Sport, winner of first, made a competition of extraordinary merit, his range being planned with rare judgment, and he beat out the full scope of ground that good work to the gun would permit. He was observant of the gun, and was obedient. His locating and point work were noticeable for quickness, precision and stanchness, all easily accomplished from ability and perfect schooling. He was industrious every moment of his time. His performance was that of one of the great dogs of America.

Tony Boy, second, also ran a great race, and was a very close second, Sport's advantage over him being in his masterly bird work, and it is safe to say that if each ran in his best form it would be as it might happen

which one beat the other. Tony Boy's range was excellent and well planned throughout.

Harold Skimpole ran but a fair race in his first heat, his point work being light; but his last heat was high class, and he was an excellent third. His speed and range were excellent, and he mended in his bird work, a part in which heretofore he has been remiss.

Cincinnatus Pride ran a good sound heat, and I thought it of sufficient merit to take him into the second series, he running a very even heat with Harwick, and a better one on birds than Harold Skimpole; and as there was a bye he could have been taken in without any inconvenience whatever. In fact, when it came to the time to run the bye dog, a dog outside the stake was taken in for a running mate for him, which, considering all the circumstances of Pride's good run, a bye dog and the need of another dog to make a brace, was unskillful management of the running.

First Round.

HARVARD AND TONY GALE began at 11:25. Both made game some distance apart and pointed; nothing found. Tony pointed and roaded alternately; at last he flushed two or three outlying birds of a bevy, then pointed the rest of it. Gale pointed a rabbit, presumably as his handler shot at it. Each made a point; nothing found. On scattered birds of a bevy flushed by horsemen Tony pointed one; Harvard backed. Up at 12:35. Both dogs ranged wide, but they made a poor showing in respect to bird work.

HAROLD SKIMPOLE AND SAM T. were cast off at 1:32. Sam pointed nicely a bevy in the open. While searching for the scattered birds in woods each pointed; nothing found. Next Sam pointed a single in woods. Turned into the open, Sam pointed and Harold refused to back. Sent on, in about 20yds. Harold pointed and one of the judges flushed the bevy. Sam about the same time stopped to a flush on two or three birds. Both were fast rangers, though neither beat out the ground to the best advantage. Sam made the better showing in finding and pointing. Up at 2:21.

HARWICK AND CINCINNATUS PRIDE began at 2:26. Pride pointed a bevy nicely in open weeds. On the scattered birds in open sedge Pride made one point, Harwick two; both notable in their pointing for good judgment and accuracy. Sent on, Harwick pointed and moved on, roading into the weeds in the open field. Pride pointed a single near where Harwick had pointed; a moment afterward Harwick pointed twice on singles and soon Pride added one more. Up at 3:08. Both ranged well at good speed, showed good judgment in ranging and pointing, and made a commendable showing.

MARIE'S SPORT AND TONY BOY started at 3:19, and it was soon apparent that they were showing a higher class performance than any other dogs in the stake. They ranged wide and fast and still worked well to the gun, Sport a bit the better in the excellent work. Sport was first to find and point a bevy. No work was done on the scattered birds, though they were sought. Tony, standing in a cottonfield, pointed a bevy of which he did not have the wind accurately, the birds being behind him. On the birds in woods Tony pointed twice and Sport flushed a single. Sent on, Sport found and pointed a bevy and Tony backed to caution. On the scattered birds Sport made a good point on one and Tony backed. Up at 4:11. It was an excellent race, well contested from start to finish in high class form, Sport's work throughout being a shade the better.

The final heat in the Pointer Derby was run next, and the day's work was ended.

Thursday.

The forenoon was warm, calm and showery, the dogs appearing to do their work with greater ease and precision under the improved conditions. The afternoon was warm, but clearer. The work of the day was good, that done by the setters being of an excellent class. Owing to rain a late start was made.

TONY BOY AND HAROLD SKIMPOLE began at 9:58. The conditions apparently suited Haroid, for he ran a most excellent heat, holding his own well in the hard competition. He by diligent and skillful work found and pointed a bevy, and a moment afterward Tony swung in and pointed independently on the same bevy. On the scattered birds each made three good points on separate singles. Sent on, each ranged and searched well, each finding and pointing a separate bevy, and next Tony pointed a single bird. Up at 10:54. The heat was very evenly contested, but Tony's superior showing on the previous day made his standing the higher of the two. Each showed excellent range and diligent seeking, and their point work was skillful and neat.

MARIE'S SPORT AND SAM T. began at 11:22 in the warm, drizzling rain which fell intermittently all the morning. It was soon plain that Sport was outclassing Sam in every detail of the competition save the one of speed, and as to speed Sam was applying his with poor judgment, he having no consecutive plans for more than a minute or two, while Sport's heat throughout was intelligently planned and executed. Sport pointed a bevy in pines and Sam backed, and each pointed single birds well, Sam pointing his on one side of the fence while the bird was some yards away on the other. As Sam jumped on the fence he pointed. Sent on, he roaded a few yards swiftly and the bird flushed. Sport made two more points on the scattered birds, while Sam made three points to which there were no birds, but they were probably made on footscent. Sent on, both were found pointing, Sport on a bevy, Sam about 15yds. up wind of it pointing from it, probably on footscent. Sent on, Sport found and pointed a bevy; Sam again made a point to which there was no bird. Down 1 hour and 10 minutes. Sport ran a very strong heat and exhibited high class working powers.

The party went to lunch.

HARWICK, the bye dog, was given a running mate which, owing to poor performance and a merry giving of tongue, did not improve his work. He made a good point on a bevy and a single bird point, while his range was not conducted with the best of judgment. Down 1 hour. This heat ended the stake.

The All-Age Pointer Stake.

This stake, as in the Setter Stake, was well supported with winners; in fact, the greater number were winners, as was to be expected when the stake was thrown open to all-age winners. It will be only a question of time till the club's All-Age stakes lose all support from the untried dogs if the club persists in leaving its stake open, as at present. But all this has been minutely pointed out in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM some months ago, and the predictions then made have become true in part, and are coming true as to the rest. We would advise the club to return to the old restrictions and bar first prize winners.

There were twelve starters, run as follows:

N. T. De Pauw's liv. and w. dog Jingo (Mainspring—Queen II.), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with W. A. Winsatt's liv., w. and t. bitch Lady Grace II. (Roger Williams—Graceful II.), L. White, handler.

N. T. De Pauw's liv. and w. bitch Sister Sue (Jingo—Rooney C.), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liv. and w. dog Tippoo (Rip Rap—Monterey), C. E. Buckle, handler.

Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liv. and w. dog Delhi (Rip Rap—Queen III.), C. E. Buckle, handler, with F. R. Hitchcock's liv. and w. bitch Tory Jessamine (Duke of Hessen—Westminster Blade), J. M. Avent, handler.

Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' l. and w. bitch India (Rip Rap—Dolly D.), C. E. Buckle, handler, with W. A. Winsatt's liv. and w. dog Odd Sides (Lap of Pearl—Graceful II.), L. White, handler.

H. K. Devereux's liv. and w. bitch Virginia (Little Ned—Pearl's Dot), with Ashford & Odom's liv. and w. dog Von Gull (Kent Elgin—Fannie V. Croxteth), D. E. Rose, handler.

Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. dog Tick Boy (King of Kent—Bloom), C. Tucker, handler, with Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' b. and w. dog Nabob (Rip Rap—Dolly D.), C. E. Buckle, handler.

There were many difficulties in securing good competition, one of the greatest being that, owing to constant disturbance of them, the birds were warier and changed in their habits.

Also, the competition in this stake was very indeterminate, partly from meager opportunity or important differences in the number of birds in different parts of the grounds, and the great difference between the morning and evening hours in the hot days, and the ill effects of such a continuous time limit, which undoubtedly forced the judges to draw the lines harder in spotting.

But few times in the history of field trials have there been so many different views as to the placing of the winners. It was at the finish generally agreed that Jingo, Von Gull and Odd Sides were the three fortunate ones, but as to the order of their merit the differences were developed.

Jingo was awarded first, Von Gull second, Odd Sides and Tippoo third.

Jingo was running in lower form than last year, saving himself from too vigorous effort in speed and range, and showing much of the cunning which comes to dogs at his age. His range was wide at times, narrow at other times; he ran sometimes at good speed, sometimes he was going slow in his ranging, and he was a few times guilty of loafing. He showed no dash, went to his birds with a low nose, and had a habit of crawling slowly on his points, and by footscent, though cunningly, cautiously and accurately, and there was an element of luck in his favor in the part of the grounds on which he ran, since it contained the most birds.

Von Gull improved in his work, one heat with another, his first heat being ordinary. He made some bad mistakes in his point work, but on the whole made quite a fair competition, though far below first-class work.

Odd Sides, so far as the class of his work is concerned, made a cleaner and more sharp-cut competition than the others, though his bird work was inferior in quality to theirs, as it could not otherwise be, he running on ground which contained fewer birds. He went to his birds accurately and with a high nose, beat out with judgment the full scope of ground on each side of his handler, and always working nicely to the gun. Taking the class of his work, he was the best dog in the stake, and should, in my opinion, have been first. Owing to the differences hereinbefore enumerated, the amount of work was but a small consideration, but the class of the dog, added to his performance, were correct data to determine his merit.

Tippoo made but a fair class of competition.

First Round.

This was begun at the conclusion of the corresponding pointer stake.

JINGO AND LADY GRACE II. were cast off at 2:26. Lady had a sore foot and started quite gingerly, but as she warmed to her work her lameness almost disappeared and she ranged wide and with judgment. Jingo and Lady were both found pointing the same bevy, but as to which one pointed first no one knows. On scattered birds in close, bad cover, Jingo flushed a single. Next, Jingo made a good point on two birds and Lady backed nicely. Sent on, Jingo made another excusable flush and next pointed a single. Up at 3:13.

The handlers lost a good part of the time fiddling about in cover that was too dense for moderately good work to be possible, besides making a showing far below the merits of the contestants.

SISTER SUE AND TIPPOO began at 3:19. Tippoo made a clean point on a bevy and held his point stanchly some minutes while Sue was being brought up. On the scattered birds Tippoo pointed and Sue drew stealthily on back, and only refrained from stealing the point on hearing commands. Next, sent on, Tippoo pointed a bevy and Sue refused to back. On the scattered birds Sue made two points, Tippoo a point and a flush. Up at 4:18. Sue had but moderate range and pottered when seeking bevies. Tippoo was the better in range, but part of the time he went leisurely.

DELHI AND TORY JESSAMINE started at 4:25. Delhi was much the better in range and judgment, Jessamine working in a crude manner. She pointed a single bird in the open field. Next, Delhi pointed a single. Next she made a stanch point which Delhi backed; nothing found. Down about 40 minutes.

Friday.

The morning was heavy with clouds, with a soft wind blowing, and all indications were for rain. Gradually the clouds broke away, and toward noon the weather cleared up, and again was comfortably warm. Birds were extremely difficult to find in certain parts of the grounds, which had been constantly worked day after day during the two trials, and the judges gave too much attention to working the dogs on single birds in most unpromising places, and sometimes to the detriment of good competition; for the dogs were pulled into thickets too much, to and fro, breaking up their ranging and making ragged heats. Two dogs cannot be pulled and hauled about in a competition as can a single dog in actual field shooting. The same dogs were sent in repeatedly on single birds, regardless of the fact that they had shown definitely what they could do in that respect, and there seemed to be an over-valuation of points. One end of the grounds contained birds in plenty, the other end but a few, while other parts had hardly any. Yet this condition seemed to have no consideration in the running, and the dogs were successful or not as it happened regardless of these conditions.

INDIA AND ODD SIDES began at 8:31. Odd soon took a wide cast and pointed a bevy nicely. Sent on, another bevy was marked down in woods. India made two points on singles. Odd made two good points and an uncertain point on another. Both ranged well and did good point work, Odd Sides showing excellent knowledge and ability. Up at 9:06.

VIRGINIA AND VON GULL began at 9:13. On some marked birds Virginia made two points, Von made three points and one flush. Von was much the wider ranger, though his range was far from regular, and he covered the ground carelessly, while Virginia ran haphazard, without judgment, and covered but a moderate quantity of ground. Up at 10.

TICK BOY AND NABOB were cast off at 10:10. The ground run on during the heat was largely bare, and the dogs wasted much time on it instead of going to the rougher places, where the birds were if there were any. A bevy was marked down and Nabob secured a point on it. The birds were followed again into a small thicket so dense that any sort of competition was impossible, and after Tick drew on the birds and accomplished nothing the judges did what they should have done at first—went on. Next Nabob pointed a bevy and was backed, and sent on, Nabob made an uncertain point on a single in a bad place. Both dogs were deficient in dash. Up at 10:59.

Second Round.

Six dogs were kept in, and the selection did not show very excellent judgment, since Virginia had done nothing to warrant further opportunity; while Delhi, though showing good range, speed and judgment, and having had an insufficient test on birds, was left out. He was run on a poorer section of the grounds and a place that was overworked day after day, and it seemed a great hardship on him to dismiss him so curtly. But it seemed as if the class of work was not considered, and points, which between two good dogs may be in excess with one or the other as a matter of luck, seemed to have great weight in the decisions.

JINGO AND TIPPOO commenced at 11:33. Jingo pointed a bevy at the edge of woods and Tippoo backed. Tippoo flushed a bevy in woods. The judges did not see it. Jingo roaded with a low nose in an over-cautious manner and the single flushed wild. Next in woods he flushed one excusably, Tippoo did likewise. Jingo pointed; Tippoo backed; nothing found; footscent probably. Up at 12:46. Tippoo started well, showing fair range, but at the finish was going slow and narrow. Jingo showed cunning, a great memory of the grounds and places where he had found birds, he running most of his second heat on the same grounds on which he ran his first heat, an advantage to him and a disadvantage to his competitor, and his speed and range were irregular, as he loafed at times and ranged wide at others. There was but little dash in his work. He had an annoying habit of crawling on his points.

INDIA AND VON GULL began at 1:40, after lunch. Von in open weeds with the wind in his favor roaded a bevy to a flush in an inexcusably blundering manner. On the scattered birds in woods he made three clean-cut points on singles; India pointed twice, presumably on footscent. Next India pointed by a log, moved on, and the birds were flushed afterward. Up at 2:17. This was Von's best heat, and he was going strong and wide at the finish. However, the grounds were more favorable for good going than in his previous heat. His point work was good on singles and faulty on the bevy.

ODD SIDES AND VIRGINIA started at 2:56. Odd took a wide cast, pointed and held point some moments stanchly while his handler ran to him. He then drew skillfully and accurately to a determined point, and the birds were flushed to it. Sent on. The handlers were then a long distance apart. Virginia made a point on some birds in the open. Sent on, she next made game, pottered on the scent in the open, failing to locate the bevy, which was close by and was afterward flushed by a handler and followed. Virginia pointed a single in woods and Odd backed nicely; both were steady to shot. Sent on, in sedge Virginia pointed a bevy, getting very close on it. Up at 4:11. It was difficult to understand why the heat was run so long, as it was apparent from the first that Virginia was outclassed and had no chance in the stake. She was a haphazard, close ranger, showed little skill in locating, though working diligently and doing her best.

JINGO AND VON GULL started at 4:27. Von pointed, but did not locate bevy accurately; it was accidentally flushed, and making a short flight, lit in sedge and bushes a few yards ahead. Von had the wind favorably and should have located it more favorably. Each made a point on the birds, Von not working up to his opportunities. Sent on, Jingo pointed a bevy nicely at the top of a ridge and Von backed well. Sent on, both were found pointing a bevy in sedge. The bevy was marked in the open fields and followed. Each made a point on singles. Jingo flushed a bird on bare ground in cottonfield, then stopped to flush, and pointed one remaining. Both were showing good work, classing nearly alike. Up at 4:55. Jingo's success was due greatly to cunning, delicate nose and caution. He carried a low nose in roading, going to his birds mostly by footscent, yet going to them accurately.

This heat ended the stake.

Saturday.

The weather was cloudy and warm. There were but two heats to run; the Derby winners, first pointer and first setter, were to run a one-hour heat; and the All-Age winners, first pointer and first setter, were to run two hours, the absolute of each stake being for the Gould cups. There seemed to be a lack of interest in the competition, as there were no spectators other than judges, reporters and handlers.

The Derby Absolute.

PINMONEY AND TICK'S KID were cast off at 8:36. It was a very one-sided heat throughout, Pinmoney outworking

and outclassing her opponent. It showed the error of giving a dog a prize on a little good point work, instead of giving it on the class of his work in general. Pinmoney found and pointed two bevies, and made four points on singles. Kid pointed one bevy, made two stanch points to which nothing was found; made three flushes and one point on a single, and showed indecision in locating his birds and pottered on false scents. His range was narrow, and he needed much urging to keep out at work. The setter ran in excellent form. Down 1 hour. Pinmoney won.

The All-Age Absolute.

MARIE'S SPORT AND JINGO were started at 9:47. Jingo flushed a bevy, and on the scattered birds he made a crawling point. Sport made two good points on singles. Sent on, Sport pointed a bevy, and Jingo pointed the same bird or backed him. Sent on, Jingo made a good point on a bevy. Sent on, Sport pointed a single bird, and next pointed a bevy. Down 2 hours. It was simply a good working heat, there being nothing brilliant in this competition. Marie's Sport won.

This ended the trials. B. WATERS.

Mr. Arthur Froembling, secretary of the American Dachshund Club, writes us that the club will hold a meeting on Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8 P. M., 131 South Clark street, Chicago. Besides the regular business, arrangements will be made for the special prizes at the coming shows.

I MUST say that your paper is the best advertising medium of any of the sporting papers, as before I advertised in them and all my replies mentioned the FOREST AND STREAM. I sold some of the litter in California, one in Maine, one in New York State and one in Tennessee. My money was well invested in that adv.; the others I did not get a reply from. Hoping I will meet with same success this time, I am Respectfully, ROBT. J. CARRY, Agt.

Wheeling.

TIRES.

SIX years ago Arthur Du Cros was barred from racing at the autumn wheeling meeting in London because his bicycle was fitted with pneumatic tires. He had come over from Dublin to give the Englishmen a taste of Dunlop's new invention, but the wily Britons, after due consultation, refused his entry at the eleventh hour.

To-day all this is a matter of ancient history, and the pneumatic tire is as much an institution as the bicycle itself; but it must not be forgotten that next to the transmission of power by gear and the use of ball bearings the bicycle has seen no greater improvement.

Its use has made possible the great reduction in weight of the modern bicycle by putting life into it to resist jolts and jars and sudden strains, and it has increased its scope and consequently its utility. It is possible now to ride with pleasure on roads that were practically impossible with the old style tire, and the effort required to propel the bicycle has been greatly lessened.

In this respect the effect has been similar to that resulting from placing springs under a wagon. With springs horses can draw over average roads the same load and wagon that they could not draw without springs, and aided by the air cushion afforded by pneumatic tires the bicycle rider similarly finds his power and pleasure greatly increased.

And here it is worth noting that in the craze for light wheels, which culminated last year, tire weights and sizes were reduced beyond the modicum required for comfort. Tires measuring 1¼ and 1¼in. are undoubtedly lighter and more speedy on hard roads than those of larger diameter, but they are more likely to puncture, and as they must be kept pumped hard, are much less springy. Such tires are suitable for scorchers, but for the average rider on average roads they are utterly unsuited.

There is already a noticeable change of sentiment in this regard, and many riders are demanding tires of 1¾ or 2in. in diameter. Such tires can be ridden with safety considerably softer than the small tires, and on sandy or rough roads the difference in their favor is very apparent.

A knowledge of the nature of tires is always of value to wheelmen.

From a structural point of view there is very little difference between the single and double tube types, except that in one the inner tube is removable, while in the other it forms an integral part of the tire. In either case this inner tube is made of pure rubber, and its duty is to retain the air with which the tire is filled. The outer layers are to take the wear and tear and give strength to the tire, and they will not hold air under pressure. This is the reason why patches must always be put on the inside of single tube tires to insure permanent repairs in case of puncture, for otherwise the air will ooze out between the different layers.

Aside from this inner tube to hold the air there is no pure rubber worth mentioning about a bicycle tire.

The outer layers are made of vulcanized rubber compounded with various mineral substances to give strength and elasticity, built up upon canvas casings made from long fibered cotton woven in various ingenious ways. The danger of puncture is lessened by these cotton webs, and also by the hardness of the rubber compound on the tread or wearing surface. Elasticity and strength, however, are more or less opposed by the nature of things in tire construction, and something of one or the other must be sacrificed to suit the special purpose for which the tire is intended.

The tires are always the first thing to give way about a good bicycle, and they are bound to wear out sooner or later though the wheel itself lasts forever. Their life may be lengthened by care, and there are a few points that should be borne in mind to get even ordinary service from them.

One of these is that the mineral oils, such as kerosene, gasoline, etc., are destructive to the rubber, and that if a drop falls on a tire it should instantly be wiped off. Vegetable oils, such as castor oil, linseed, etc., are not hurtful, as their solvent effect is comparatively slight.

Heat also is bad for tires; and the bicycle should not be left in the sun more than can be helped, or near a stove or furnace. Sometimes heat from the friction of a brake on a long coast will destroy the outer surface. And this brings us to the general proposition that the brake should never be used except in case of emergency. This applies particularly to the common method of braking with one foot, because this is much more apt to injure the tire than a well-fitted brake of metal or rubber. Even with the best types of brakes that act on the tire pieces of stone or sand are apt to collect at the point of friction and cause disaster.

It is also a fact that rubber cuts much more easily wet than dry, and the tires should be especially humored in wet weather.

Oiled his Wheel.

HE strode into the second-hand bicycle dealer's with a look of rage upon his face.

"Say, this is a pretty deal you have given me. Why, it would take a steam engine to furnish power enough to run this machine."

"Why, what is the matter with it?" asked the dealer, alarmed at the growing rage of the customer of the day before.

"Matter! matter enough. You told me this was an easy-running machine, and you can't make it budge. I oiled it freshly this morning, just before going out, and in five minutes, sir, it was like drawing a load of stone."

"Sure you used pure oil?"

"Used the stuff you gave me in the bottle. Bad enough, probably."

"In the bottle? Why, man, I didn't give you any bottle of oil. It is in a can."

"Can, eh? Well, what do you call that?" said the irate man, as he took the bottle out of the leather case. "I put it in the bearings, just as you told me."

"My dear fellow, that is the liquid cement for tires."—*Australian Cyclist.*

Yachting.

THE general features of the agreement between the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. as to the class for the next international contest was settled some time since, both parties agreeing to the limits of 500sq. ft. of sail and 5ft. extreme draft for a 20-footer. When it came to the question of details, however, many difficulties cropped up, and no satisfactory conclusion has yet been reached. The holder of the cup is at liberty to accept any limitations, but the challenging club is hampered by the obvious necessity of adopting no limits which will materially conflict with the rules of the Sound Y. R. U. So far as the sail is concerned, while the Y. R. U. rules place no absolute limitation on sail, there would probably be no serious objection to a tacit recognition of a limit of 500sq. ft., as it is very doubtful whether any one would care to take more provided the majority were within the limit. In practice, should the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. adopt the limit, the Union of course not doing so, the result would be that all or nearly all of the class on the Sound would be within the limit. It is just possible that one or more yachts of greater sail area might be built and raced in the class, and it would of course be highly undesirable that one of these should prove herself faster than any yacht within the limit, so that the challenger sent to Montreal would be slower than another of the same class left at home. The limit, however, is so liberal that such a contingency is a remote one. As to building with no limit to the sail, permitting an area of over 600sq. ft., any one familiar with Montreal racing and the local conditions of Lake St. Louis will recognize that the advantage would be greatly on the side of the defender. A minor difficulty in connection with the sail has been that of the details of measuring, regulation of spinaker, etc., simple enough at first view, but by no means easy when all points are considered.

The chief difficulty, however, lies in the proposed limit of draft, according to the original idea, 5ft. for the ordinary fin-keel boat. When it comes to phrasing this limitation, however, the centerboard and the Union at once come to the front. A limitation of 5ft. to the draft of the fin-keel must be accompanied by some corresponding limitation of the centerboard type. If it be said that the extreme draft of fin or centerboard shall not exceed 5ft., the result is the prohibition of the Linton Hope board, one of the most useful devices yet introduced in small racing craft; and the development of a long and shallow centerboard, a very undesirable form. If the crude limitation of the Larchmont Y. C.—5ft. draft with no restriction on the centerboard—be adopted, the result will be that a centerboard will be dropped through the fin. The most reasonable solution of the matter would seem to be something in this form: In all keel yachts the extreme draft shall not exceed 5ft., and in centerboard yachts the draft to the lower side of the keel shall not exceed 2ft., with no limit to the drop of board. This will bar the use of the bulb as ballast in a centerboard boat and will leave the present racing types, such as Glencairn and El Heirie, entirely unrestricted. Such a regulation as this could hardly conflict with the Yacht Racing Union unless it follows the lead of the Larchmont and New York clubs in the deliberate encouragement of the fin-keel type above all others.

THE YACHT RACING UNION OF THE GREAT LAKES.

THE work of union, organization and systematization, which first began in this country on Lake Ontario in the formation of the Lake Y. R. A. in 1884, and has recently advanced so rapidly on salt water through the formation of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound and the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, has now spread further westward in the formation of still another association, as recently reported in our columns, to be known as the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes. Such a union as this is by no means a novelty; many attempts have been made to unite the Lake Y. R. A. and the various local associations which have existed at times on the other lakes, but without success. Owing to a number of changes within a few years in the direction of more modern and less violently conflicting rules, the conditions are far more favorable than ever in the past, and we have little doubt that this attempt will prove a permanent success.

The method followed is precisely the same as that which accomplished such good results in the case of the Sound Y. R. U.; the initiative was taken by the representatives of two associations: the Interlake Y. R. A. of Lake Erie and the Lake Y. R. A. of Lake Ontario, who recently met in Buffalo and formally organized the new Association, adopting the necessary rules. Invitations to join the Union have been sent to all the associations and clubs on the Great Lakes, and will probably be accepted. It was found impossible to secure a conference of representatives of all interested bodies, and the means taken was the only practicable one.

The rules adopted are as follows:

General Rules.

Adopted Nov. 7, 1896.

I.—NAME.

The name of this organization shall be the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes.

II.—OBJECTS.

The objects of the Union shall be to encourage and promote yacht racing on the Great Lakes and to unify rules, but it is not intended that the Union shall act in any other than an advisory capacity.

III.—ORGANIZATION.

All associations of four or more yacht clubs on the lakes in good standing shall be eligible for membership in the Union.

IV.—MANAGEMENT.

The affairs of the Union shall be managed by a Council consisting of three representatives from each association. These shall be appointed annually not later than one month before the annual meeting and shall hold office for one year, or until their successors are appointed. Representatives shall be chosen as far as may be practicable from the active yachtsmen of the Association.

V.—DUTIES OF THE COUNCIL.

It shall be the duty of the Council to consider and act upon applications for membership in the Union; to appoint special officers and committees; to frame racing rules and arrange dates for racing events, and to determine and settle all questions and disputes relating to yacht racing which may be referred to them for decision. And further, to take such steps as they may consider necessary and expedient to carry into effect the objects of the Union.

The Council shall elect a chairman and a secretary.

VI.—MEETINGS.

The annual meeting of the Union shall be held at such place as the chairman of the Council shall determine on the first Saturday in November in each year. The business of the Council shall be carried on as far as possible by correspondence, but the chairman may call special meetings of the Union whenever necessary, and shall do so upon the requisition in writing of three representatives. Two weeks' notice of every meeting shall be given to each representative.

Three representatives from not less than two associations shall constitute a quorum at any meeting of the Union.

VII.—SUBSCRIPTION.

The expenses of the Union shall be apportioned equally among the associations.

VIII.—VOTING.

The chairman, in addition to his vote as a representative, shall, in case of a tie, be entitled to a casting vote.

Voting by proxy shall not be allowed except in the case of a proxy given by one representative to another representative of the same association.

IX.—AMENDMENTS.

Amendments to these rules or the racing rules may be adopted at any meeting of the Union by a two-thirds vote of those present, provided that the notice of the meeting shall have contained any such proposed amendment in full.

Racing Rules.

I.—MANAGEMENT.

1. All races and all yachts sailing therein shall be under the direction of the regatta committee of the association or club under whose auspices the races are being sailed. All matters shall be subject to approval and control, and all doubts, questions and disputes which their shall arise shall be subject to their decision. Their decision shall be based upon these rules as far as they apply, but as no rules can be devised capable of meeting every incident and accident of sailing, the regatta committee should keep in view the ordinary customs of the sea and discourage all attempts to win a race by other means than fair sailing and superior skill and speed. The decision of the regatta committee shall be final unless they think fit on the application of the parties interested, or for other reasons, to refer the questions at issue for the decision of the Council of this Union, whose decision shall be final. No member of the regatta committee or Council shall take part in the discussion or decision upon any disputed question in which he is interested.

2. A member of a regatta committee who is the owner of a yacht sailing in a race shall not act upon the committee in the management of such race.

II.—APPLICATION.

1. The rules shall apply to all yachts, whether sailing in the same or different races.

2 Yachts shall be amenable to the rules from the time the preparatory signal is given until the finish of the race.

III.—MEASUREMENT.

1. Yachts shall be rated for classification and time allowance by racing length, which shall be determined by adding to the load waterline length the square root of the sail area, and dividing the sum by 2.

Formula:

$$\frac{\text{L. W. L.} + \sqrt{\text{Sail Area}}}{2} = \text{R. L.}$$

2. The load waterline length shall be the distance in a straight line between the points furthest forward and furthest aft, where the hull, exclusive of the rudder stock, is intersected by the surface of the water, when the yacht is afloat in racing trim in smooth water, with all persons aboard when the measurement is being taken stationed amidships

All yachts shall be measured for load waterline length with the same number of persons on board as are allowed for crew in the yacht's class, and whose average weight shall not be less than 150lbs. each, or a dead weight placed on board equivalent thereto.

If any part of the stem, sternpost or other part of the yacht below the load waterline projects beyond the length thus measured, such projection shall be added to the measured length, and a form resulting from the cutting away of the fair line of the stem, sternpost or the ridge of the counter for the apparent purpose of shortening the load waterline shall be measured between fair lines.

The measurer at the time of taking his measurements shall affix a distinctive permanent mark at each end of the load waterline.

2. Under Section 2 the methods of measuring the sails by triangulation are given in detail, by the British Y. R. A. method.

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MODE OF MEASURING.

In cases of disputed measurements, or if the necessary measurements cannot be obtained from the sailmaker, the sails can be measured in the manner following: Take the length of boom from mast to end and length of gaff from mast to end (any extension of gaff or boom to be considered part of gaff or boom, and to be extended when measured to its full limit), then hoist the sail with the tack fast and set the peak and luff up taut, and let go the topping lifts so that the weight of the boom comes on the leach of the sail. With a line and tape measure the leach and luff and the diagonal *C*. For the head sail measure the height *I* and the distance *J*, as provided for in the section dealing with headsail. For topsail the sail would be hoisted and marked in a line with the gaff, then lowered and the other dimensions taken. From the measurements so taken a sail plan would be made and the areas calculated as described.

SAILS OF UNUSUAL FORM.

If the various methods of measuring sails as herein shown do not, in the opinion of the measurer, cover the case, he is to divide the sails into such triangles or figures as will get at accurate results, and a sail plan showing the manner in which the yacht has been measured, giving the different measurements and the points from which they have been taken, shall be furnished by the measurer to the owner of every yacht measured by him.

4. If any yacht by alteration of trim or immersion by dead weight shall increase her load waterline length, or shall in any way increase her spar or sail measurements as officially taken, she must obtain a remeasurement.

IV.—RESTRICTION ON AREA OF MIDSHIP SECTION.

The area of the midship section or largest vertical cross section of any yacht launched after Nov. 7, 1896, when in racing trim, shall not be less than 80 per cent. of the beam (at l.w.l.), multiplied by the extreme draft wherever found exclusive of centerboard if it be not a board weighted for ballast.

V.—CLASSIFICATION.

1. All yachts shall be classified by racing length and shall be divided into classes as follows:

First Class—A—All over 50ft.
2d ft. Class—B—Not over 50ft. and over 40ft.
3ft. Class—C—Not over 40ft. and over 37ft.
4ft. Class—D—Not over 37ft. and over 34ft.

38ft. Class—E—Not over 38ft. and over 37ft.
27ft. Class—F—Not over 27ft.
2. Each yacht shall be entitled to sail in her own class and in no other.

VI.—RESTRICTIONS ON DRAFT.

The maximum draft of any yacht launched after Nov. 7, 1896, when in racing trim, shall not exceed that specified for her class in the following table, exclusive of centerboard if it be not a board weighted for ballast.

First Class—10ft. draft.
50ft. Class—10ft. draft.
43ft. Class— 9ft. draft.
37ft. Class— 8ft. draft.
32ft. Class— 7ft. draft.
27ft. Class— 6ft. draft.

On all yachts launched after Nov. 7, 1896, there shall be placed upon the hull, immediately over the point of greatest draft, a metal plate or other distinctive mark. Such mark shall be placed above the l.w.l. and within 6in. thereof, and the owner shall furnish to the measurer or regatta committee a declaration of the vessel's draft to such mark, signed by himself and the designer or the builder of the yacht.

VII.—TIME ALLOWANCE.

Time allowance shall be calculated on r.l., according to the appended table, but yachts the r.l. of which is within 1 per cent of the upper limit of their class shall not give or receive time allowance to or from each other, and no yacht launched after Nov. 7, 1896 (except in the first class), and no yacht, the measurement of which has been increased since that date for the purpose of placing her in a higher class than she previously sailed in, shall be entitled to any time allowance.

VII.—ALLOWANCE FOR RIG.

In races where yachts of different rigs sail together schooners shall be rated for time allowance at 85 per cent. of their racing length, yawls at 94 per cent., and all other yachts at their actual racing length.

IX.—OWNERSHIP.

1. No person shall be the owner of more than one yacht entered for a race in the same class.
2. Each yacht entered for a race must be the *bona fide* property of the person or persons in whose name she is entered, who must be a member or members of a recognized yacht club belonging to one of the associations of the Union.

X.—ENTRIES.

1. All entries shall be in writing and shall be signed by the owner or his representative, giving name of yacht, racing length and racing number, and must be lodged with the regatta committee not later than noon of the day before the race, exclusive of Sundays, unless otherwise ordered by the committee.
2. The regatta committee may refuse to accept any entry made after the time of closing.
3. The same yacht shall not be entitled to enter for a race under different rigs.
4. The regatta committee may, if they consider it expedient, reject any entry.

XI.—INSTRUCTIONS AND POSTPONEMENT.

1. Each yacht entered for a race shall at the time of entry, or as soon after as possible, be supplied with written or printed instructions as to the conditions of the race, the course to be sailed, marks, etc.
2. The regatta committee shall have power to change the courses or amend the instructions on or before the day of the race, provided notice of such change is given to each yacht in writing before the preparatory signal is given.
3. The regatta committee shall also have power to postpone any race should such a course appear to them desirable. No race, however, shall be postponed merely because of lack of wind if any of the competing yachts shall have sailed round the course once within the allotted time; but should such race not be finished, the prizes shall be awarded in the order in which the last completed round shall have been finished.

XII.—SAILS.

There shall be no restrictions as to sails or the manner of setting or working them, but no yacht shall carry any sail for which she has not been measured.

XIII.—FITTINGS AND BALLAST.

1. Floors shall be kept down and bulkheads and doors left standing. All yachts shall keep their galley fittings and fixtures on board and in their proper places. All yachts must carry one serviceable anchor and cable on board and a life buoy on deck.
2. Trimming by dead weight shall not be allowed after the preparatory signal. Ballast shall not be taken in or discharged after noon of the day preceding the race. A race postponed or resailed shall, so far as regards this rule, be considered a new race.

XIV.—CREWS.

1. The total number of persons on board a yacht shall not exceed the allowance in the following schedule:
1st Class—1 person to every 5ft. of r.l. or fraction thereof.
50ft. Class—11 persons.
43ft. Class—9 persons.
37ft. Class—8 persons.
32ft. Class—7 persons.
27ft. Class—6 persons.
2. No person shall board or leave a yacht after the starting signal has been given, except in case of accident or injury to a person on board.

In all races each yacht must be steered by a Corinthian, and must be manned by Corinthians, except that any yacht may carry and use her regular professional crew.

XV.—TIME OF MAKING RACES.

There shall be no limit to the time in which a race is to be sailed, except when it is otherwise specified in the instructions.

XVI.—RE-SAILED RACES.

No new entries shall be received for a race re-sailed, but a yacht duly entered shall be entitled to start, though she originally failed to start, or having started was withdrawn. No yacht disqualified in a race shall be entitled to start in case the race shall be re-sailed.

XVII.—NUMBERS.

Each yacht shall display a number, which will be assigned to her, on both sides of the mainsail, above the reef bands, at an equal distance from the luff and leach.

XVIII.—LIGHTS AND FOG SIGNALS.

The Government regulations regarding lights and fog signals shall be observed.

XIX.—PROPULSION.

1. No means of propulsion other than sails shall be employed.
2. Manual power only shall be used for working a yacht.

XX.—STARTING AND FINISHING.

1. All starts shall be flying, and shall be one-gun starts.
2. Half an hour before the time of starting a gun shall be fired and a flag hoisted as a signal for the yachts to approach the starting line. Ten minutes before the start a preparatory gun shall be fired. At the expiration of ten minutes exactly the flag shall be hauled down and a third gun fired as a signal to start. Should the gun miss fire the lowering of the flag shall be the signal to start.
3. In the event of different classes starting in succession, not more than ten minutes apart, the starting gun of each class shall be the preparatory gun for the next class to start. Each yacht shall be timed from the starting signal of her class.
4. If any yacht, or any part of her hull or spars, be on or across the line before the signal to start is given she must return and re-cross the line. A yacht so returning, or one working into position from the wrong side of the line after the signal to start has been given, must keep clear of all competing yachts.
5. A yacht shall be considered to have finished a race when, on completing the course, any part of her hull or spars shall be on or across the line. The rules as to marks, right of way, etc., are uniform with those of the Sound Y. R. U.

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Definitions.

I.—CORINTHIANISM.

Corinthianism in yachting is that attribute which represents participation for sport as distinct from gain, and which also involves the acquirement of nautical experience through the love of sport rather than through necessity or the hope of gain. It is consistent with the motive higher than mercenary found in the ranks of officers of the navy and naval architects, notwithstanding the remuneration they receive, while it is inconsistent with the trade of the fisherman, even though one following such a trade has never been a paid sailor. In this respect the following general definition is given:

No person who follows the sea as a means of livelihood, or who has accepted remuneration for services rendered in handling or serving on a yacht, or who is a professional in any other sport, shall be considered a Corinthian yachtsman.

II.—YACHTS.

A yacht shall be defined as a vessel of not less than 16ft. l.w.l., and must carry not less than 300lbs. of ballast permanently stowed under the platform or in lockers, or have a beam of not less than one-third of her l.w.l. length. She must have standing rigging, or a fixed mast, and must be kept permanently on the water during the season, and must not be engaged in trade. Yachts launched after Nov. 7, 1896, shall comply with the restrictions on draft and area of midship section required by the rules.

The allowance table is based upon a coefficient of 50 per cent.

The above rules are based upon those of the Lake Y. R. A., as used for some years, and those of the Sound Y. R U. with the pending amendments. In many important details the Lake Y. R. A. has been years in advance of even the largest of the coast clubs, so that small change was necessary.

The points of difference between the Sound Union and the Lake Union are few, but four in all, of which two are unimportant. The allowance table is based upon 60 per cent. in the Sound rules and but 50 per cent. in the Lake; and the latter has adopted a minimum limit to the area of the midship section, 35 per cent. of the circumscribing parallelogram. So far as the Lakes are concerned, with but four existing yachts below this limit, it is perfectly practical and for the present at least must prove beneficial in barring further additions of the fin-keel type.

The two important points of difference are the measurement of sail area and the class limits. The Lake Y. R. A. was the first outside body to adopt the Seawanhaka rule, as long ago as 1884; and it has retained the rule to the present day, except in the detail of the method of measuring the sail. About four years ago, for reasons which are not very clear, the Seawanhaka method of spar measurement was abandoned in favor of the British Y. R. A. method of sail and spar measurement combined, from either the yacht herself or the sail plan. In actual practice as applied to a small fleet of yachts this method has worked very satisfactorily; but save in the case of special rigs on the smaller boats it does not appear that it is in any way superior to the older and more definite method. The measurement of the 42 footer Canada, for instance, by the two methods, compares as follows: The "actual" area, as found by the Y. R A. method, is 2,009sq. ft.; the "approximate" area, as found by the Seawanhaka method, is but 1,995sq ft., a difference of 14sq. ft., or almost three-fourths of one per cent. The measurements from the yacht herself, as they should be taken, or even from the sail plan, are more quickly and easily taken by the Seawanhaka method, regardless of weather; and they are capable of easy and certain verification, which is not the case where five out of eight distances are taken from the sails and not from the spars.

Of course in the above comparison both measurements are taken with jib headed topsail only. As an incident and not a necessity of the use of the Y. R. A. method, the largest clubtopsail carried is included in the measured sail; the difference in the case of Canada being that she is allowed 193sq. ft. less sail by the Y. R A. rule than she could carry under the Seawanhaka rule. This of itself is a matter of detail and not of principle.

Looking at the growing importance of uniformity in racing rules, we do not see anything in the Y. R. A. method which justified its use in preference to the other method now in general use in this country; and we can only regard it as unfortunate that the new Union has started on this basis. In practical operation on the lakes, with but a limited number of yachts to be measured and few new yachts each year, the Y. R A. method will doubtless work very well; but we cannot see how it is any better than the other. In one respect it is decidedly inferior. In international races the first requirement is that all measurements shall be taken to points absolutely fixed, and capable of exact location and verification should a remeasurement be necessary. This is more easily possible when all measurements are from fixed points on the spars, which do not change with the weather, than when most of the measurements are made on the sails. Admitting that the two methods are of equal merit, it must follow as a matter of course that it is desirable to use one exclusively, and that the one already in the widest use.

The other point of difference is a more difficult one. On the lakes west of Ontario there are no uniform classes, and few yachts that will fit into any new classes. On Ontario, however, quite a fleet has been built up to certain established limits, which conflict directly with those now used about New York. The respective classes are as follows:

Sound Y. R. U.	Lake Y. R. A.
51ft.	50ft.
43ft.	42ft.
36ft.	37ft.
30ft.	32ft.
25ft.	27ft.

On the face of these figures there appears a serious difficulty in bringing the two systems to any common basis; as a matter of fact, the use of a uniform interval of 5ft between the classes, as in the L Y. R. A., is wrong in principle; and though the harm is not so apparent with five classes between 22 and 42ft, it would be impossible to arrange a complete scale of classes from 100ft downward on this system. This of itself, is of small consequence on the lakes, as it will be a long time before anything larger than the 50ft class is required.

The difficulty is further increased by two other circumstances of the case: Should a yacht of the 43ft class go from New York to the lake, she would in the first place increase her measured l w l. by the change from salt to fresh water, and at the same time her sail measurement would be increased some 200-q ft. through the measurement of the excess of clubtopsail over jib-header. This would result in removing her still further from the 42ft class, in which she should sail. In the smaller classes, the lake limits being the larger instead of the smaller, the salt-water yacht would remain in a similar class, but of course she would not if the limits were the same, 36ft in both cases.

With a uniform system of sail measurement the only difficulty would be with the difference in immersion due to the change from salt to fresh water. The lake and coast fleets are so far independent of each other through distance and other conditions that there is not that absolute need for uniformity which exists on the Sound, or even between the Sound and Massachusetts Bay, but at the same time it is to be regretted that in forming a new union the work cannot be done throughout on the same basis as already used by so many clubs, especially as there are no serious questions of principle involved, but only of details.

The new Union has come at a most opportune time, when an increased interest in yachting is apparent on all the lakes, and when it may do much to bring about better methods of racing and to build up strong and vigorous racing classes. As now started, it promises to meet the necessities of the immediate future, and by the end of the season of 1897 it should be possible for all the lake interests to meet in convention and to perfect still further the rules under which the original organization was accomplished.

LAKE HURON AND THE AUX SABLE RIVER.

For several months previous to Aug. 22, 1894, extensive preparations were in progress for a projected ten days' outing in canvas canoes, the route selected being the lower portion of the Aux Sable River and the south shores of Lake Huron. The canoeists who were to take part in this expedition were enthusiastic cruisers and more or less experienced canoemen, as was highly necessary, as well as to be possessed of unlimited patience, as owing to the shallowness of the river many dangerous objects that would be liable to puncture the canoes were exposed at the surface.

Notwithstanding this and the many discouraging reports we obtained of the difficulties to be met with, we resolved to see this uncanny spot at all hazards. And accordingly, at 3 o'clock in the morning of the above date we loaded our canoes and outfit into a farmer's wagon, equipped with a huge grain rack and liberally provided with hay, into which we imbedded the canoes and onto which we distributed ourselves in various comfortable if inelegant positions.

The four canoes taken on this trip were Yukon, Gallinipper, Water Witch and Ojeek, and they were skippered by the Treasurer, Captain, Pilot and Bluebeech, respectively. Jim, the irrepressible, also accompanied the expedition in the capacity of able seaman on board Water Witch, in company with the Pilot.

Leaving Wyoming, Ont., we drove a distance of about thirty miles to a point on the river where it is joined by a small tributary stream, locally known as Rock Glen, reaching it at about 9 A. M. As we had doubts of finding a sufficient depth of water to float the canoes down from this place, we were not disappointed when the Treasurer, after a hasty glance into the mighty gorge, announced that "the old Aux Sable was as dry as a cracker." The great drought that prevailed at the time had reduced the river to a mere rivulet, threading its way among broken fragments of limestone rocks that had fallen from the cliffs above.

Descending to the bed of the stream, we explored its course for about a mile, meeting with nothing but discouragement, but as we had not come on this trip to be bowed down by grief, we took the matter coolly, enjoying an hour's ramble in the glen, where we collected some strange fossils. At the head of the glen there is a small fall, on the brink of which an old stone mill stands, that as we looked up to its dizzy height gave us a creepy sensation, as it looked as though about to topple over into the gorge below.

The scenery of the Glen and river gorge is very pretty and romantic, and is a favorite resort for picnicking parties and campers. It is also frequently visited by geologists, who there find an excellent field for geological investigation.

On ascending the bank again we had the pleasure of meeting a gentleman who was well acquainted with the river, and who gave us much valuable information, but while cheerfully doing so expressed some doubts as to the practicability of navigating the Sable in canvas canoes. The Cap combated this idea in his characteristically vigorous manner, declaring that we should go through if we had to do so overland, and adding that the canoes would "float on a heavy dew" anyway. This was a clincher, and after quiet was restored our friend admitted the force of the captain's argument, and having given us all the information within his power wished us a safe and pleasant passage as he took his departure.

After a lunch we again hitched up the horses, and driving down river about six miles to Sylvan Bridge were rejoiced to find an abundance of water, and accordingly our hopes rose to a high altitude. The outfit was driven down to a convenient place at the water's edge, where it was dumped, and the business of preparing dinner gone into in a hurried but earnest manner, that would not brook delay for a moment.

After we had satisfied the wolf within us, we packed the canoes, and with a "meet us ten days hence at Bialu's Grove, Lake Huron," to Solomon, our teamster, we shoved away from the shore, and soon began to experience the delightful change from a jolting vehicle, dusty roads and a scorching sun, to the easy motion of a light canoe, gliding noiselessly along beneath the shades of majestic forest trees.

The river at this place is only a few yards wide, the banks low and lined with a variety of timbers, among which were some monster scraggy butternut and walnut trees laden with nuts. For several miles the channel was free from obstructions, but along the margin of the stream a vast accumulation of drift stuff had found a lodgment, which afforded an excellent resting place and retreat for the innumerable turtles, muskrats and other creeping things that infested it, but which amused and interested us as we leisurely paddled along.

Finally, coming to where a tree had fallen across the stream, we found it necessary to use a small axe to clear the way. This instrument the Captain was provided with, and being an adept in the fine art of using it he soon cleared a passage through. While engaged in this our attention was attracted by the rumbling sound of a Grand Trunk R. R. train crossing the river bridge, apparently only a short distance away; so distinct was the sound that we involuntarily looked up, expecting to see it go thundering past. We learned the extent of the delusion after we had paddled something over a mile. After passing the railroad bridge the river became more difficult of navigation, savage snags and uprooted trees were more numerous, necessitating the greatest care to avoid them. This continued for about a half mile, when, on turning an abrupt bend in the river, the sight that met our gaze filled us with amazement.

The river so far as could be seen was a compact mass of logs, stumps, whole trees, and every conceivable kind of rubbish, that for diversity of surface croppings and hydraulic density eclipsed anything of the kind we had ever seen. It was while worming our way into this mass in order to shorten the carry as much as possible that the first disaster befell us, and the first intimation we had of anything having gone wrong was in seeing the Captain making frantic efforts to get out of his canoe and on to a convenient log. So intent were we in observing this that we failed to catch the exact meaning of his words, but we did note the power and volume of his voice, and the liberal use he made of it. He had snagged his boat, and in the excitement of the moment, and while Bluebeech was making frantic efforts to render him assistance, his canoe also met with a like fate, and another tempest of bitter invectives was "on" immediately, in which he gave expression to his convictions of the shabbiness of the whole affair in unstinted measure.

Taking the canoes ashore, we unpacked and repaired them, and deciding to remain at this place for the night, the tents were pitched. As there was still remaining a couple of hours of daylight in which a good deal of amusement

might be crowded, and as every moment was precious to us on a limited outing, various proposals were made and rejected, until finally Jim reckoned he would get a mess of fish, when forthwith the whole squad became imbued with the same desire; but after an hour of steady, persistent threshing, with the mess still in the prospective, we gave it up and directed our attention to a general survey of the jam and the extent of the carry we would have to make in the morning.

We found that by going directly across an elbow formed by a bend in the river the distance would not exceed 300yds. through a fine, open bush, with little underwood and but few down trees to impede our way. With our minds relieved on this score we were leisurely returning to camp when we were attracted by the sharp crack of Jim's pistol repeated five times in rapid succession, and before we had ceased to wonder at this he was at it again, never ceasing until the magazine was empty. It was a puzzler. The Captain suggested the probability that "Jim had slipped his cable," but on his return to camp and being asked for an explanation he very provokingly declined to give any. The only probable solution to the problem we are ever likely to get was furnished by the Pilot, who thought that Jim had "cut loose" on a blue-gilled bullfrog or a sleeping turtle. Jim made no reply to this, but the expression on his face was that of a broad and comprehensive grin, full of deep and subtle meaning.

Aug. 24.—We were all prompt in turning out early this morning from a couch that had been a steady and uncompromising torture to us throughout the whole night. Every eye looked blue, every countenance haggard and woebegone, and notwithstanding the mighty efforts put forth to brace up and look buoyant, it took a dip in the river and a good breakfast to smooth out the wrinkles and restore us to anything like cheerfulness.

When breakfast was over we made the carry, which was an easy one, and once more afloat quickly forgot all our past miseries.

We had now a fine tortuous stretch of river for several miles, with a fertile wooded valley gradually widening out on either bank. The timber, though smaller, was much more dense, and to our especial delight the evidences of civilization were becoming less frequent as we progressed. We were now well pleased with our prospects, filled with high hopes, and began to regard the unfavorable reports we had heard of the river as a base and calumnious slander.

We had not proceeded more than a mile after we had soothed ourselves into this comfortable frame of mind when the evidences of a change in the river became more noticeable, occasional snags became visible above the water, and many more threatened us beneath its surface; we were fast getting to the outskirts of this little paradise, and shortly discovered that we had reached its confines and were hard aground. However, after a careful survey of the situation by the Treasurer, he announced his belief that we could force our way over and avoid a carry, and taking the initiative he led the advance in what proved to be the grand spectacle that was to follow. Using his paddle as a setting pole, he forced Yukon along, climbing over every obstacle until, as he supposed, he had got beyond the difficulty, but unfortunately here was where the real trouble came in.

A small tree lying directly across the channel and a few inches under water barred the way, but the Treasurer tackled this new difficulty without hesitation. Forcing the stem of the canoe up over the log, he gave her a tremendous boost, sending her along until she rested on the narrow inch keel directly amidships, where for a time the nimble Treasurer adroitly balanced with his paddle. In the next act, through some inadvertence on the part of the Treasurer, or possibly Yukon may have "missed stays"—whatever may have been the prime cause matters little—it is clear, however, that the paddle slipped, the canoe overturned, and that the Treasurer made a large dent in the water, while the whole unregenerate mob in the rear yelled like a pack of Indians.

The chilly water acted like a nerve tonic on the Treasurer, who quickly uncoiled his legs from the cockpit and rising to his feet smilingly bowed an acknowledgment of the graceful tribute tendered him by his friends.

It is strange how deep and soul-absorbing is the interest taken in an affair of this kind, and how little offense is taken should one so far transgress as to smile aloud. But the trouble was not all over yet, though the rest of the canoes were taken over safely. Before we had proceeded a dozen yards Gallinipper came to grief with a hole in her bottom. The Captain bore his misfortune with great patience and becoming gravity for about a minute. When the spell was broken he began to anathematize in solid chunks and to relegate things in general and snags in particular to the nether lands; but as his humble efforts to do justice to the occasion seemed so inadequate when considered in comparison with the magnitude of the grievance, it will not be wondered at that he gave it up in impotent despair.

Raising Gallinipper stern first on to a log, we made the necessary repairs, and then lowering her into the water the Captain stepped in; but as he did so the water she had taken through the rents, and which had settled forward when the stern was raised, now rushed aft, flooding the cockpit to a depth of 6in., at sight of which the Captain scrambled to his feet, yelling that the whole —— bottom was out of her, and, though he realized the true state of affairs in a moment, it was too late.

Having bailed and sponged out Gallinipper, we moved on again, and in an hour reached the Lake Burwell drainage canal. Here we found the river completely blocked, while the canal, as far as we could see, was open. Turning into the latter, we pushed along for a couple of miles, when we were again blocked by a jam. We had reached the shores of what was once Lake Burwell, though now thoroughly drained and grown up with rank grasses, bulrushes, weeds and willow bushes, the whole infested with snakes and swarming with mosquitoes. In the midst of these swarming myriads and cheerless surroundings we prepared and ate our midday meal.

Our next step was to find out how far the jam extended; this the Pilot and Bluebeech undertook to do. They explored the canal for a half mile, and on their return gave a most dismal account of it: drift timber, dense thickets, grass, weeds and bulrushes higher than a person's head, bogs, muskrat holes and mosquitoes. Of such was their report. The Captain and Treasurer determined to go through at all costs, now struck out, and following the canal for about three-fourths of a mile discovered a small stream of about 4ft. in width of pretty swift water, but comparatively free from obstructions, though their view was limited to a few yards.

We were not very sanguine about the matter, but decided to take the risk, and immediately commenced making the portage, which proved to be the toughest piece of manual labor we had ever undertaken. Three trips were necessary to get the outfit over. The first was gotten through with great cheerfulness and a copious abundance of perspiration. The second was made in dead silence, except when some unfortunate got his feet tangled and went to grass, or stepped into an unseen muskrat hole, with his pack like a pile-driver shoving him down to its slimiest depth.

But the third and last trip was the one that remains the freshest in our memories; the loads seemed the heaviest, the log holes deeper, dirtier and more abundant, and with our usual luck we invariably got into them and left a well-defined trail from them by which they could be again easily located. And accompanied as we were by myriads of the pestiferous mosquitoes, whose presence, it may be guessed, did not lessen the burden of our miseries, we remembered too, while staggering along under a crushing load, the advice of good old Nessmuk to "go lightly;" and we did the proper thing by recording the usual mental vow never to get caught in a snarl like that again.

However, we at last got everything over, loaded the canoes, and, pushing off into the swift current, shot down stream at great speed for about 50yds., when we were forced to get out and drag the canoes over a log. A little further on we got into a tight place between a log and the bank. Squirming through this, we were plunged one after another into the tangled maze of a dense forest of bulrushes of enormous growth that arched over the stream, forming a complete tunnel. It was an uncanny place, and might be the high road to disaster for us, but it was exhilarating sport, and while it lasted we were "chained to business."

An occasional cut in the face from the long reeds hanging over the water admonished us to keep a sharp lookout for them. At last, all too soon, with a rush and a plunge we emerged into a basin of quiet water and daylight, and casting an anxious glance away to the northward were rejoiced to see our uninterrupted waterway extending like a silvery thread clear to the sandhills. As the day was fast waning we did not dally much by the way, and being favored by the current and a good depth of water we soon covered the distance.

In the passage through the hills we met with a great many shallow places where we were forced to relieve the canoes of our weight in order to float them over. Reaching the Sable River again, a few minutes' paddle brought us to our old camp ground under the scrub oaks. The tents were pitched by the Pilot and Bluebeech, who made the light axes zip as they raced to see who should get through first. Jim rustled for a pail of water, the Treasurer prepared the camp fire, while the Captain brought forth the frying-pan. Supper was soon over, and as darkness came on we piled on more fuel, lighting up the group of ruddy faces that encircled the camp-fire. The Captain was particularly happy and jubilant over the successful termination of the exploits of the day. Bluebeech's face was radiant from the scorching effects of an August sun and innumerable mosquito bites. The halo that illuminated the Treasurer's face was produced by a like cause. The Pilot's face was like the orb, the greatest source of light, and the whole camp was illuminated by his genial rays; while Jim, the irrepressible, sat in the ruddy light of the camp-fire burnishing up his five-shooter and blandly smiling all the while.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

The Smaller British Racing Yachts.

We are indebted to the *Field* for the following review of the smaller classes during the past season. It is particularly interesting because it gives details as to the types of the different yachts which were not published prior to or during the season, and failing which, the mere record of the races from week to week has told nothing to the American reader. The two smaller classes are of special interest in connection with the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. cup, though they are now of such sizes as will work in very badly in the case of a future challenge to the United States or Canada:

The shoals of yachts built to the new Y. R. A. classes of 36, 30, 24 and 18ft. linear rating during the past season have shown excellent sport in the Solent, and the year will compare favorably with any of its predecessors. Exciting and crowded starts, incidents at gun-fire, and beam and beam matches have been innumerable, but speaking generally the season of 1896 will neither be remembered for the originality of design of its successful raters, nor for any improvement in their construction. When, at the close of the summer of 1895, the first boat craft built under the linear rating rule sailed out of Cowes harbor, it soon became apparent from her performances with the cracks raters of that year that an extensive field for development was still open to the fin-bulb type under the altered conditions of measurement. First productions showed a tendency toward a more or less slight increase in displacement, a decided decrease in draft and a large increase in sail area; the body form of the new boats, save for deepening amidships and pinching in beam, remaining much the same as hitherto. These properties, curiously enough, with but a single exception, have characterised designers' efforts in all subsequent additions to the principal class, while the 24ft. yachts have with few exceptions kept to the same groove.

Under the sail area rule it was rightly claimed for the fin-bulb type in the small classes that what was sacrificed in room between deck and keelson was amply atoned for in handiness, safety and comfort in a sea way; however, owing to the before mentioned departures or exaggerations these qualities have been absent in many of the more extreme of last season's boats. In the diminutive class, the 18 footers, the east coast unballasted yachts have again carried all before them, and the new Solent boats have made a decidedly disappointing display in company with their Thames rivals. This class, it may be noted, has been seen at its best in the east coast and Thames matches, where it has had to do duty for both half-rater and would-be one-rater owners, the increased cost of a 24ft linear rater over last year's class having in many instances prevented Thames Corinthians from building.

The interest in one-design classes is not usually extensive, and yachtsmen often find this system of racing less perfect in practice than theory; although the oft-quoted adage of Annasona and Sleuthound is less likely to hold good in smaller vessels, few one-design classes are without their crack. The new Solent class have proved no exception, though they have usually kept very close company in their contests. Ten craft were built by Messrs. White Bros., of Southampton, keel yachts of a thoroughly wholesome and seaworthy type; indeed, in design and sail plan as comfortable little vessels as could be desired, their dimensions being l.w.l. 26ft., over all measurement 33ft., beam 7ft. 9in., draft 5ft., and 700ft. sail area, the lead keel weighing 2 tons 13cwt., and their linear rating working out about 36ft. The boats were cutter rigged and were raced without topsails; they performed best in hard winds and moreover steered to perfection on all points of sailing, this quality giving them an advantage over many coast off new class races for cruising purposes, which are often as wild as March hares when reaching or close reaching in a breeze.

The season for the 36ft. class opened in the Solent with three new boats, all from Mr. C. Sibbick's board, and built at the Albert yard: Heartsease for Mr. C. L. Orr-Ewing, M. P.; Silva for Mr. A. H. E. Wood, and Ermin to the order of Mr. G. A. Tonge. The first-named pair differed from the last year's 5-raters, being cutter-rigged, while Ermin and the top sawyer of a season ago, Norman, kept to the lug-sail, setting double headsails and short bowsprits. They were all plate and bulb craft, and averaged about 31ft. l.w.l., 9ft. 6in. beam, and 5ft. 9in. to 6ft. draft of water, carrying about 1,250ft. to 1,300ft. of canvas. Another new 36ft. yacht of the same type, a lugsail boat, was turned out at the Sibbick yard, but she began her career in the Clyde. Her owner, Mr. J. C. Connell, named his new craft Westra, after his 1-rater of last season, and she proved as successful as her famous namesake. Two additions came from the Gosport yard: Starlight for Mr. E. S. Revett, and later in the season Gradh for Lord Cowley, both from lines by Mr. Chas. Nicholson; they were high-sided, light displacement, fin-bulbed yachts, with exaggerated overhang and large sailspread. Mr. C. D. Rose found his Mediterranean boat Dusky Queen outclassed by the new vessels, so after some weeks of the season had elapsed he placed an order with Messrs. Summers & Payne for a 36-footer. Time was short for the designer to get the yacht ready for the remainder of the season's racing, or it would have been interesting to have seen a miniature Penitent from Mr. A. E. Payne's board; however Emerald, as Mr Rose's craft was named, though a fin-keeled cutter, was perhaps the prettiest of the Solent fleet, having the shapely run and tapering stern of Red Rover and Spray. The only Clyde contribution which visited southern waters was from Mr. W. Fife, Jr.'s, design for Mr. A. B. Walker; she was known as the Sinner, but was subsequently rechristened Fern. The Fairlie lugger was also a fin-keeler. To Mr. C. P. Clayton falls the distinction of being first to screw the uncut board, a heavy displacement keel cutter, Edie, being built to his lines by Messrs. W. White & Sons, of Cowes. Like Penitent in the 36ft. class, she was the sole representative with an ogee section, and thus having no opponent of similar type, it is difficult to form an opinion as to whether she was a capable opponent or the reverse. Her performances against the skimming dishes excited considerable interest, but on the wind she was not equal to the fin-keelers in a fair trial.

The Sibbick boat Westra entirely wiped out the four old 5-raters on the Clyde, including the last year's crack Almida, which was completely outclassed. Almida did not make the show against Westra that Norman did when Mr. Connell brought his new yacht to Solent waters. Until the *début* of Fern on the Clyde Westra's victories were very hollow; the former, however, gained a great reputation as a light-weather performer by four successive wins against the Sibbick boat; so when the pair came South in August their meeting with Heartsease, Silva, Ermin, Emerald, Starlight, Norman and the whole host of Solent yachts was looked forward to with much interest. Heartsease was regarded as a crack boat when the Clyde luggers arrived, and they had some rare contests during the height of the season; in fresh breezes Westra made a better display than any of the fleet, and Emerald also went well, while in strong winds Capt. Orr-Ewing's Norman was probably her superior.

One of the finest matches of the year between those who sailed the race out was on the closing day of the Royal Victoria regatta, when Norman, Starlight, Heartsease, Silva, Edie, Westra and Fern had a set-to in a fresh wind, the cutters setting jib-headers over reefed mainsails. Fern led at the close of the first round, and when they rounded the Outer Spit the second time under half a minute separated the four yachts remaining in the match. These had a dead beat to the Northeast Buoy, and Norman shook off Westra, Fern and Heartsease in fine style as they tacked up to the Glikicker; however, abreast of Stokes Bay, Westra crept on to the old 5-rater, and a slip by the latter in tacking short of the mark almost gave Mr. Connell's boat the match. The pair beat Fern by about 2m. and Heartsease by 3m., while Silva and Starlight made an indifferent show to windward, and Edie knocked herself out by making a tack into the tideway when doing fairly well.

The race was a useful instance of the respective qualities of the boats in a breeze and choppy sea—circumstances to which few of the 36ft. class of 1896 are suited.

Heartsease's record of twenty-six first prizes in fifty starts, and Westra's of twenty-four firsts in thirty-four starts, are the best of the year. Mr. Connell handled the latter with the same skill he timoneered his 1-rater last season, while Mr. C. L. Orr-Ewing, although comparatively a novice in helmsmanship, steered Heartsease on twenty-nine occasions, and took no less than twenty-seven prizes, a notable performance. Silva and Ermin had eight first prizes each, the former flying twenty and the latter twenty-five winning flags, and Norman carried off seven firsts and eleven other prizes.

The 30ft. class have had a remarkable success in the Solent, and their doings compare favorably with those of the 2 5 raters last year. North country designers have not had a chance to try their skill, but Messrs. Sibbick, Nicholson and Payne have all had a trial, the success of the first-named being most marked. Mr Sibbick has been fortunate in again turning out a boat for Mr. A. C. Connell, an owner who makes no mistake about getting good work out of his charge, his new Lora beating even the record of last year's Lorette. The other yachts from the Albert yard were Tatters, for Mr. H. Welch Thornton, and Florence, for the Marchese di Serramezzana. Mr. A. E. Payne designed and built Valeria for the Earl of Albemarle. She was a narrower and deeper-bodied yacht than the Sibbick craft, which averaged about 26ft. l.w.l., 7ft. 6in. beam, and 4ft. 6in. to 5ft. draft; but though a good boat in a breeze, Valeria was never very satisfactory. She first came out with a large gaff mainsail and mast stepped right in her nose; subsequently her sail plan was altered, but her proper trim was not obtained until the fag end of the season, and it is likely even then the best was never got out of her. Memsahib, to the order of Mr. S. L. Beale, was from the Gosport, and she was an average performer in moderate weather. The entire fleet of 30-footers were of the fin-bulb type, and with exception of Lord Albemarle's boat were lug-rigged; like the 36-footers, they showed prodigious speed in light airs, but for vessels of their cost owners are justified in expecting better performance in a breeze.

Corolla, purchased by Mrs. Schenley, Menoen, Zivolo and Gareth have been raced against the new boats, and the first named pair have made a good show. Corolla has done best of the bunch close-hauled in a hard wind, and Menoen, rigged as a cutter, has been almost equal to the cracks in her own weather. Gareth had alterations effected to suit her to the new rule, but was not up to her original form, although still as fast or faster than the new boats in a big jump. The light weather flyer of last season, Zivolo, was quite outclassed.

There was some interesting racing at Torbay, where the 36ft. and 30ft. classes were brought together in two matches exceeding 24 and not exceeding 42 rating. On the first day, in a moderate breeze, Westra was 12m. ahead of Valeria on a 14-mile course, the latter making about her best display of the season and finishing 1m. ahead of Lora, and nearly 2m. ahead of Tatters. On the second day's racing there was a hard wind, the bigger boats having a single reef, and the 30-footers too hauled down. Over a 21-mile course Lora kept within 9m. of Westra, the Y. R. A. time being 13m. 59s. between the classes. Norman, in this race, was giving the new boats a dressing, when she went the wrong course and was disqualified, and Valeria retired for the same reason when making another creditable show.

Turning to the 24ft. class, which has decidedly suffered by the change of rule, the entries being less numerous than in the last few years of the 1-rating fleet, and the generality of the boats but poor craft compared with the best of the 1-raters. The older boats, for instance, with 18ft. 6in. l.w.l., 5ft. 6in. draft, and say 5cwt. of lead on the bulb, and 320 odd feet of canvas, were better able to stand up to their work in a breeze than this year's type with 21ft. l.w.l., 2ft. 7in. to 3ft. draft, and with only a couple of hundredweight more lead on the bulb and 500ft. of canvas. The new craft, too, were often turned out with little regard to the fact that the buckling strains in such vessels are far more severe than in the 1-raters. From the Albert Yard, Cowes, Mr. Sibbick launched Tartar V. for Mr. A. Hewitt; Shrimp, Capt. J. Orr-Ewing; Adie, Mr. Jessop; Vision, Mr. G. H. Harrison and Mr. E. C. Cockburn; Shamrock, Mr. T. F. Perrott and Capt. McMahon; Will-o'-the-Wisp, the Earl of Harrington; Bodagh, for Mr. Balfour Neill, and several others, all very light displacement boats. Messrs. Camper & Nicholson built Menina from Mr. C. Nicholson's design for the original owners of Corolla, Messrs. C. Newton Robinson, W. Cook and G. Lake, and she was a far heavier boat than any of the Sibbick craft.

Mr. A. E. Payne, however, without doubt, turned out the best 24-footer of the year both in construction and design, Speedwell, for Miss Cox, being a very clever production. The little craft bore a strong resemblance to the Herreshoff Niagara, though her displacement was heavier in proportion than the hard weather 30s. Mr. Payne's other production, Grisheide, for Mr. H. Walton, was not a success, but, like Valeria, the 30-footer, better things may be expected of her when properly trimmed. Bodagh, which proved about the best of the Sibbick lot, showed really phenomenal speed, reaching, on which point she was the fastest rater of the year; her contests with Speedwell, which was a far more weatherly and wholesome craft, and could lose Bodagh close handed, were most interesting, and resulted, though only numerically, in favor of Mr. Balfour Neill's boat, which beat Speedwell twenty-one times against sixteen victories to the latter.

Although essentially light-weather performers, the class did not err on the side of recklessness, and the farce at Ryde on July 16 when Miss Hughes sailed Miss Cox's Speedwell over the course for the prize in a fresh wind is best left without comment. It will be remembered that in 1894 Miss Sutton did the same thing with the little Herreshoff Morwena over the Ryde course without an opponent in what may now be called lady's weather, although there were more than half a score of entries on the card. Such tales would make bygone Corinthians turn in their graves.

The 18ft. class have been at best but moderate performers, and the wiping out they again received from the Linton Hope unballasted boats in all weathers and on all points of sailing detracted somewhat from the interest in their doings. Mr. Blair Cochrane's last year's boat Jeanie was more than equal to the new Solent raters on a wind in anything like a breeze, while Mr. Brand's new Sprince, Asharah and Mirette, all from the Sibbick yard, were regarded as satisfactory craft.

Mr. Linton Hope altered the form of his dagger-plate to make his designs suitable to the new rule, and fairly surpassed himself with Kismet, and subsequently, too, went one better with Coronis. Apart from difference in type, these boats are more elegant in form than their Solent sisters, the tapering stern seen in last year's Lotus being carried out even finer in the new phantoms. Kismet, in open waters, won eighteen first prizes in nineteen starts, a record which has seldom, if ever, been equaled.

The changes which have taken place in the design and construction of small yachts during the last few years have been beneficial to yacht

architecture and to the sport itself, both in British and Continental waters, and it is essential, if this improvement is to continue, that a sound and seaworthy type should be encouraged and maintained. The failure of the small classes in this respect to fulfil anticipations has fully justified the free expression of opinion and sea of correspondence which has surrounded the rating rule. No widespread interest, however, can be aroused in the questions attributed to Soakage, which has led to feverish excitement among small yacht owners.

A New Steam Yacht.

An order has just been placed with the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co. of Wilmington, Del., by G. W. Childs-Drexel for a sea-going steel steam yacht, from designs by A. S. Cheesebrough. She will be 170ft. 6in. over all, 150ft. 8in. l.w.l., 24ft. beam and 14ft. 9in. draft, with triple expansion engines and single screw. Mr. Drexel is now the owner of the steam yacht Alcedo.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R. Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Manses, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

The ending of the sixteenth year of the American Canoe Association, as marked by the annual meeting of the executive committee this month, shows a condition of affairs that is in nearly all respects highly satisfactory. This year the various officers have been up to time with their reports, all but one being presented to the meeting, so that the condition of the Association's finances was made plain to all present. We are personally indebted to several officers for their courtesy in forwarding advance copies of their reports, thus making it more easily possible to publish them with the general report of the meeting.

The most important report as showing the financial standing of the Association was the report of the board of governors, and this is most gratifying. The serious deficits that existed prior to 1892 have since that time been converted into a handsome balance of $1,237 in cash safely invested. The most satisfactory thing in connection with this balance is not the mere possession of so much cash in the general treasury as the assurance of wise and economical administrations in the future—a matter that will be appreciated by those older members who have witnessed so many useless and costly experiments in the past. The credit for this work of placing the Association on a sure and permanent financial basis is due principally to ex-Commodore Chas. V. Winne, the turn of the tide being marked by a balance of $1 58 turned over by him at the end of his administration in 1892, after paying the debt of over $500 which he had inherited from previous administrations. His efforts did not stop here, but it was largely through his influence that a new era of careful and economical management was inaugurated; and it is through the efforts of the men whom he called to his aid on the various committees in 1892 that the Association has been run at a small but substantial profit each year.

Save for one purpose, there is no reason why the Association should accumulate property, or why the total receipts of each year should not be at once expended in lessening the cost to the individual members. This purpose for which a surplus may properly be accumulated is the purchase and preparation in the near future of a permanent camp site. Apart from this it would in some ways be desirable to carry over small balances in such accounts as that of transportation to meet occasional contingencies or special expenses; but in the main it is neither necessary nor desirable that the Association should accumulate a large permanent surplus. The great benefit, however, of a certain surplus each year, apart from the question of the purchase and improvement of a permanent site, is that it offers to each succeeding body of officers an incentive to careful and economical management, at least equal to that of their immediate predecessors. If each set of officers must assume a certain amount of debt with their office the chances are that the debt will be increased rather than diminished; but with an example of economical management to guide as well as to stimulate them, they are likely to do quite as well as their predecessors.

One important aid to the work of financial reform is the new board of governors, created from the hard necessities of several years of bad management as both an aid and a restraint upon the executive of the year. This board, a permanent body gathered from the oldest and most experienced members, with a four-year term for each, is naturally different in its composition from the annual executive and committees. The experience of three years indicates that the experiment is a success.

While the actual cash profit this year is small, the conditions are very different from those of the preceding year; then the mess shed and other appurtenances of the camp were provided by outside parties, the approach was entirely by land, no steamer being necessary, and considerable material was sold at the end of the meet. This year it was necessary to build a wharf, kitchen and a large floor for the mess tent, all of which were left for the present year; a launch service had to be maintained between Clayton and the camp, five miles, and nothing was sold at the end of the meet. In addition to all this the Association has for the first time in its existence provided all prizes without soliciting donations, in itself a very desirable change. Taking all things into consideration, the result is quite as good as could be expected.

The Association has at last reached a point where a dearly bought experience may be turned to profitable account in many details of its yearly business. First, as to the camp site; many will agree with us that the experience of the nine meets at different and widely distant points has been a failure in most respects, and in none more so than in the increase of membership. One strong reason for the departure from Grindstone in 1887, after three most successful meets there, was the expectation that a meet in a new locality would result in a material increase of members from that locality, men who under ordinary circumstances would not join the A. C. A. and attend a meet at one central but distant point. With this end in view the meet of 1887 was held at a beautiful spot on Lake Champlain, easily accessible for the members of the Eastern Division, and since then three more camps have been held in the same locality, at Willsboro and Bluff Point. At none of these meets, even that of 1891, has the Eastern Division been present in such numbers as to place it on a par with the others, and though the division shows a large membership to-day, it has always been noted for the slight interest which its members, outside of a small body, have taken in the general meets, and the very small attendance.

The meet of 1890 was held on salt water for the same reason, to interest the canoeists within the limits of the Atlantic Division, and this it did to a certain extent; but it is safe to say that both the Jessup's Neck and the Croton Point meets have cost the Association more members than they have gained. Both of these sites were unknown and purely experimental, and both were failures, the former in the matter of transportation and mess, owing to the isolated location; the latter in the matter of a very poor camp ground. The Jessup's Neck meet, though looked back to now with pleasure, after its discomforts are forgotten, marked the last attendance at camp of many valued members, and the Croton Point meet not only failed to draw out a good attendance from New York and the Passaic River, but did its share to deter men from making another trip to an entirely new camp ground.

The great difficulty in the choice of a new site each year is that entirely new arrangements for preparing the site, transporting and catering for the members must be made; and this, under most disadvantageous conditions, the officers having to deal with local men entirely unknown to them. The result has usually been that a very large sum has been wasted on the ground itself, the transportation arrangements have been not only costly but inadequate, and the mess has been a failure owing to the dishonesty or incapacity of the contracting caterer. A too frequent repetition of unpleasant experiences, an inordinate expense of money and time in reaching a poor camp ground, and a week or two of poor catering, has driven away many an old member who should still be seen at the meets; and, on the other hand, the change of location and the catering to local and Division interests have failed to bring in new members. The year book of 1897 shows a membership of 720, the highest number on the roll being 1,105—the number enrolled in six years. The highest number in the 1896 book is 2,900, the total membership being 852. These figures show that, while the Association has taken in 1,800 members in nine years, it has gained about 130.

This great loss is due to two causes: in the first place, the apparently large gain in membership is caused by the recruiting through the efforts of the officers of a number of new members in the division where a meet is to be held, many of these members never attending the meet and many more attending but once. This enforced enlistment of men who really care nothing for canoeing or for the Association is of no permanent good, as few of them remain, and as a rule they even do harm while their membership continues. One of the curses of the meets has been the young fellow, or old one too, who cares nothing for canoeing or camping and owns no canoe, but joins the Association and attends a meet merely because the camp is near at hand and he has heard from his friends of the good times they have. It is this element in a large degree that is responsible for the noise and liquor in camp, and it has cost the Association double in that the disorder and riot have driven away forever some of the best and most esteemed of the old A. C. A. men. The successive year books show apparent large accessions of membership from the different divisions in turn, but the true facts of the case are also shown by the item "Dropped for non payment of dues," in 1895, 153. At best this sort of membership is worth to the Association not over $3 each, the initiation fee and one year's dues, and this is a poor return for the many objectionable features it presents.

Another cause for the decrease of membership is the defection of old members as the result of costly and unpleasant experiences in reaching the camp As men grow older they very naturally desire to camp in greater comfort than in the primitive days of the A. C. A., when a man's whole outfit was carried in his canoe, and they have found by experience that it is a very expensive performance, comparatively speaking, to ship the necessary duffle to and from camp, and while in camp they must often put up with serious inconveniences. Then too they have formed new ties and are not so free to float about the country in happy-go-lucky fashion; their families must be considered in the question of the yearly vacation. The result is that Mr Benedict perhaps goes so far as to unearth his old tent from the garret, look it over regretfully, make a mental review of the cost of his last attendance at a meet and of the poor mess he put up with, and decides that on the whole, while he would like to be with the boys again, it will be easier and but little more expensive to take his family to some recognized summer resort. This is all wrong; it is these old men that the Association needs more than it does new ones, and they should be made to understand that they can and must come to the meet. The best way to this end, as we have before maintained, is to confine the meets to one good central location for a term of years at least, not moving until compelled to by the advance of civilization or some similar cause. The arrangements for transportation, mess, etc., can thus be made with the same men each year, taking them out of the domain of experiment and giving to each member an assurance of cost and time necessary to attend the meet and the conveniences which will be provided there. In this way, and with the aid of the associations and ties that must grow up around any familiar camping ground, very much may be done to secure the continued attendance of the best members of the Association, old and young.

Now that Grindstone has been selected for another year the work of the camp site committee will be easy. In the very important detail of the mess, the buildings are already on the spot and the caterer of last year, Mr. McElveney, has offered to renew his contract and to clear up and improve the surroundings of the kitchen. The principal improvement needed on the camp grounds is in the location of the ladies' camp, and several means of accomplishing this have already been discussed. So far as the main camp is concerned very little work will be necessary, and the expenses next year should be very light.

The transportation arrangements this year were most satisfactory, members being carried between the camp and Clayton promptly, quickly, and at a low charge—25 cents per trip one way for the five miles. The Canadian members had independent transportation on the small local steamers, but these are not allowed to carry passengers between two American ports—the Port of Clayton and the Port of Grindstone Island. This necessity for a double service is a disadvantage in that, had the total attendance at the camp been confined to the A. C. A. steamer Pastime, the cost would have been the same and the receipts much greater; but under the existing revenue laws of both countries no different arrangement is possible. At the same time it has been demonstrated by this year's committee that a satisfactory launch service is possible at a small outlay to the Association, very much less than has so often been squandered in a service that was an utter failure. It is probable that the attendance next year from the States will be materially greater than this, thus increasing the receipts with the same outlay, and in any event there is no reason a somewhat higher fare should not be charged if it be decided best to make the launch service self-supporting. Given a suitable steamer at the dock to meet the incoming and outgoing trains, no reasonable objection can be made to a charge of 50 cents in place of 25 for prompt transportation to camp. The great trouble in the past has been that there was no A. C. A. boat, and members were compelled to hunt for and charter outside craft at a great loss of time and a cost of $5 to $10 each. With a continuance of the transportation arrangements in the same manner as this year there need be no further trouble on this score.

The prize question has reached what seems a final and satisfactory settlement. It is in every way desirable that the Association should buy and not beg its prizes, as a matter of justice to the officers and the regatta committee, if for no other reason; and this it is now able to do. The shields are handsome, appropriate and durable, far better than the silk flags, the handsomest of which soon soiled and decayed when hung up.

The racing rules now stand as they are for the coming year, no proposals for their amendment having been presented by or through the regatta committee; in fact, the committee made no mention of the rules in its report. This is to be regretted, though in accordance with custom it would be of material benefit to the Association if the retiring regatta committee, fresh from its active experience and observation, would present to the executive committee its opinions as to the actual operation of the rules and the necessity for changes. At no time have the rules been so perfect that no changes were possible, and even if it is not desirable to make any at present, that fact is worth recording. With such a careful overhauling of the rules each year by those most competent to do it, they might be put in very much better shape than they are now in. The only proposals for amendment were those recently published in the Forest and Stream, but not presented in the committee's report, and the proposal presented at the meeting. The former were very indefinite in their nature, and could only have been incorporated by a thorough rewording of the measurement rule, and they were not even discussed by the executive committee. The latter, not having been published two weeks in advance, could not be acted upon at the meeting, and its proposer was not present to speak for it, so that there is little likelihood of its being passed by a mail vote, the worst possible way ever devised to amend racing rules. The proposal is a radical one, and will bear much discussion, being nothing less than the abolition of the trophy paddling machine and the substitution of ordinary service canoes for the trophy paddling race. In its favor may be urged the patent fact that nine or ten years of the paddling machine has produced nothing that is in any way a benefit to canoeing, and in some years the paddling trophy race has been a mere farce. The change is urged by some of the Northern Division members, the ones who have done the most to encourage and develop the paddling machine. We should like to see a thorough discussion of the matter now while it is fresh in mind, in order that if the change is to be made in the future all sides of the question may be thoroughly understood. As to the sailing rules, the result of the past season was very satisfactory as compared with previous years, and the prospects are good for the next season, so that matters may well be left as they stand in the absence of decided proposals for a change. It may be said that by dint of much careless amendment a general rewording of many of the rules has become necessary, but this is a matter of detail that is not of immediate consequence.

The most serious question before the Association to-day is that of its membership, which is, as the figures before quoted show, much less than it should be. To secure a membership which shall be satisfactory both in numbers and composition three things are necessary. First, the rapidly dying interest of the original members of the Association, including those who joined prior to 1889 or '90, must be reawakened to an extent which will induce them to keep closely in touch with the Association, to retain their membership, to treasure the opportunity for reunion which the annual meets afford, and to take a more or less direct part in the affairs of the Association, not necessarily on the active committees, where much work is required, but in an advisory capacity. We have found by sad experience that the number of these men at the meets and the executive committee meetings is less every year until but a corporal's guard can be relied on, and the exchange of information about absent friends brings out the fact that they are not only out of active canoeing, but practically out of the A. C. A. as well, even though still retaining their club membership. Among those who are fast losing a hold on the Association are such men as Oliver, Gibson, Vaux, Foster, Stanton, Brown, Mix, Seavey, Rathbun, Nat Smith, Ward and Nickerson, all hard workers for canoeing and the A. C. A. at one time. It is no longer possible for such men to take part in the races as racing is to-day, or to give valuable time to detail work in camp, but it should be that they retain a live interest in the Association, enough to bring them to the meet every year or so.

As to the present active membership, still represented at the meets, it is only to be expected that those of the old fellows who still attend the meets with reasonable frequency—Winne, Will Wackerhagen, Edwards, Brokaw, Whitlock, Robertson, Butler, Goddard, Parmele, and Gage—will before long succumb to the same influences that have separated their companions from this Association. Then, too, there is the main body of the present membership, younger members whose interest both in the meet and the races is still keen and active, but who may be expected to drop out after perhaps an average of six years' regular attendance.

Outside of the present membership it is absolutely necessary that the Association should take in new members and good members every year, training up men who will in turn do the work of the older ones, and who will take the same pride in the prosperity of the Association.

It must be admitted that for several years past the outlook has not been promising; many old members have practically withdrawn, the work imposed on those who remain has been severe and arduous, the accessions of membership have been but slow and have turned in few good workers, either in the

routine work of the officers and committees, or in the actual participation in the races.

The very best that can be said for the plan of catering to different local interests through a change of camp site each year is that it has failed to bring in the anticipated new members, and also to counteract the inevitable disintegrating tendencies of age, business, social and domestic ties, and super-refinement of racing that are cutting down the membership list on the upper end. Our own belief is that the case may be stated much more strongly, and that the many failures and disappointments incident to the hippodroming scheme are mainly responsible for the loss of many of the best members.

How to bring back the missing, to retain the present, and to recruit anew, is a very difficult question, but one on which the very life of the Association now depends. In our opinion the first and by far the most important step is through a reliable guarantee of a good camp site and mess, prompt and reliable transportation, and the attendance of a number of the old members. If every man who is in doubt whether to go again to the meet or to take his vacation in some other way could be made to understand that he could reach the camp easily and quickly by the advertised means, that the camp ground would not be a hot sand hill or a wet thicket, that he could obtain plain and good camp fare, and that he would be certain of meeting A, B, C and D, if not a dozen more of his old chums, the question would soon be decided in the right way. If, too, the same assurance can be placed before the new man, in place of awful tales of destitution and starvation at the hands of the caterer at Jessup's Neck, of pillage and robbery by hackmen, expressmen, boatmen and telegraph messengers in the same year, of the stranding and marooning caused by the wretched launch service of the first year at Willsboro, and of the stifling simoons of the Hudson that brought malaria to the broiling sandhills of Croton Point, another good man may be rescued from the tennis court, the golf links and the summer hotel piazza, and taught the way to the best of outdoor sports—camping and canoeing.

As a means to this end, of perfect camp arrangements, the permanent camp ground stands at the head. It not only lessens greatly the labors of the officers through the practical continuity of mess and transportation service in the same hands, but it is an absolute bar to the wild experiments in location and other details that a new board of officers is too often tempted to make, at the expense of the Association at large and of every individual member who attends the meet. The arguments we have advanced in the past against a permanent camp site are in themselves as strong as ever to-day, but they lose their weight when placed side by side with conditions then unforeseen, but which have since developed to a degree that has wrought serious injury to the meets and to the Association at large. The positive danger of degeneration into a picnic at a luxurious and fashionable camp ground, of the establishment of a "Ballast Island" for the American Canoe Association that shall rob it of all but the name of canoeing and camping, must now be considered side by side with other equally dangerous conditions that, while preserving the outdoor camp under canvas, are at the same time limiting the membership and attendance.

As far as the objectionable features of over civilization go, they may be avoided by the selection of an isolated location, distant from hotels and cottages, and at the same time accessible by such arrangements as can readily be made by the Association; and by stringent regulations prohibiting the erection of everything in the nature of a permanent building and compelling the use of tents alone for shelter. Those public structures which are annually built in a makeshift way at a very great expense, the wharf, kitchen, mess shed and store as well as the floors for headquarters, can then be built permanently and much better—of plain and simple design, as is suitable for such a purpose—and such grading, draining and other work as is necessary on almost every camp site may be done properly. To such a camp as this men could come with a positive certainty as to the time and cost of transportation, the nature of the climate and surroundings, the quality of the mess, and the number and character of the men they would meet. About such a camp, especially at Grindstone Island, would spring up associations and influences that would grow stronger instead of weaker as a man grew older, bringing him back each year to forget for the time the cares and responsibilities of life in the presence of old scenes and old friends. In such a home the Association might hope not only to retain all its present members, but to call back many of the old ones as they were made to understand that the A. C. A. meet of to-day was not so widely separated from that of long ago as has been too frequently and painfully apparent in recent years; and the growing reputation of such an ideal camp would call to the membership of the Association not only young men, but those of more mature age, and of such high standing as characterized its founders.

The executive committee meeting is, to a certain extent, a miniature of the meet itself, and, like the larger gathering, it this year showed but few of the old members. The business of the meeting was carried out with unusual dispatch, possibly because the members were invited to attend the football match in the afternoon. The Atlantic Division made a remarkable record by a complete representation, notwithstanding the distance from Philadelphia to Toronto, every member of the Division executive committee being present. The spirit shown by the vice-commodore and purser, both from Philadelphia, is most creditable to the Delaware River canoeists, and promises well for the success of the Division next year. In the Central Division one member, Mr. Morse, came all the way from Peoria, Ill., on purpose for the meeting, he being the most western representative of the Division and of the Association.

The Eastern Division made no representation whatever, which is to be regretted; no Division can afford to neglect entirely the business of the Association. It is not a little strange that, with its large membership and its long continued prominence in sailing, the Eastern Division takes small part in the executive work of the Association, and more than once has waived its turn for the commodore and meet. In the case of the annual meeting of the executive committee, the officers of each Division should make some concerted effort to have the Division represented by at least one member. Out of half a dozen Division officers there should be at least one who can attend the meeting, or if not a proxy may be sent. It has happened too often that the Northern Division has been entirely unrepresented at meetings in the States, as at New York, Boston or Albany; and that other Divisions have had no representatives at meetings in Canada. The annual meeting is in no sense a matter for the one Division in which the next meet will be held, but is strictly an Association matter; and the Association, as a whole, should participate through the means of a proper representation of every Division. It is, for instance, unfair to a Division that includes over one-third of the membership of the Association that its officers take no part whatever in the business of the Association, and that in a year in which it should be at the head.

One reason for the speedy dispatch of the year's business was that there was little to be done. The question of a camp site was practically settled at the meet last summer; there was but brief discussion of the matter of date, for the reasons that it was generally recognized that the meet last year was held a little later than is desirable, and also that this year the date of the full moon makes it easily possible to hold the meet a week earlier. The only discussion in this connection was over the matter of the Trunk Line certificates, which extend from three days before to three days after the advertised dates of any meeting. It was considered very desirable to make some arrangement by which those who desire to take more than two weeks' vacation may have their certificates extended prior to or after the dates of the meet. This may possibly be done by some concession on the part of the transportation companies.

In the matter of amendments to the constitution, racing rules, etc., there were practically no proposals before the meeting; the constitution has for some time worked very well in its present form, and no material improvement has been suggested. The racing rules are by no means as near perfect, but still there is just now no pressing call for their amendment, and no practical proposals to that end save the one relating to the paddling trophy, and which was not so presented as to be open for action.

One great reason for the speedy expedition of the business, for which perhaps the football game was in a measure responsible, was the absence of wild and indefinite schemes, often old ones that have been tried and rejected, unknown to their proposers, and to the pointless and interminable debates on trivial points. It has been too often the custom at the meetings of the committee, both in camp and at the annual meeting, to waste valuable time in the general and indiscriminate discussion of more or less irrelevant projects and questions, the result being that by the time the more important matters are reached, such as the consideration of the amendment to the racing rules, the day is over, the dinner near at hand, and the real business of the meeting is rushed through in a most slipshod fashion. This year the meeting kept very closely to business during the whole of its single session.

The Toronto C. C., once one of the most active in the Association, has for some years almost dropped its connection, a result due, as in the case of other Canadian clubs, largely to the location of so many meets far south of the border. On this occasion, however, it proved a most hospitable host to the Association; its house was given over to the members for the meeting, the visitors were escorted in the afternoon to see the great football match of the year, between the universities of Ottawa and Toronto, and in the evening the officers of the club entertained the visitors at dinner between 6 and 8 o'clock. A pleasing surprise at the dinner was the presence of Lieut.-Col Cotton, the commodore of 1893, who was opportunely captured by chance as he was changing trains at the station and carried off to the dinner. He had just returned from a visit to England which kept him away from the last meet. After dinner all hands returned to the club house for a smoking concert, an amusement for which the T. C. C. is noted, which occupied the entire evening, Com. Wilkie acting as chairman. Among the old A. C. A. men present were Hugh Neilson, Judge Dartnell, E. B. Edwards and Robert Tyson. On Sunday the visitors were taken for a drive through the city and entertained until the evening trains, when they left for home. The annual meeting of the board of governors was held on Saturday evening.

The weather during the two days was most unpleasant. After several unusually warm days both in New York and Toronto, Friday was cold and bleak, and on Saturday snow fell in the latter city to the depth of 3in., making the streets wet and sloppy, with a dull November sky above. The experience of numerous meetings at about the same date, the third week in November, at New York, Boston, Toronto, Albany and other places, goes to show that it is later than desirable and likely to be marked by a disagreeable change of weather, the first real indication of winter. There is no reason why the meeting should not be held earlier, about the first week in November, when the chances are much in favor of warmer weather.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Calumet Heights Rifle Scores.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 21.—The following scores were made by members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club in a hazy atmosphere with a changeable wind blowing across the range:

Class A, 200yds., off-hand, standard target, open sights allowed 2 points:

Harlan	3444431545	—40	J O Hobbs	4444144444	—40
Paterson	0343314232	—28	C L Hobbs	3434141 45	—38
H B Black	4334444443—37+2=39		Davis	3334433333—31+2=33	

In the ladies' contest, Class B, 100yds., 22cal. rifle, Creedmoor target reduced, Miss Ervin was the only competitor, and accordingly she was awarded the ladies' medal on the good score of 41 points made as follows: 5444443145—41. PATTY.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Dec. 12.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Amateur championship of New Jersey, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club.

Dec. 22-23.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Ninth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

1897.

Jan. 1.—NEWARK, N. J.—Sixteenth annual tournament and reception of the South Side Gun Club. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Jan. 4-8.—PRESCOTT, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

Jan. 20-23.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessex. $300 added.

Feb. 27-March 11.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—The Arkansaw Traveler's first grand annual live bird tournament; $10,000 in purses and added moneys. Souvenir programmes ready Jan. 1. Address all communications to John J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

May 11-14.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y Oil City, Pa.

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. This in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

Since mailing the drafts of the proposed new rules for target shooting, we have been informed that a revision of the A. S. A. rules has been under consideration for some time. We have also learned that the Sportsmen's Association (anent which association Elmer Shaner has something to say in this issue) contemplates promulgating a new set of trap-shooting rules. We are pleased to find that this matter has attracted so much attention, as it fully bears out all that we have claimed, viz., that no set of rules now in use are considered to be anything like perfect. Talking about rules: A gentleman who was, we believe, one of the original framers of the A. S. A. rules, said to us the other day in defense of those rules: "You must remember that there is always a point in any rules where they come to an end and where equity begins." We have always thought how much better it would be to minimize the labors of the referee, and leave as few points as possible to be decided by that official upon the "equity" plan. What may seem equitable to a referee and to the parties in whose favor he decides, very often looks just the opposite to the other parties in the case. Then again, no referee is infallible.

Charlie Grimm is after Carver; Carver wanted to challenge Roll for the Du Pont trophy, but found Winston's money ahead of him; and now Elliott tells us that Carver is after his scalp and also after the Kansas City *Star's* cup won by Elliott from Riley. Talking about Carver's challenge to Roll, why shouldn't Mr Buckley, Carver's backer, send on his money to Mr E. S. Rice, in Chicago, and challenge the winner of the Winston-Roll match? We believe Mr. Rice would be just as willing to honor the challenge as, here in the East, Roll's and Winston's challenges to the winners of the Claridge-Malone and the Claridge-Roll matches respectively were honored. As a matter of fact, whether champions or would-be champions, anybody who really wants a match can easily get it if he only looks in the right place and makes his needs known. It didn't take Parmelee and Elliott long to fix up their match; not a scrap of printer's ink was wasted in windy preliminaries. The simplicity of the affair was absolutely refreshing.

In connection with a Driver and Twister in our last issue that touched upon the proposed reorganization of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, we are glad to be able to state that the project is not pigeonholed, but that steps are being quietly taken to put everything in good shape before a meeting is called to consider the reorganization. The meeting will be called, in all probability, at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City. It does seem a shame that the State of New Jersey—a State that can muster among its shooters such men as Enoch Miller, Dutchy Smith, Ford Van Dyke, Neaf Adgar, Tom Keller, Justus von Lengerke, Fred Quimby, Heber Breintnall, etc.—should be without a State organization to look after the interests of trap-shooters. The game laws of the State need some looking after too; the State Sportsmen's Association could do some good by taking a hand in that matter and helping to unravel some of the many twists and snarls the late Legislature is answerable for.

H. W. Brown writes us from Binghamton, N. Y., as follows: "The attendance at our weekly shoots has been so small of late that I did not think it worth while to send in the scores week by week. Game shooting has been taking the boys' attention. While Binghamton cannot show any very good target shots, we have among us some very good shots on game. Recently Mr. Kendall made quite a record, scoring ten woodcock and one partridge (ruffed grouse) straight in cover. Another member of the gun club scored nine woodcock without a miss, and at another time killed eleven partridges without a miss also. This seems to me like a pretty good record." We should say so too, and have taken off our hats to our friend Mr. Kendall, and to that other member of the gun club. If they can go out and get all those partridges and woodcock, small wonder they won't stop at home and try to break targets!

The secretary of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., Mr. W. R. Hobart, writes as follows: "The South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., will hold their usual New Year's Day reception and tournament on Jan. 1, 1897. This will be the South Side's sixteenth annual, and all shooters will be cordially welcomed. A nice lunch will be served at 12 o'clock, and no pains will be spared to make the affair a pleasant one. A feature of the meeting will be that no one will be compelled to enter the sweepstakes, which will be entirely optional, and tickets for birds will be issued which may redeemed at their face value or are good until used. The shooting will commence at 10 o'clock."

The shoot for the *Shooting and Fishing* trophy now held by the Rolling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., did not come off last Saturday afternoon according to agreement; the challengers, the Climax Gun Club's team, of Plainfield, N. J., arrived on the scene too late for any chance of the match being shot that afternoon. The days are very short now, and the light on the meadows is none of the best when 4 o'clock has struck. There is a likelihood of a contest for the trophy at the Rolling Springs grounds on New Year's Day, when it is hoped that the Endeavor Gun Club will enter a team and help the Climax to make it interesting for the Rutherford boys.

According to the Columbus, O., *State Journal* of Nov. 22, Heikes and Bartlett shot a race the previous day against Ed Rike and Scott McDonald, both members of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O., and both neighbors of Heikes, whose home is at Dayton. The conditions of the race were: 100 targets per man, 50 of them at unknown angles and 25 pairs. The scores on the singles were: Heikes 49, Bartlett 47, Rike 47, McDonald 44. On doubles Heikes scored 42, Bartlett 35, Rike 38 and McDonald 24. The combined team totals were: Heikes 91, Bartlett 82, total 173; Rike 80, McDonald 68, total 148.

Taylor Cox, of Joplin, Mo., won the last medal shoot of the Joplin Gun Club with the score of 91 out of 100 at unknown angles. The other scores were: Sergeant 89, H. T. Leeman 88, C. M. Sumner 85. In sending us the scores, Sergeant adds: "Taylor Cox is now using a Winchester, and is breaking nearly all the targets." Is this a genuine piece of information from friend Sergeant, or is it merely a joking reminder of the time at the Pittsburg shoot when he (Sergeant) sold his Winchester to Elmer Shaner for a dollar after missing—, we won't say how many targets?

At the time of going to press we cannot give any definite idea as to the probable number of entries in Charlie Zwirlein's big live-bird race that commences to-morrow (Dec. 1) at Trenton, N. J. The weather is hardly pleasant for spectators to stand around in, but it is just the sort of weather that puts snap and life into the birds when they are handled with the care and judgment they always receive when Zwirlein has anything to do with them. A touch of frost in the air is not a bad thing for the shooters either, so we may look for some good scores on fast birds.

On our way to the shoot at Rutherford, N. J., on Saturday last, Nov. 28, we ran across Allen Willey, once a familiar figure in trap-shooting circles in this vicinity. Mr. Willey says that he has been sticking too close to business to do much shooting of late, but believes that he hasn't quite forgotten how to handle a gun. Looking after a theatrical company keeps him on the move all the time, but whenever he gets a chance he goes out and blows the oil out of his gun and incidentally tries to stop drivers and twisters from five traps.

Thanksgiving Day was a miserable one, from a weather point of view, in this vicinity. Not until very late in the day did a breeze spring up and start the fog that wrapped the city in a cloak of cloud, moving seawards. It is, however, hard to stop the boys shooting when they want to do so; bad weather won't do it, and as a result there were several holiday gatherings of a trap-shooting nature carried to a successful close on that day.

One of the prettiest miniature specimens of the gunsmith's art that we have ever handled was shown to us the other day by Justus von Lengerke at his store, 8 Murray street, this city. The gun was a double Francotte, 32-gauge, hammer, weight about 3lbs., and as well finished as one of the highest grade guns. Justus had had it made specially to order for his son, now eight years old, who, under his father's tuition, will be taught how to use it.

The Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association claims the third week in May, 1897, as the week in which it will hold its annual tournament. As this Association always gets up a good and attractive programme, and as its annual shoots are invariably among the highest class of such affairs, it will be advisable for secretaries of gun clubs to note the above dates with a view to avoiding clashing with the same.

The Sportsmen's Association has taken a lease of an elegant suite of rooms on the tenth floor of the Williams Building, corner of Broadway and White street. The rooms, which face west, will be ready for occupation in about two weeks.

The *Recreation* cup, emblematic of the amateur championship of New Jersey, is now on view in the window of Schoverling, Daly & Gales. The first shoot for the cup is set for Dec. 12. The management of the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, under whose auspices the cup is to be shot for, should remember that the days are very short now and that, if the entries are at all numerous, it will be necessary to commence promptly on schedule time if the shoot is to be decided before darkness drops down on the Hackensack meadows. It would be a good idea, too, if the club put on one side all its black targets and trapped only the yellow-ringed ones on this occasion.

The grounds of the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., are located at Fanwood, N. J., and are about as hard grounds to shoot on as any we have ever come across. The background is very poor, and for expert rules it could not well be more difficult. Small wonder, then, that Wolstencroft and Dutchy Smith could not beat 77 out of 100 at expert rules on Nov. 27. Wolstencroft won by 77 to 74.

Roger Van Gilder in a letter dated Nov. 25 says: "I don't believe there will be in '97 many, if any, very large added money shoots. So why not all meet again at one place for, as Charlie Budd says, 'One more good old time before we go to the happy hunting grounds?'" That sentence sounds so exactly like one of Charlie's that we can almost hear Dago Chief's voice uttering the words!

In a letter to us regarding certain points in the proposed new rules for trap-shooting, E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y., under date of Nov. 25 says: "I will see you at Zwirlein's shoot next week. I have been chasing ruffed grouse over the mountains of Oneida, Madison, Herkimer and Lewis counties, and I am going to the score at Zwirlein's in good form, fit and *well*."

To satisfy many inquiring friends, we take this opportunity of stating that the Interstate Association has not decided as yet where to hold the Grand American Handicap of 1897; it has not even considered the matter, but will doubtless appoint a committee at its annual meeting, Dec. 17, to visit certain places and report upon them.

The New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will hold its live-bird shoots at the Dexter Park grounds until further notice. It will be remembered that its club house at Woodlawn, L. I., was demolished early this fall by lightning that set fire to the building, burning it to the ground.

"Roundmouth, the Indian," alias Frank S. Parmelee, of Omaha, Neb., chief of the famous Indian squad of 1896, has lowered Jim Elliott's colors in a 100-bird race by 92—91, Elliott losing his last bird. The match was shot at Kansas City, Mo., on Thanksgiving Day.

Capt. A. W. Money sailed last Wednesday, Nov. 25, for England on the American liner; he expects to be absent from this country about six or seven weeks. Local shooting circles, both live bird and targets, will miss him sadly.

What a short time a year is after all! In another six months we'll be talking of the late New York State shoot at Auburn! And perhaps also recalling some features of the crackerjacks' carnival at Knoxville! Eheu!

Jim Elliott is here once more. He has come straight from Omaha, Neb., where he met Frank Parmelee in a 100-live bird race, to take part in Zwirlein's big shoot at Trenton, N. J., this week.

In view of the extreme probability of a tournament at Knoxville, Tenn., next May, Tom Keller is hustling around and securing signatures to contracts for his freak show at that shoot.

The following is from Hot Springs, Ark.: "Look out for the souvenir programmes of our big live-bird shoot, Feb. 27-March 11. They'll be ready for distribution about Jan. 1."

Don't forget the dates of San Antonio's Midwinter tournament—Jan. 20-25. Our fixtures column always tells the tale as soon as dates are decided upon.

Dec. 1. EDWARD BANKS.

At Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill, Nov. 19.—The following scores were made to-day at Watson's Park in a 50-bird race between Dr. Shaw and Dr. Carver:

Dr Shaw..........01e11011210121122111121202—20
1101211111111211221111111112—24—44

Dr. Carver..........0222202112221121002122120—20
1122112111212122000221212 1—23—43

Nov. 21.—Dr. H. H. Frothingham and Henry Wright shot a 50-bird race here to-day, Dr. Frothingham making the great score of 49 out of 50, losing his 6th bird dead out of bounds. Scores:

Dr Frothingham..........21211e1211122122221112111—24
2212112221211101121221122—25—49

Wright..........1e2222220212222110112111 1—22
2e12222212222222e122221 2—23—45

Nov. 26.—John Ruble and J. H. Amberg shot a match here to-day at 25 live birds for $25 a side, Ruble standing at 27yds., and allowed the use of one barrel only; Amberg to stand at 30yds., and to use both barrels if necessary. Score:

Amberg..........020112e0221222111222 2e00—18
Ruble..........1111111e011111100101e1001—17

Four 5-bird races, $2 entrance, were shot with the following results:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Barto	21122—5	22222—5	00022—3	00200—1
Ebbers	12021—4	.....	.....	.....
Stannard	12012—4	.....	.....	.....
Amberg	11012—4	10021—3	00220—2	.....
Levi	20122—4	.....	.....	.....
Geo Roll	.....	02202—3	10102—3	21122—5
Rupel	.....	10102—3	00202—2	00020—1
Bear	.....	02000—1	20202—3	02202—3
Rehm	.....	02112—4	12122—5	02121—4
Carver	.....	.....	22222—5	22222—5
Liddy	.....	.....	11010—3	01122—4

RAVELRIGG.

Trap-Shooting Forty Years Ago.

ALGONA, Ia., Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When I was a small boy I had a great love for the gun. We lived near Fresh Pond, in West Cambridge (now Arlington), N. J., near the old Whitman Hotel. Once or twice a year they had a trap shoot at this hotel, and, like many of the small boys in the neighborhood, I was always around when the shoot took place. The old-time shooters of that part of the country were sure to be there. Jerome Boals, who kept the celebrated Bowdin Hall, near the Revere House, in Boston; Capt. Bradshaw, Messrs. Setchel, Litchfield, Dr. Mason and a dozen others would be at their places when the trap was filled.

The shooters stood in a large circle, about 25 rods in diameter. Only one trap was pulled, and that was placed about 35yds. from one edge of the circle. The shooters stood about 30yds. apart, where stakes were set. The "score stake" was just inside of the circle. One shooter stood at the "score stake," and when all was ready called "Pull!" The puller opened the trap and the shooter at the score had the first chance. If he did not kill the bird, then any other shooter might shoot, and often 10 or 12 shots would be fired before the bird came down, and often it got away.

The referee was expected to know which shooter killed the bird, and many disputes took place, as oftentimes three or four men would claim the bird. It was considered a great honor to kill the most birds. There were no prizes whatever.

When I was sixteen years old my father came home one night and told me that they were going to have a pigeon shoot up at Dr. Mason's, near Pearce's ring (now Arlington Heights), and that Stephen Locke, Dr. Mason's brother-in-law, would like to have me there. I was delighted to think that I could be one of the shooters, and got out my little 16-gauge gun and cleaned it very carefully and had it in perfect order. At that time I was shooting a great many jacksnipe and woodcock. Mr. Locke often went with me; he was considered one of the best shots in America. My father was a fine shot, and was quite fond of my shooting in the field. I often killed fifteen or twenty jacksnipe without a miss. Both he and Mr. Locke were satisfied that if I could keep cool I could kill pigeons at the trap.

The morning of the shoot was pleasant and mild. My father took me in his carriage to the shooting grounds, and told me to be careful and not get excited, as he wished me to win or be equal to the best, as more than I knew of depended on my shooting that day. I fancy I must have looked quite young to the balance of the shooters, as most of them were from thirty to fifty years of age. A great many people had come to the grounds to see the shooting, and all were wondering who would do the best shooting. We drew for positions in the circle, and I drew the score. I went to my position and the balance of the shooters took their places. My friend Mr. Locke spoke to me and told me that I had a jacksnipe in front of me and that I wanted him. I felt somewhat excited, as I knew I was expected to kill my bird, and I was very anxious not to disappoint my good old father. The judge told me that everything was ready; I called "Pull"; the trap opened, the gun went off, and I have a faint recollection of hearing the judge call "dead bird." I was so excited that I hardly knew whether I had a gun or not. The people yelled; they were with "the boy." After that I was less excited and killed my birds well. I killed 15 birds without a miss, being the best man. The old shooters all seemed pleased at "the boy's" shooting. George Tapley, of the Ocean House, Chelsea Beach, patted me on the back and said: "Well done, Jack." My father was well pleased, and when I went home that night he told me not to get the big head, as the shooters did not like that. If I did get it I have had it taken out of me many times since.

That was a shoot of forty years ago. It would look somewhat strange to see a shoot of that kind now, but I think I never enjoyed a shoot more; I look back at that day as one of the great days of my life. Shooters were just as enthusiastic then as now, and I think they will always be the same. I have shot in many States from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and have always found the same kind friends among the shooters. Always full of life and hope. JOHN G. SMITH.

Parmelee versus Elliott.

OMAHA, Neb., Nov. 26.—Below is the score of the race between Frank Parmelee and J. A. R. Elliott, which was shot on our grounds (Omaha Gun Club) to-day, resulting in a victory for Parmelee by the score of 92-91. The race was exciting from start to finish. Going to the score first, Elliott made a clean miss of his first bird, a right-quarterer; then making a run of 40, the best run of the race. Parmelee shot poorly in the first 25, losing 4 birds. In the second 25 both Parmelee and Elliott dropped 2 birds, all of them hot birds that carried the shot just far enough to get over the boundary. In the third series Parmelee only missed one bird, his 17th, which was a warm proposition flying in about every direction possible; though hit hard with the second barrel, it carried the shot to the fence. In retrieving this bird, Sam, the dog, made one of his grand stand plays, jumping fully 4ft. in the air and getting the bird as it was apparently about to leave the grounds. Elliott lost 2 birds in this series, both screamers. In the last 25 Parmelee, after missing his first bird, killed straight, while Elliott dropped 4, losing the race by 1 bird. At the 75th round it looked as though Parmelee could not possibly win; but Elliott's misses of easy birds turned the tide. At the 95th bird Elliott missed, tieing the score and causing wild excitement. Thus it stood until the last bird left the trap; Elliott, though hitting it hard with both barrels, lost it by a few inches—dead out of bounds.

The weather was something frightful. A keen wind blew from the north directly over the traps, and the air was full of sleet that stung like needles, making it decidedly unpleasant for both shooters and spectators. Elliott used his second barrel for safety almost invariably, and won much admiration by the quickness with which he used it. Parmelee, on the contrary, took chances several times when prudence seemed to dictate the use of the second barrel. After the main event the members of the club passed the balance of the day in shooting live birds.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

F S Parmelee (30)
2 3 5 3 1 3 2 3 1 2 4 4 4 1 1 3 2 5 1 1 1 2 2 2 5
↙↗↙↑↗↖↓↖↓↗↓↘↗↙↙↖↗↩↗↘↖→↑↖↗
1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 0 1 1 1 0 2 2 1 0 1 0—21

4 4 5 1 2 1 1 1 3 1 1 5 2 1 2 4 2 2 5 5 4 1 1 5 1
↗↖↗→↓↗↙→→↩↙←↘↓↖→↖→→↳↗↘↑↗↑
1 1 2 1 2 0 1 2 1 0 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2—23

4 4 5 5 1 2 4 5 4 3 4 2 5 1 5 4 3 3 5 2 5 3 4 5 2
↓↓↗↘↑↗↗↑↑↗→H↙→↙↓↗↑↗H↗↗↗→→
1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 0 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2—24

1 3 5 4 2 2 3 3 5 5 2 4 5 1 2 2 2 5 4 5 2 3 4 3 5
↗↗↘↘↗↗↑↗↖↖↗↙↑→↓↑↑↗↑↗↘↗↗↳↳
0 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 1—24—92

J Elliott (30)
2 3 3 4 4 3 4 3 1 3 4 5 5 5 5 1 5 3 5 5 2 2 2 3 4
↗↖←↖↗↗↗↓↙↗↖↙↗↗↗↙↘↗↗↳→→↳↗
0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

4 1 3 3 5 5 3 5 1 3 3 3 3 5 5 1 1 1 5 1 4 2 1 1 2
↗↖→↗↩↗↘↔↓↓→↘→↗↖↮↖↗→↗↖↘H→
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

4 1 4 5 1 5 4 5 1 4 2 2 1 3 5 5 3 4 4 2 2 1 2 2 2
↓↗↗↗↙↓↑↑↖→↗↗↗→↙↗H↑↙↘↓→↖↓↖
2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

1 3 3 1 4 1 5 4 5 2 5 2 4 3 5 5 1 3 1 1 1 2 5 1 5
↖↘↓↖↙↗↗↘↗→H→↓↓↘↙H↗↗↗↗↗↱↘↗
2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 0—21—91

The traps were pulled in the following order:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Parmelee	21	21	17	18	23	100
Elliott	23	15	22	16	24	100
	44	36	39	34	47	200

W. R. HALL.

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 21.—The recent trophy shoots of the Calumet Heights Gun Club have been poorly attended, owing to the duck season being its rival. The scores in the contests shot to-day, and on Nov. 7 and 14, are given below:

Nov. 7:
Paterson (A)..........1111111101111101111111110—22
Lamphere (A)..........1111111110011111010011111—20
Norcom (B)..........1010110001111010011011100—14
Metcalf (B)..........0100111010101101011010001—13
Harlan (C)..........0010000000000000001000001— 5

Nov. 14:
Lamphere (A)..........1111011111101111101101111—21
Norcom (B)..........0011001011111010001001011—13
Metcalf (B)..........1111011010110011111111111—20
Davis (C)..........0001000010100011110011100—10
H B Black (C)..........0000000000000111100110001— 6
R B Carson (B)..........0101110111111111011111011—20
Wilde (C)..........1100011100111101000000011—12

Nov. 21:
Paterson (A)..........0011111111111101111111100—20
Lamphere (A)..........1111111111111111011101001—19
Norcom (B)..........1110111110011101111111011—20
Wilde (C)..........1000011110001101001011111—13
Chamberlain (C)..........0111101000001000001100100— 9
K Marks (C)..........0101001000011000001110000— 8
Harlan (C)..........0110110001000011000000000— 7
H B Black (C)..........0100000000000001000000000— 8

To-day three other events were shot as follows:

No. 1, 5 pairs, unknown traps and angles: Paterson 6, Norcom and Lamphere 5, Harlan 2.

No. 2, 10 targets, unknown traps and angles: Norcom 8, Lamphere 7, Paterson 6, Harlan 3.

No. 3, 15 singles, same conditions: Lamphere 12, Harlan 11.

PATTY.

Binghamton Gun Club.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Nov. 21.—For the past 10 weeks the members of the Binghamton Gun Club have been competing for a handsome gold medal. The conditions of the medal contest were: 50 targets per man, unknown angles, handicap allowance of extra targets, the first man to win it three times to become the owner of the medal. The system of handicaps proved to equalize the shooting ability of the contestants so well that it required 10 contests out of a possible 13 to decide the ownership of the medal. In to-day's shoot Brown and Hobbie tied on 45 each and Brown retired from the contest, allowing Hobbie the win and the medal, this being his third victory. Below are the scores of the 10 shoots:

	Sept. 12.	Sept. 19.	Sept. 26.	Oct. 3.	Oct. 10.	Oct. 17.	Oct. 24.	Oct. 31.	Nov. 14.	Nov. 21.
Kendall (50)	46	36	42	41	46	38	36	38	39	38
Hobbie (50)	42	47	41	45	40	38	40	41	46	45
Brown (50)	48	43	47	..	41	44	39	46	46	45
Stone (55)	..	29	39	43	39	..	37	..	40	34
Bromley (55)	44	46	41	39	37	43	44	47	45	43
Boss (55)	..	..	48	43	46	41	40	46	..	..

The fifth shoot was a tie between Kendall and Boss, the latter winning on the shoot-off. The ninth shoot resulted in a tie between Brown and Hobbie, Brown winning in the shoot-off with a score of 20 straight. In to-day's shoot Brown scored 96 out of 100 shot at.

On Nov. 7 our medal shoot was postponed on account of the sickness of one of the members. In its place we shot for a handsome trophy donated by Laflin & Rand. The conditions of the race were a 100-target handicap, allowance of extra targets based upon the averages made in the medal shoots up to that date. This arrangement made Brown the only scratch man; he won the trophy with 97 out of 100. H. W. B.

A Card from the Winchester Arms Co.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Nov 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We desire to say that the press dispatches of this morning, in which it is stated that the Messrs. Hartley & Graham have acquired an ownership in the stock of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., are entirely untrue and without foundation. The relations of the Winchester Company to Messrs. Hartley & Graham are friendly. Messrs. Hartley & Graham, or either of them, are not owners of the stock of the Winchester Company. WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Nov. 29.—Herewith I hand you the scores made on the grounds of the Haverhill Gun Club by some of the members and their guests on Thanksgiving Day. It was a first attempt on the part of most of the latter, and the scores naturally run low.

Our club is a young one, organized on the night of June 12 last, and but two or three of the members had ever shot at inanimates previous to our initial shoot on July 4. From a charter membership of twelve, the club has grown rapidly in numbers, and now has a roll of forty-eight members, with a prospect of an increase another season.

Besides giving two tournaments the club has held regular Saturday afternoon practice shoots and all-day shoots on holidays with a fairly good attendance. The improvement in shooting on the part of some of the members is very noticeable. Grounds were secured within a mile of the City Hall, having a car service of fifteen minutes in the afternoon and every half hour forenoons, which makes them very convenient to all. A substantial club house, 25×14, was erected, and a pit and screen for five traps put in immediately after organizing. Owing to the lay of the grounds we were obliged to face our traps a little to the west of south, but a sky background was thus secured for all but No. 2 trap, a few trees to the left interfering somewhat with a clear view of the target from that trap. Bluerock expert traps are used and pulled with a Walls trap pull from the porch of the house, and targets are thrown at all of our practice shoots at from 50 to 55yds., although at the commencement we made the mistake of sending them much faster, which was rather discouraging to beginners.

Early in the month of August the club made application for membership in the Massachusetts State Shooting Association, and a tournament of that association was held on our grounds during the present month.

At a regular meeting of the club, held on Friday evening, Aug. 14, it was voted to offer a cash bonus of $10 for each and every conviction of any violation of the game laws of Massachusetts effected by the deputy wardens, and to petition at once for the appointment of four new deputy wardens for this vicinity. The result has not been up to our expectations, I regret to say. We were more than anxious to dispense a few "tenners" in so good a cause, but have not as yet had that opportunity; but plans for another season are already up for discussion among our members, and we hope to be able to show to all violators of our game laws that theirs is a risky business in this part of the State.

It would be of great value to us—and I presume also to other young clubs—if secretaries of some of the older clubs would give us through the columns of your valuable paper the result of their experience in devising methods to increase the interest in trap-shooting among the members, so as to secure a larger and more regular attendance at the practice shoots of the club. Let us hear from you, gentlemen, and I am sure the editor will gladly give space to all you may see fit to write on the subject.

Scores at to-day's shoot were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Stevens	6	..	6	..	8	..	6	7	7	..	..	7	..	..	10	8	8	5	6	7	..	..
Sprague	6	3	5	..	4	5	..	..	3	..	..	..	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Coon	2	4	3	3	1	..	3	3	..	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Holden	..	5	2	8	2	6	..	4	6	4	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	6	1
D S Short	..	..	..	8	..	7	..	..	10	..	11	..	6	5	7	7	5	..	..	..	..	..
Wright	..	..	..	9	5	9	5	6	7	6	14	..	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	10	7	8	8	6	2	6	4	5	6	..	..
Dr Simpson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	11	..	6	5	..	5	9	..	..	..	..	..
Brooke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	2	7	8
Webster	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6
Huntington	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	6	5	10	..	..	..	..	..
Fernald	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Towle	..	..	..	2	..	..	2	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E B Short	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
F J Blake	..	..	..	..	..	1	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E P Blake	..	..	..	3	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

During the afternoon ten more events were also decided, all at 10 targets. No. 23 had four entries, as follows: Webster and Merritt 7 each, Brooke 4, Dr. Simpson 2. No. 32 had 4 entries also and resulted as follows: Miller, Webster and Hines 5, Orne 4.

The other eight events with their respective results are given below in the following table:

Events:	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
Holden	3	..	..	4	3	..	8	..
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
DrSimpson	7	..	..	..	6	..	4	7
Brooke	..	..	4	..	5	3	5	..
Webster	4	5	8	6	6	6	5	6

Events:	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
Merritt	4	8	8	..	6	4	..	..
Ingham	7	..	4	..	3	6	5	..
Orne	8	4	4	2	1	..	4	..
Hines	2	4	..	6	7	6	5	..
Stansfield	..	5	5	..	8	..	..	8

Events 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 17, 21, 22, 23, 26 and 27 were at regular angles; events 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 16, 24, 25, 28, 29, 30 and 32 at unknown angles; event 12, reversed order; events 18, 19 and 20 were "snipe shoots," known angles, unknown traps; event 31 at 5 pairs of doubles. The last event (No. 32) was shot after it had become so dark that it was almost impossible to see a bird. GEO. F. STEVENS, Sec'y.

Lockport Gun Club.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Nov. 25.—Below are the scores of the shoot held here to-day. This was the first annual tournament of the Lockport Gun Club. Our effort was successful, the shoot being well attended notwithstanding the rainy weather. The best shooting was done by Sim Glover, the Rochester expert. Buffalo shooters were out in force and gave a good account of themselves. The Rose system for dividing purses was used and gave entire satisfaction. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	..	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*10*
Burns	9	9	7	8	0	9	10	10	5	6	10	7	11	..
Southworth	6	6	8	8	3	9	6	5	..	6	..	..	..	..
Lerch	4	4	..	4	..	3	..	1	3	5	..	..	..	7
Ward	6	7	5	8	10	9	7	7	10	9	14	..	8	10
Atwater	9	6	8	7	0	7	8	7	6	8	7	6	..	6
Covert	5	6	5	7	1	4	5	7	5	8	10	8	13	6
Killick	6	6	4	7	..	..	..	6	..	4	8	5	..	..
Kelsey	9	9	9	8	10	8	6	7	10	..	13	9	14	..
Squire	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	..	..	..	..	..
Byer	8	9	9	8	8	9	8	8	7	9	13	8	12	8
Moody	9	..	8	9	0	6	..	9	..	8	13	..	11	..
Glover	8	9	10	10	7	9	9	7	8	9	11	10	14	9
Moon	..	2	4	2	..	5	3	..	3	3	..	5	..	5
Angevine	..	3	..	7	..	5	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
Woods	..	..	..	5	..	4	..	7	8	6	..	8	..	..
Jackson	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C S Burkhard	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	10	9	9	12	6	15	..
Forrester	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	6	8	8	13	8	..	..
E C Burkhardt	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	6	8	6	11	8	11	..
Kirkover	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	8	9	7	13	8	14	..
Hanks	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	6	8	7	10	..	..	..
Heines	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	8	8	7	12	7	..	..
Fries	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	7	7	6	11	..	..	..
Norris	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	9	9	10	10	10	13	..
Reed	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	4	7	8	13	7	..	..
Burt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	..	..	7	12	..
Moyer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	..	..	..
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	2

In addition to the above Edwards shot in No. 9, making 8. No. 14 had 9 additional entries, as follows: Stockwell 8, Freeman 6, Roberts 5, Keim 5, Van Dusen 4, Wentworth 4, Patterson 3, Hineman 2, Kinney 1.

The team shoot resulted as follows:

Audubon Gun Club.

Kelsey	15	E C B	12	C S B	11
Norris	12	Kirkover	12		—
					62

Hulburton Gun Club.

Byer	14	Burns	12	Southworth	10
Glover	12	Squire	10		—
					58

Peoria Gun Club.

Forrester	13	Reid	11	Fries	9
Heines	12	Hanks	10		—
					55

Lockport Gun Club.

Moody	12	Woods	10	Covert	8
Atwater	11	Angevine	9		—
					50

I. J. ATWATER, Sec'y.

The Hill School, of Pottstown.

POTTSTOWN, Pa., Nov. 23.—Below are the scores of the fifth weekly shoot of the Hill School Gun Club, of this city. The conditions of the match were: 20 targets per man, unknown traps and angles, the last 4 targets being thrown in pairs:

Van Denburg..........0101001101011101 00 00—9
Ashenfelter..........0000110111000101 01 00—7
Alex Nicholl..........0110100100101000 00 10—6
D Nicholl..........1100010010000100 00 01—6
Saylor..........0010010001010000 10 10—6

M. H. S.

On Long Island.

HELL GATE GUN CLUB.

Nov. 24.—The Hell Gate Gun Club's regular monthly shoot at live birds were well attended, 26 members of the club putting in an appearance this afternoon at Dexter Park. William Sands was the only one of the 26 to score all his birds. Scores in the club shoot were:

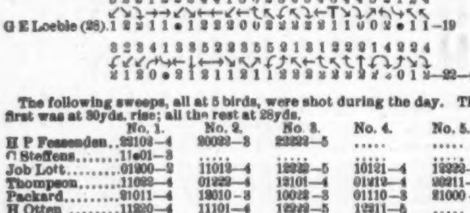
Wm Sands	2222222222—10	A Schmitt	1210202001— 6
E Doeinck	1111021211— 9	H Alsheimer	0100122211— 6
P Woelfel	1110121111— 9	L C Muench	1211020001— 6
E Steffens	12•2121111— 9	C Schaefer	1122000101— 6
F Frostel	1101112202— 8	C Rieger	1100120221— 6
J H Voss	0022111121— 8	E Metz	1•20010212— 6
E Paynter	1222212002— 8	E Peterson	0210021110— 6
H Forster	2212220202— 8	A Knodel	1020020120— 5
G Nowak	2222100222— 8	J Krut	0010012011— 5
Dr Bauer	1•0212•222— 7	C Weber	0200002122— 5
J Schlicht	1•11100111— 7	E A Marquardt	0110001021— 5
J Newman	2102222010— 7	L Stetzle	0000001121— 4
C Lang	2100222110— 7	M A Stern	0001200202— 4

THANKSGIVING DAY AT DEXTER PARK.

Nov. 26.—The main event at the Dexter Park grounds to-day was a match between C. Steffens, the crack shot of the Jeannette Jagd Club, an organization that shoots live birds on the Guttenburg race track, and G. E. Loeble, a member of the Emerald Gun Club of New York. The conditions were 50 live birds per man, $25 a side, loser to pay for the birds, Steffens standing at 30yds. and Loeble at 28yds. Chris Meyer looked after Steffens and C. W. Dudley acted in a like capacity for Loeble. Steffens shot a 7lb. 14oz. Parker gun, with 31grs. of Walsrode, loaded by V. L. & D. in an imported Walsrode shell; Loeble shot a Greener gun that weighed 7¾lbs., with 45grs. of Schultze.

The match birds were expected to be a specially selected lot, and were provided by Cord. Busch, of New Jersey. As a matter of fact, the birds trapped in the sweepstakes shot both before and after the match were superior in quality to those trapped during the match. The day was of course all against good birds, the air being damp and perfectly still. Steffens beat his man with ease, winning by 4 birds, with 45 to 41. Score of the match, showing trap, flight of the bird and result of each shot, is given below:

Trap score type—Copyright 1896 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



The following sweeps, all at 5 birds, were shot during the day. The first was at 30yds. rise; all the rest at 28yds.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
H P Fessenden	22102—4	20022—3	22222—5	.....	.....
C Steffens	11•01—3	.....	.....		
Job Lott	01200—2	11012—4	12222—5	10121—4	12222—5
Thompson	11022—4	01222—4	12101—4	01212—4	22211—4
Packard	21011—4	12010—3	10022—3	01110—3	21000—2
H Otten	11220—4	11101—4	12222—5	12211—5	.....
C W Dudley	.....	22022—4	•2210—3	12412—4	.....
G E Loeble	.....	11•22—4	022•2—3	.....	.....
Benedict	.....	.....	21111—5	.....	.....
Scott	.....	.....	.....	00222—3	.....
F W Place	.....	.....	.....	12122—5	01001—2
J H Moore	.....	.....	.....	20110—3	011•0—2
Meyer	.....	.....	.....	12210—4	.....
T Short	.....	.....	.....	11222—5	.....
Craft	.....	.....	.....	11211—5	.....
Lederling	.....	.....	.....	.....	01110—3

FREEPORT GUN CLUB.

Nov. 26.—The Freeport, L. I., Gun Club held a target shoot to-day, the main event on the programme being a merchandise shoot at 15 targets per man. Fred Gildersleeve won first prize with a score of 14 breaks. The scores were:

Fletcher Willis	000011001111111— 9	T D Combes	111010101111011—11
C T Sprague	111111001111101—12	E A Dorlon	010111001010101— 8
Theo Bedell	100110101110101— 9	C D Aller	011010111011111—11
J W Cotter	000011000011110— 6	Samuel Denton	100010111110111—10
James T Cotter	100111110101001— 9	Dr Ed Carman	111011100011111—11
Edwin C Soper	010001011000101— 6	George Balkney	011001101110011— 9
George Rider	011011111101011—11	F Gildersleeve	111111111101111—14
E T Cooke	000100001011001— 5	H Randall	010011001001010— 6
C E Dickinson	000011100011100— 6	A Hunt	100001001010010— 5

CRESCENT ATHLETIC CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Nov. 26.—The members of the Crescent Athletic Club did some shooting this afternoon at the club's grounds, Bay Ridge, L. I. The chief event decided was a 25-target handicap race, won by Charles Sykes, the only scratch man, with a score of 20 out of 25. The scores were:

C Sykes (0)	1110111000111111111101111	—20
D G Geddes (1)	10101110110110001111111111	—19
G Notman (3)	1100110011100111110110011111	—19
A A Hegeman (1)	01101011111101100000101111	—16
G C White (3)	1011101100011110000111100101	—16
M A Richards (10)	11101001100000100100100010110100000	—18

FALCON GUN CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Nov. 27.—Six members of the Falcon Gun Club, of Brooklyn, took part in the club's regular monthly live-bird shoot, held at Dexter Park this afternoon. The club event is shot under what are known in this club as Falcon G. C. rules, which provide that 7 live birds shall be shot at by each man from H and T traps, and that a kill with the first barrel shall count one point, a kill with the second barrel half a point, the bird being on the wing when shot at with either barrel. Under these rules John Vagts was the winner with 7 straight one-barrel kills. Chris Meyer and John Bohling both scored all their birds, but each had to use his second barrel on one bird. In a team race shot after the club shoot, Chris Meyer and John Bohling scored 5 birds each against J. N. Meyer with 4 and John Moller with 3, the general totals being 10 to 7. Scores in the club event were as below:

J Vagts (25)	1111111—7	J N Meyer (27)	0111111—6
C M Meyer (27)	1121111—7	J Moller (25)	1101111—6
J Bohling (25)	2111111—7	H von Staden (25)	2002021—4

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Nov. 28.—The New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held its first shoot at Dexter Park this afternoon. A poor attendance was the natural result of the extremely wretched weather. In the club shoot at 10 live birds Chris Meyer won in class A with 10 straight, and J. Gaughen won in class B with a similar total. In the handicap race for the Laflin & Rand W-A trophy J. N. Meyer was the winner with 10 out of 11, Gaughen having tied with him with 9 out of 10 and then missing his extra bird. Scores:

	Club Shoot.	W-A Trophy.
C M Meyer (A, 30)	2112221122—10	(A, 29)....00
C Furgueson, Jr (A, 30)	2122202222— 9	(AA, 30)..222100
J Gaughen (B, 28)	1222222221—10	(B, 29)....21222221100— 9
J N Meyer (B, 30)	1122012211— 9	(B, 29)....12222022222—10
Conny Furgueson (B, 27)	2222•22222— 9	(B, 28)....22202222•

The following sweeps were also shot:

No. 1, 5 birds: C. Furgueson, Jr. (30) 5, Conny Furgueson (27) 4, C. M. Meyer (30) and J. N. Meyer (29) 3.

No. 2, same conditions: Conny Furgueson 5, C. Furgueson, Jr., and J. N. Meyer 4, C. M. Meyer 2.

No. 3, same again: J. N. Meyer 5, C. M. Meyer and C. Furgueson, Jr., 4, Conny Furgueson 2.

Chicago Trap.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 28.—The annual meeting of the Cook County League will be held the evening of Monday, Dec. 7, at the Sherman House, this city.

A directors' meeting of the Cook County League, to determine the long-delayed awarding of the season prizes, will be held Monday evening, Nov. 30.

After a close finish with his friend Lamphere, Mr. A. C. Patterson wins the A Class season medal of the Calumet Heights Club.

The Thanksgiving shoot of the Calumet Heights Club was held in the most inclement of weather, yet the club shot 165 live birds and threw 1,800 targets, besides holding some interesting rifle contests, as appears elsewhere. The club is one of the most active of the city, and is as renowned for its social good times as for its faithfulness at the traps.

E. Hough.

1206 Boyce Building, Chicago.

In New Jersey.

ENDEAVOR GUN CLUB.

Nov. 26.—The Endeavor Gun Club held an all-day shoot to-day at its grounds, Marion, N. J. The day was stormy and dark, consequently the shooting was very hard; still some good scores were made. The attendance was light, owing to the bad weather, open season on game and family ties, but those present had an enjoyable time. Fourteen events at unknown angles were shot, the scores made being as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*25*	*15*	*15*	*25*	*10*	*10*	*25*	*15*	*15*	*25*	*10*	*15*
G Piercy	13	14	21	11	12	18	10	9	18	14	14	21	9	12
C von Lengerke	11	13	20	..	14	16	..	..	21	..	..	..	..	..
A R Strader	11	11	18	..	12	18	7	..	19	6	11	19	6	12
Mulvaney	10	12	16	8	10	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..
L Piercy	11	..	22	12	12	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W C Berg	6	11	..	..	..	12	..	..	13	6	..	13	..	..
Proctor	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	7	13	9	9	18	7	..
Dr Fletcher	..	8	..	..	..	16	8	7	15	..	11	12	..	10
Metz	..	9	..	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ed Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	..	12	14	..	9	11
R Strader	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	11	12	..	6	13
Seeley	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	8	..	..	..	..	4	8

A. R. Strader, Acting Sec'y.

FORESTER GUN CLUB OF NEWARK.

Nov. 26.—The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, had a fairly good shoot to-day in spite of the unfavorable weather. The most interesting contest was that which decided the ownership of a turkey and some chickens. John Fleming took the turkey, George Backus two of the chickens, while Mr. Isaac Terrill took care of the other chicken.

This club shoots the second Saturday in each month. Visiting shooters are always welcome.

Scores in to-day's events were:

Events:	*1*	*2*	*3*	*4*	*5*	*6*	*7*	*8*	*9*	*10*	*11*	*12*	*13*	*14*	*15*	*16*	*17*	*18*
Targets:	10	10	15	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	15	15	10	15	10
D Fleming	6	6	12	12	9	9	6	7	7	5	12	2	5	9	9	4	12	8
J James	7	8	7	9	5	8	9	8	9	5	12	7	9	12	11	6	14	..
Strope	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2	2	4	3	3	..	..	..	..	..
Swindell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	5	11	4	5	11	10	7	12	..
Ring	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	3	..	..	..	..
Jewell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	6	..
Dawson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	9	7
Backus	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	4	7	..
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	..	..
Dr Cummings	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	8

BERGEN COUNTY GUN CLUB.

Nov. 26.—The following scores were made to-day on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club:

No. 1, 10 live birds: Bell 8, Warner 7, Fleischman 7, Ryan 5

No. 2, 25 targets: Warner 21, Bell 18, Van Keuren 16, Jackson 15, C. O. Gardner, Jr., 13, C O. Gardner 12.

	No. 3.	No. 4.
Bell	0001111101111111001101110—17	1110001111011000010101011—14
Van Keuren	0100111110001100111100110—14	1011101111101100101111101—18
Ackerman	0000010000110100101000001— 7	0001111111110000100100100 1—12
Warner	1101100110011101011110101—16	0001011101111111110001000—14
Gardner, Jr.	0000000101000110011011110—10	0000011101001011000100110 —10
C O Gardner	0000000000111111001011101—10	0000011011111000110110101—13
Fleischman	0000000000110011010111101—10	....
Jackson	1110001100011110111111010—16	1111011001110111111100101—18
Prest	....	0111100100110011111011001—15

C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

JEANNETTE JAGD CLUB.

Nov. 27.—Henry Winters was the winner of the Class A badge at the regular monthly shoot of the Jeannette Jagd Club, held at Guttenburg race track; he did not secure the trophy without a struggle, as C. N. Bruny and G. E. Loeble tied him for it with 9 out of 10. On the shoot off, miss-and-out, Loeble dropped out in the third round, but Bruny did not lose a bird until the eleventh round; Winters killing 11 straight won the badge. Captain Ehlen won the Class B badge with 9 out of 10. Scores were:

Class A—28yds.

Henry Winters	1022112221—9	William Brinkerhoff	1100220111—7
George E Loeble	2222212220—9	Charles Offerman	0010211110—6
C N Bruny	1221021121—9	Charles Steffens	1111001010—6
Herman Otten	1222222100—8		

Class B—25yds.

Captain Ehlen	1222222110—9	Frank Karten	0110100111—6
John Hainhorst	0111201110—7	Robert Packard	2100021022—6
Charles Bohling	2211110200—7	Richard Owens	0210120010—5
Nick Crusius, Jr	1102100120—6	Fred Tietjen	0201001110—5
Henry Gerdes	2011002201—6		

A team race at 5 birds per man resulted in a win for Steffens's team by a single bird, as below:

Steffens's team: Bruny 5, Greiff 5, Brinkerhoff 5, Winters 4, Packard 3, Steffens 4, Bohling 4, Gerdes 2—33.

Otten's team: Otten 5, Offerman 5, Lott 5, Hainhorst 4, Karten 4, Loeble 4, Ehlen 3, Crusius 2—32.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Nov 28.—To-day was the date set for the contest for the *Shooting and Fishing* trophy between the challengers (Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield) and the holders (Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford). The day was a miserable one for target shooting, although the absence of wind almost made up for the poor light over the Rutherford meadows. There was no contest for the trophy after all, as through some misunderstanding the Climax team did not put in an appearance until shortly before 3 P. M., an hour far too late to shoot a team race at this time of the year, particularly when the race has to be shot under the conditions governing the trophy above mentioned, which are as follows: 5-men teams, 50 targets per man, 30 to be shot at expert rules, one man up, and 20 to be shot in 10 pairs; a total of 500 targets at the slowest styles of shooting. So late was it when the balance of the Climax team arrived that Ferd Van Dyke, who was to have shot with the Climax, had actually packed up his gun, shot away his last shell and was on the point of leaving the grounds for the 3 o'clock train. Gus Greiff, the captain of the Boiling Springs team, seeing that there was not enough time to shoot off the match before it got too dark to see, refused to start the match at all. As a matter of fact, it was too dark to see targets properly at 4 o'clock, and the rain at that hour was pouring down for keeps.

The result of this failure to come together will probably not be without benefit, as in all likelihood there will be a race for the trophy on New Year's Day, in which it is hoped that the Endeavor Gun Club may join, and thus make a good day's sport on the holiday mentioned, besides helping to make the contest for the trophy an enjoyable one.

Instead, therefore, of the match, several small sweeps were shot at all styles of shooting. In the table given below all events were at unknown angles. It will be noticed that Ferd. Van Dyke's handling of a rifle has not affected his work on targets. Scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11			
Targets:	*15*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*25*	*25*	*15*	*10*	*25*	*25*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
F Van Dyke	15	..	10	..	9	24	25	13	..	..	..	100	96	96
Edwards	..	..	..	15	9	21	24	15	10	23	25	150	142	94.6
J A Paul	..	8	..	10	10	23	22	15	8	..	..	110	96	87.2
W H Huck	..	..	..	..	8	22	..	..	9	..	..	45	39	86.6
J G Lindsey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	19	22	60	49	81.6
C F Lonone	14	10	10	14	7	15	21	8	..	..	..	125	99	79.2
Platt Adams	..	..	..	13	8	18	21	13	9	16	..	125	98	78.4
F Hyde	..	..	..	..	9	18	19	12	9	18	..	110	85	77.2
A A Hegeman	..	..	..	..	..	18	16	8	..	..	..	60	42	70

In addition to the above shooters Greiff scored 9 in No. 5 and 18 in No. 6. No. 9 had six other entries besides those shown in the above table: R. Manning 9, K. Frank and A. L. Ivins 8, T. Brantingham 7, E. Collins and B. James 6.

Three events at expert rules, one man up, were shot during the afternoon, Platt Adams being the only one to score 10 straight. An event at 5 pairs was also decided, the scores being given below in detail:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	Five Pairs.
Edwards	1111011011—8	1100111111—8	1110111001— 7	11 11 10 01 11—8
Van Dyke	1110111111—9	....	....	....
Adams	1101100101—6	1111001001—6	1111111111—10	10 11 10 01 01—6
Paul	1111101110—8	1111011101—8	....	....
Greiff	1111101100—7	1011111011—8	0011011110— 6	....
Lonone	1110001011—6	....	....	....
Huck	0111111111—9	....	....	....
Hall	0111111001—7	0101110110—6	1111110111— 9	01 10 01 10 10—5
Brantingham		1010111111—8	1111111110— 9	10 11 00 10 10—5
Lindsey		0011111011—7	1101000111— 6	10 10 10 11 11—7
Ivins		0000111011—5	....	....
Manning		1011101011—7	1101110111— 8	11 10 10 10 10—6

The Forest and Stream *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Heavy Scoring at Pittsburg.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 18.—There was some heavy scoring to-day on the Davis Island grounds of the Herron Hill Gun Club. All the local cracks put up big totals, while D. A. Upson, a visitor from Cleveland, made his record 43 out of 45 shot at. The King brothers, Messner, Born, etc., all figured in the results of the three events shot at, Will King continuing his good work at the recent shoots by scoring 41 out of 45, and Alex King equaling Upson's score. Bessemer was the only one to make 25 straight in the main event, and scored 9 out of 10 in No. 2; he, however, dropped his first two birds in the third event and spoiled his chances of making a tie with Will King.

A curious feature of the 25-bird race was the ill luck that made itself evident in the thirteenth (the unlucky number) round; in this round seven of the eleven competitors lost their birds. The conditions of the event were 25 live birds per man, $20 entrance, birds included, handicap rise. Bessemer's straight paid him $60.50, King and Born dividing a fraction over $45. Messner, Alex King and Upson tied for third money, $30.25, and agreed to shoot off the tie in the next event. In this they tied again, each man going straight, and accordingly divided. Jacques, with 20 birds to his credit, took fourth money, $15. Scores in this event, and in the one at 10 birds, $10 entrance, were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Bessemer (29)	0222222222222222222222222—25	2223022222— 9
W S King (30)	3221121112222121201222221 2—24	2221111122—10
Born (28)	2212222212210112122222222—24	2122221122—10
A H King (30)	2222222222220022222222222—23	2222222222—10
J G Messner (30)	2222022222220222222222222—23	2222222222—10
D A Upson (30)	2222220222222222222220222 2—23	2222222222—10
Jacques (29)	2222020222022222222022022—20	....
Strong (30)	0122122222220002202112012—19	2222222210— 9
Hofmeister (27)	0012212122210222112012001—19	1222100202— 7
Anson (28)	2122002202220120022222220—18	0111111112— 9
Perchment (25)	2121022220202010000002110—15	1021212001— 7
McPherson (29)	....	2202222022— 8
J F B (26)	....	2002002122— 6
McWhorter (29)	....	1121•22012— 9
Cleveland (28)	....	2011222200— 7

A miss-and-out, $2 entrance, re-entry in first round, had 11 entries. Darkness put an end to the event, with 6 men still a tie at the end of the 10th round. Bessemer missed his first bird, re-entered and missed again. Scores:

W. S. King, A. H. King, Upson, Anson, Jacques and McPherson 10, McWhorter 9, J. F. B. and Strong 2, Cleveland 1, Bessemer 0.

The Sportsmen's Association.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Are the trap-shooters of America conversant with the aims and purposes of the Sportsmen's Association? Do they fully realize the many advantages to be derived by becoming associate members thereof? Acting on the policy that you can never say too much of a good thing, in season or out of season, I feel that the present time is most appropriate for calling the attention of trap-shooters to the movement inaugurated for the betterment and advancement of their interests.

The movement, by the way, is not a local one. It is general, and, aiming as it does to carefully guard and protect its members throughout the United States and Canada, it unquestionably appeals to one and all. A circular letter explanatory of the aims and purposes of the Association has been sent to trap-shooters far and near. A few moments' consideration of the aims and purposes will convince every trap-shooter of the great good that must needs follow the execution and carrying out of the policy upon which the Association stands committed for. To my mind it is scarcely necessary to say here that the membership fee of $2 per year is very low. Without any privileges save that of admission to the annual exposition of the Association in New York city the fee is most reasonable, but when we consider how the Association works for the sportsman's interests in the matter of railroad transportation, hotel rates and accommodations; the inauguration of an equitable system of classification; the fair and clean conduct of all trap-shooting events; and many other matters that to the trap-shooter's mind need so much attention and consideration, the amount exacted for membership is a mere nothing. Moreover, the Association strikes the proper keynote, and the loftiest one, when it sets out to have a new and thorough code of rules arranged which it hopes will be made general at all trap-shooting events in the United States. Candidly, I believe that every one of the aims of the Sportsmen's Association will be carried out, and at no distant date, provided the shooters themselves come to the front and lend their aid and their influence in attaining a condition of affairs that will pay them manifold for their labors. I would suggest that all trap-shooters make it a point to carefully scrutinize the plans of the Association. J. A. H. Dressel, secretary-treasurer, P. O. Box 2225, New York, will send a pamphlet containing detailed information to any one asking for same.

Elmer E. Shaner.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

W. D. G., Boyce, Va.—Please let me know how and when to plant wild rice. Ans. The sooner it is planted after it is harvested in the fall the better. After the seed has been gathered for some weeks the enamel on the outside of the kernel seems to crack, and this accounts for failure in spring planting. It should be planted on a mud bottom, where there is little, if any, current, and if possible where there is no other vegetation. As it grows only in the water, it should not be planted on ground that goes dry in midsummer. It will grow in water from a few inches to 4ft. in depth, but does best in shallow water. Before sowing soak the seed for an hour or so, in order that it will sink at once. It is better to sow thickly than to scatter a small amount of seed over a large space.

C. F. McQ., Amsterdam, N. Y.—My English setter dog, ten years old, has the following symptoms: He first will commence to walk around the room. His hindlegs give out and he will fall down, get up, fall again, crawl on his belly and breathe hard, and his mouth goes as if he was chewing something. His eyesight seems to leave him. He does not froth at the mouth any, but loses all control of himself. They last about twenty minutes at the longest; then he will go to sleep and sleep for four hours. He eats well and all right. When these spells come on he will have two and three a day. He makes a good deal of water and stays in the house most of the time. I have given wood charcoal, brol of potash, castor oil, castor pill. Ans. Treat for worms. Give ten grains of bromide of soda and forty drops of fluid extract of cannabis indica twice a day. See that ears are healthy and clean.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Having demonstrated by the year's business just closed that there is a regular and increasing demand for metal boats, and feeling justified therefore in going to the expense of greatly increasing our machinery and facilities for making boats, we are enabled to make prices that will place our metal "Get There Duck Boats" within the financial reach of the sportsmen of the country, and have reduced the price of the boat from $30 to $20. We have in every way improved the quality of the boat, and the sportsmen who have used it are universal in its praise, claiming it is the finest boat that has ever been placed on the market. We have received testimonials from the sportsmen using it, which we will be glad to forward to intending purchasers together with our catalogue.—*Adv.*

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Map of the United States.

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